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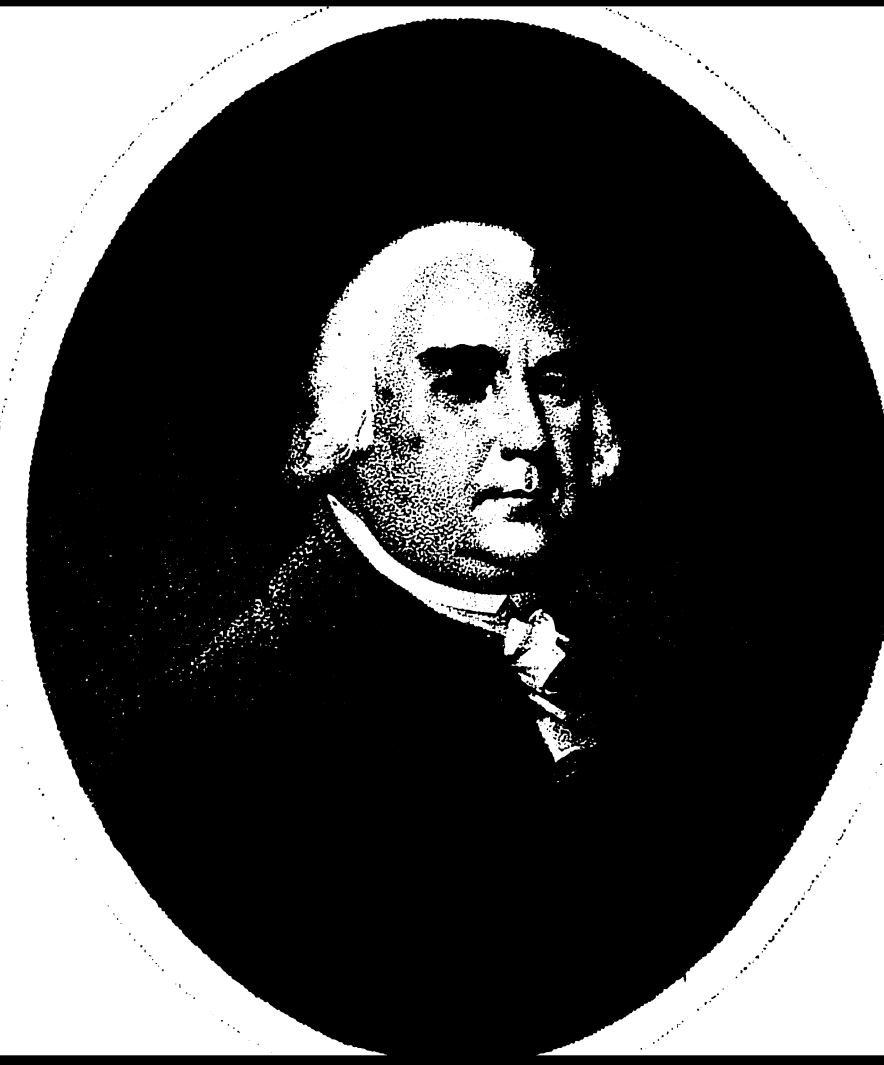

The Port Folio

Joseph Dennie, John Elihu Hall

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H Frothingham's July 28th 1809

THE PORT FOLIO,

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED

TO USEFUL SCIENCE, THE LIBERAL ARTS, LEGITIMATE CRITICISM, AND POLITE LITERATURE;

CONDUCTED

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

ASSISTED

BY A CONFEDERACY OF MEN OF LETTERS.

VOL. I.

PUBLISHED BY BRADFORD & INSKEEP, PHILADELPHIA,
AND INSKEEP & BRADFORD, NEW-YORK.

PRINTED BY SMITH & MAXWELL.

1809.

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PROSPECTUS

OF

THE PORT FOLIO,

A MONTHLY MISCELLANY,

DEDICATED, IN CHIEF, TO ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS IN THE POPULAR DEPARTMENTS OF SCIENCE COMBINED WITH OCCASIONAL CRITICISM, CLASSICAL DISQUISITIONS, MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS, RECORDS OF THE PROGRESS OF THE FINE AND THE USEFUL ARTS, WITH ALL THE EXTENSIVE AND VARIEGATED DEPARTMENTS OF POLITE LITERATURE, MERRIMENT, AND WIT.

CONDUCTED

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

ASSISTED BY A CONFEDERACY OF MEN OF LETTERS.

PUBLISHED BY BRADFORD AND INSKEEP, PHILADELPHIA;

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1809.

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PROSPECTUS, &c.

"We lay, exulting, as the fruits refine,
"Our annual offering at the public shrine.
"Disdain it not, ye critics, nor decry
"Your country's arts, nor view with adverse eye;
"Indulgent still, the rigid brow unbend,
"And e'en in censure, show that you befriend.
"Prize not the skill of foreign realms alone,
"Nor think it Taste to stigmatize your own;
"But lean with bias to your country's arts,
"And rather wrong your judgment, than your hearts.
"Nor deem in soft, beseeching tone the Muse
"From Kindness courts what Candour might refuse;
"No,—from her soul, though rising to her eye
"What times remote, and realms around supply,
"She hails, with honest pride, her Country's claim,
"And calls on Taste to ratify her Fame."

IN the form of an Advertisement of extensive circulation, the Proprietors, Assistants, and Editor of The Port Folio, have announced that work, as on the point of publication, in a new dress, and upon an improved plan. On the first vernal month, a Phœnix Port Folio rises from the ashes of its predecessor. A light and imperfect sheet is changed into a copious pamphlet, an ample repository for the truths of Science, the blossoms of Genius,* and the fruits of Industry. Rigidly excluding party politics and the intractable topics of Theology, all the Gentlemen, who are interested in the work, are resolved that it shall vindicate

* The bloom of life, the flowers of heaven that blow,
To deck the soul's dark gloomy grave below;
That breathe refining fragrance through the air,
And purify this atmosphere of care.

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the literary reputation of America. A rational hope is cherished that whether the exterior, or the interior of The Port Folio be curiously scanned, it may bear a comparison with any of the foreign Journals. Philosophy and Poetry, the Inventor and the Critic, the Classical Scholar, and the volatile Lounger, within the Literary Circle we have drawn, may meet in that charming concert where all the instruments are in perfect unison.†

As the objects of this liberal undertaking are equally numerous and valuable, so the beneficial results will be manifold. If ably conducted, The Port Folio may contribute to the interest of individuals, to the power of Philadelphia, and the aggrandizement of our empire. The place of publication is unquestionably auspicious to all the projects of Genius, Science, and Art. A magnificent

† The subsequent passage from a fascinating writer is not only eloquent but just. The poetry is an honest tribute to our literary friends. The prose, may be profitably perused by the public.

> Orare assemblage! rich amount of mind!
> Collective light of intellect refined!
> Scarce once an age from Nature's niggard hands
> Bestowed on man, yet such the Muse demands;
> Such, where'er found, let grateful states hold dear,
> Reward them, Wisdom; Wealth and Rank, revere.

Great talents, when directed to improve and adorn society, can never be too highly esteemed, nor too conspicuously distinguished. Men of Genius are seldom mercenary: as the qualities which characterize them, are above all price, so money alone, however necessary to their wants, can never be considered the adequate reward of their exertions.

They require and deserve a nobler recompense: the homage of Widsom and Virtue; the respect of their own times, and the regard of posterity.

There is no other description of persons from which a state can derive so much reputation, at so little expense. They are the pillars of its present dignity, and the foundations of its future fame. The acts of heroes live only in the enterprises of mind, and Cæsar's pen has done more to immortalize him than his sword.

Men of Genius are luminous points on the great disk of society, which shine even after the sun of power and prosperity has withdrawn its beams, and rescüe the nations they adorn from total darkness in the long eclipse of time.

Commerce may make a people rich, and Power may render them formidable: in the one case, they excite envy without admiration; in the other, fear without respect. But exploits of intellect only, can secure that genuine estimation, that grateful homage of the heart, which it is almost as honourable to pay as to receive. The powers of Genius consecrate the claims of Greatness, and invest Wealth with Dignity.

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metropolis, continually widening her sphere of splendor, distinguished by the possession of the best libraries in the United States, memorable for the liberality of her institutions, and the grandeur of her views, must be the genuine Alma Mater, the foster nurse of the rising generation of the Genius of America.

Independently of this consideration. Philadelphia is by no means destitute of the votaries both of the graver and the lighter Muse. A very large number of the Gentlemen of the Bar are eminently distinguished for their literary power and their liberal spirit. Most of our accomplished Physicians, while with every healing art they mitigate corporeal pain, can contribute largely to the stock of mental pleasure. The curious eye of many a dignified Clergyman ranges excursively beyond the verge of his Church. Our Merchants and Manufacturers, the adventurous heroes of enterprise, are continually projecting something, which may contribute, either to the benefit of individuals, or the welfare of the community. Our catalogue of scientific scholars is copious; and those pacific and gentle *Friends*, who have given Philadelphia its name, and constitute so important a section of its population and interests, are prompt to aid the labours of those who are zealous to INCREASE THE POWER OF USEFUL INFORMATION.

As it was exemplified, at the *commencement* of the Gentleman's Magazine, and the Monthly Review in England, a Literary Journal, though it may appear uncouth to *the million*, and irksomely task an Editor, yet, at least, it may prove the Herald of Merit, and advance the reputation of others, though it procure but little for itself. If the conductor of such a miscellany be persevering, like Cave, he may possibly, at length, obtain aid like Johnson's, and a patronage, liberal as its plan, and wide as its currency. If such a work cannot *instantly* boast of the inspiration of Genius, or the rewards of Munificence, or the breath of Fame, still the triple force of Enterprise, Assiduity, and Perseverance may, at length, obtain the boon of Fortune and Popularity.

Hitherto the success of The Port Folio has been of no brilliant complexion. Commenced at a sinister epoch, and pushed through all the thorns of perplexity, exposed to the cavils of Party, though pure of any but honest purposes, and neglected, in consequence of the bad health and misfortunes of the Editor, ill supported, and worse paid, still he made it a point of Honour never to abandon it ingloriously. When a crazy vehicle is to be driven over rugged

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roads, and jolted at every turning, Good Nature, perhaps, may commend that Charioteer, who keeps his seat, and holds the reins.

After an irksome experience of many years of solicitude, it was plainly perceived by the Editor that no individual, however endowed with the gifts of Nature, or of Fortune, might presumptuously hope to conduct, without assistance, a work whose essence consists in endless variety. Sorrow may depress, Sickness invade, or Misfortune overwhelm any man. In any of these situations, however enterprising, laborious, and gallant, at other times, he resembles the Knight of ancient Chivalry, under the subduing spell of the Enchanter, and is *compelled* to leave the adventure unfinished. On the other hand, as it has been justly observed, an alliance of men of Genius, Industry, and Property, is a perfect pledge for the merit, the resources, the durability, and fair character of a periodical publication. Such a union, has for more than seventy years maintained with unabating spirit The Monthly Review, which now shines with superior lustre in the metropolis of Britain. Such a union gives all its wisdom and all its wit to the best Critical Journal in Scotland. Such a union began and continued The Gentleman's Magazine. Such a union, and nothing but such a union, stamps value upon The Monthly Magazine of Phillips, and The Athenæum of AIKIN. If Edward CAVE had been the lone Editor of his Magazine, it never would have reached its twelfth number. This inevitable consequence did not escape the sagacity of that prudent Printer. Though conscious of his strength, he was conscious that it was but the vigour of *one*. In a just balance he weighed himself and he weighed others, and then wisely leaned on the SOLID COLUMN OF LITERATURE. He was in confederacy with all the men of letters in the metropolis, and with both Universities; and hence a degree of success, unparalleled in the annals of Learning. During the Augustan age of French Genius, MARMONTEL undertook the management of The *Mercury*,‡ a Miscellany which gain-

‡ As we have remarked, on another occasion, this was a paper, which, under his judicious direction, combined with the powerful aid of a numerous tribe of wits, attained a degree of celebrity, little short of that of the Tatler or Spectator. Indeed, it is believed that there never was a Journal of such variety of contents, and upon a plan so liberal and comprehensive, conducted with more address and ability. The proprietor, who was eminently endowed

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ed the countenance of the Court, and the contributions of the Literati. This ingenious man, perhaps the most accomplished Editor of his time, blessed with all the glorious gifts of Genius, endowed with that happy versatility of talent so indispensable to the character, polished by a liberal intercourse with the Court, the Learned, and the Fair, guided by a mind most powerful and wise, and memorable for his untiring industry, avows, with all the frankness of a Frenchman, that alone he was wholly incompetent to the task.

Beyond all controversy, the basis of our contemplated establishment is the best and broadest, which can be adopted. There never was a periodical work conducted to universal satisfaction by a single mind. Even in England, where readers are numerous and Curiosity keen, and at a period so auspicious to Genius and Learning, as the year 1752, The Rambler itself, supported by the strength of JOHNSON, failed to interest the public curiosity, and

---

with all the talents requisite for a work so arduous, so boundless, and so versatile, had the rare good fortune to form a league with many of the finest scholars of France, and this *combination, which undoubtedly contributed essentially to the success of the work, was never broken by the malignant machinations of the envious or the petty pretensions of the vain.* Nothing can be more charming than his description of the alacrity, with which men of Genius and Learning embarked in his cause, and nothing more conclusive can be offered with respect to the *effects* produced by such an *harmonious concert* of the disciples of Literature. It was a favourite opinion of Pope, Swift, and Arburthnot, that such an alliance among a few men of acknowledged ability, would be potent enough not only to form the taste, but to chastise all the knavery and folly of a nation. We believe implicitly in the truth of this sentiment, and, indeed, it has been remarkably verified both in England and France. The satyrists above alluded to, together with Steele, Addison, and others, repressed the dunces of the age, quelled the spirit of false criticism, formed the taste of the town, excited a general passion for elegant letters, and effected a complete revolution in the national character. A *band* of literary *brothers* of the finest genius and the soundest principles, gloriously accomplished what no single mind could perform, no, not BURKE, nor JOHNSON, nor ADDISON, nor Chancellor BACON himself.

Thus Marmontel and his compeers diffused elegant and instructive literature among the remotest provinces of the French monarchy, soothed trembling Merit with all the blandishments of candid criticism, promoted the interests both of the Fine and the Useful Arts, assisted the cause of science, successfully conducted Thalia and Melpomene to the stage, and above all, ROUSED AND FOSTERED INFANT GENIUS IN THE CRADLE.

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to enhance the bookseller's profits. Men complained, and not without reason, of the unvaried gloom of his thoughts, and the equability of his expression.

But without authorities, and without argument, the Public will soon perceive, with the perspicacity of the Royal Preacher, that A THREE-FOLD CORD IS NOT QUICKLY BROKEN;‡ that He who calls in the aid of an equal understanding, doubles his own, and that He,‖ who profits of a superior understanding, raises his powers to a level with the height of the superior understanding he unites with.

On these principles, an alliance of literary characters has been recently formed in Philadelphia. Gentlemen of various talents, but all to be directed to objects both splendid and useful, have *banded together*, and pledged themselves to support the spirit, and increase the power of The Port Folio. An extensive correspondence will be maintained with Men of Genius and Science throughout the United States. Nor is the Editor unwarranted in asserting that he cherishes no visionary hope of assistance from abroad. If he obtain the aid now contemplated, he has a right to declare that it will be of the first impression.

As it is resolved that no papers shall be admitted into The Port Folio, but those of a Scientific, a Literary, an Amusing, or a Fashionable character, it follows, that, without offence, it may be perused by the most clashing parties. The squabbles in the State, and polemical brawls in the Church will be habitually shunned, by all the prudence of a pacific policy. Hence we may hope for readers among the orthodox high, and the lukewarm low; among the English, Scotch, and Irish; among Whigs and Tories, Sectaries and Churchmen. As we affect neither the stooping gait of plebeians, nor the lofty step of the aristocratical buskin, all may greet us as a party of Gentlemen, studious to please according to the laws of urbanity.

Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
That the rude sea grows civil at the song.

‡ We cannot resist the temptation to cite a pertinent passage from one of the wisest of mankind. The opinion of King Solomon is not only perfectly just, but his fortification of it is impregnable: "Two are better than one, BECAUSE THEY HAVE A GOOD REWARD FOR THEIR LABOUR. For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow: but *wo to him, that is alone, when he falleth;* for he hath not another to help him up.—*Ecclesiastes.*

‖ Burke.

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Whatever may be the public reception of our Miscellany, its plan is equally laudable and liberal. Our work is inscribed to the Gentleman, the Scholar, the Philosopher, the Merchant, the Manufacturer, and the Man of the World.

It is proposed to preserve in The Port Folio Sketches of Original Character, Narratives of Memorable Events, and of every thing remarkable, occurring in the vicissitudes of the times. To these crude materials our accomplished associates, disdaining the vulgar track, can give both a body and a soul. They can display not only industry and accuracy, but genius and taste. In a style of elegance, they can show all the adroitness of abridgment, and perfect skill in the classing, grouping, and tinting of objects, which inferior artists might despair even to sketch.

A department of The Port Folio will exhibit *a Gallery of the Portraits of Great Men.* Than Biography, nothing is more fascinating, nothing more instructive, nothing that is perused with greater avidity, or that excites a stronger interest. The lives of the illustrious in our own country, and the mighty mass of foreign Biography, will always furnish excellent entertainment to the most fastidious reader.

Characters, well portrayed, would challenge a fixed attention; and America, as well as Europe, contains a multitude of *originals.*

Remarkable Trials, Law Reports, and Pleadings of a peculiarly entertaining, interesting, and eloquent character, would not only edify the Gentlemen of the Bar, but may be selected with so much taste and judgment as to amuse the mere miscellaneous reader.

The *Epistolary Correspondence* of men of literary eminence may form a very agreeable article.

The *Drama* will, sometimes, attract our attention.

Papers on topics of Moral and Physical Science, Rural Economy, Useful Projects, Miscellaneous Essays, Romantic Adventures, Tours and Travels, Foreign and Domestic Literature, Criticism and Poetry, Levity, Merriment, Wit and Humour, will variegate this Journal.

To please the Ladies, we shall take care to arrange occasionally The Toilet of Fashion.

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A Meteorological Journal, an Agricultural Report, and Notices of Marriages and Deaths, under the heads of Nuptial and Obituary, will be attended to.

To fill this comprehensive outline, many pencils are requisite, and we have engaged the artists. Their subjects are numerous and their colours are brilliant. Genius, like that of Sir Joshua Reynolds, is not a stranger to our Literary Circle. If to that commanding Power, indefatigable Industry be associated, the liberal Public will sufficiently appreciate the labour. We appeal to America.

> For THEE remains to prove what radiant fires
> Gild the clear heaven, WHERE LIBERTY INSPIRES,
> To show what springs of bounty from thy hand,
> As gush'd the rock at Moses' high command,
> O'er Art's impoverish'd plains refreshing flow
> And cheer the fainting tribes of Taste below.

From all the impulses of Gratitude, as well as all the principles of Admiration, the Editor has insisted, with emphasis, on the talents and liberality of his associates in this enterprise. As it has been nobly expressed, on another occasion, Generosity always receives part of its value from the manner in which it is bestowed. The kindness of the Editor's friends has included every circumstance that can gratify Delicacy, or enforce Obligation. They *voluntarily* conferred favours on a man, who has neither alliance, nor interest, who has not merited them by services, nor courted them by officiousness: they have spared him the shame of solicitation, and the anxiety of suspense.

On the stage of critical scrutiny, this is not the Editor's first appearance. On this occasion, though he is not oppressed by morbid terror, he feels all the emotions of an adventurer's solicitude. By the benignity of the Public, he has often been received with a degree of favour, equal to his hopes, and more than his merits. To that Public, in the last resort, must the apostrophe of an author be addressed. In the shape of a *fawning publican*, or a sobbing mendicant, he does not approach his Judges, but he comes forward, with a firm step, in the guise of a Cavalier, and a

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man of letters, anxious to please the Polite and the Learned, the Witty and the Fair.

> And confident of praise, IF PRAISE BE DUE,
> Trusts without fear, to Merit and to YOU.

TERMS.

The price of The Port Folio, though the quantity of matter will be augmented, will continue as usual at Six Dollars per annum; with this deviation from a former rule, that we shall not demand the subscription-money, until the expiration of the year.

The Work will be embellished with elegant engravings.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. VII. JANUARY, 1809. No. 1.

TRAVELS——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

IN perusing the very entertaining narrative of a philosophical traveller, to whose elegant and instructive letters we have always given a cheerful welcome, we should be unjust to Merit, if we did not explicitly declare that, in our unbiassed opinion, they are *superior* to a majority of similar compositions, which appear from the presses of Europe. In the Monthly Magazine, a work of established reputation, and in the Athenæum, adorned by the distinguished name of DR. AIKIN, the copious narratives of indefatigable tourists are constantly occurring. Rambles through France or Spain; excursions to Switzerland and the Alps; descriptions of the olive groves of Pisa; the vales of Arno; the myrtles of Tuscany, and the shores of the Mediterranean crowd the ephemeral page. Moreover we are treated with Tours to the Lakes, Tours to Wales, and Tours to Scotland, Sir John Carr visits Ireland for our edification and his own, returns to make a book of his adventures, George Keate *trips* to Margate, and Mr. Moonshine visits Brighton,

"And wind the lengthened tale through many a page."

The remotest sections of Great Britain are explored by curious visitants, who, on their return to the capital, generously impart to some Maecenas *Magazine** all the gleanings and gatherings of a summer's ramble. The hills of Yorkshire are strode over by many a sturdy pedestrian for no other purpose, as it might seem, than to tell wondering mortals that he saw the *outside* of Lord Revel's house, or made a very comfortable breakfast at the Sign of the Harrow.

* On the authority of GOLDSMITH, the purest writer in the English language, the Editor employs this very happy and humorous word to designate that luckless wight, the conductor of a Literary Journal.

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In addition to all this sort of lore, for which both writers and readers appear to have a mutual passion, we find the Public Journals overflowing with Tours to Bath, or Trips to Scarborough, and, to add to our astonishment, even the woods and the red men of our western wilderness, have their historian, and Mr. Thomas Ashe or Mr. R. Dinsmore perfectly amaze us with prodigious and most marvellous accounts of the dry bones of the Mammoth, or the *Salt Licks* of Kentucky. As we are much addicted to the reading of Magazines and other fugitive pamphlets of a similar complexion, scarcely any of these narratives have escaped our attention. Notwithstanding that many of them flow from the pens of scholars, and men of Genius and Observation, still we are often disgusted with idle trash and trivial details. To the honour of the American Gentleman, the author of the Letters before us, we find nothing in his agreeable story but what challenges our approbation. We are much more than amused by his Letters, we are instructed too. On the important topics of the French and Swiss Revolutions we have derived much valuable information. We have a perfect reliance upon his fidelity as a narrator, and he appears to us to be remarkably studious of philosophical precision. The style of these Letters is appropriate and happy, and may securely invite a liberal comparison with any European compositions by fashionable Tourists.

This opinion, however frank, it is highly probable may not be much valued by our Traveller, because it is the opinion of one, who, cloistered from the world, and conversant chiefly with books, sees men only at a distance, and "*migrates* only from the blue bed to the brown." But if the Editor's judgment be wholly contemned, our friend Mr. K———, may be gratified by the assurance, that the general suffrage is greatly in his favour, that the Editor, hearkening at the avenue of public opinion, listens to no murmurs but those which should be sweet to the ears of our Tourist; and, above all, that many enlightened foreigners speak with high respect of his work, and quote him as valid authority.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

LETTER LXI.

All that appears externally of the Temple, are three or four gloomy towers, which have succeeded to the Bastile of former times; and it is in these, and in the subterraneous vaults below, if we are to believe the reports of Paris, that scenes take place, whose lightest word "would harrow up the soul;" it was here the gallant Pichegru died, and it was here that captain Wright breathed his last. Whatever may have been the fate of the first, I cannot believe that the latter suffered from the hand of violence; for I cannot perceive any advantage that could possibly result from it to the person, who alone

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might order the perpetration of such a deed. It is certain, however, (I have it from such good authority that I may venture to assert it;) it is certain that his nephew and another young man, who were transferred with him to the Temple, when he was taken, were threatened with the torture, to make them confess some circumstance which the government was desirous of being able to prove; they were resolute, however, in their refusal, and afterwards sent to Verdun. If you stretch a thread from the corner of the Rue Corderie, near the Temple, to the centre of the Place Royale, which is not far from the Bastile, you will pass through the middle of the Pont of Paris, which is called the Marais; in Madame de Sevigné's time, it was fashionable to reside there, and La Bruyere mentions its being the ton to go to mass in the Marais. It is at present the peaceful retreat of persons of small fortune, or of such as have become moderately rich elsewhere, and wish to pass the rest of their days in tranquil obscurity. There are few or no equipages in the streets, and not many people; and they, as well as the shops, have an air of belonging to a different age, or a different nation, from every thing that one sees in the Rue St. Honori, or at the Palais Royale. The hours of these quiet people too, are entirely different from those of the other end of the town; they dine at twelve, as their ancestors used to do, and are in bed before the gayer part of Paris have taken their tea. If you follow the thread which I have placed in your hands, it will lead you across the Vieille Rue du Temple, not far from the former Convent of St. Gervais, and near the spot where the Duke of Orleans was assassinated, by the orders of that Duke of Burgundy who was afterwards assassinated himself, at Montereau: he was a handsome, gay and good-humoured man, but indiscreet in his avowed admiration of every face that pleased him, and careless in the recital of his adventures; it was a circumstance of this sort, that drew down upon him the vengeance of the Duke of Burgundy. The same direction will immediately afterwards, carry you to the Rue Culture Saint Catherine, at the corner of which, and the Rue Franc Bourgeois, stands the Hotel de Carnevalet, where Madame de Sevigné resided: it is a large and handsome house, with a court-yard in front; it remains precisely as it was in her time, and is let out to a variety of lodgers, who know by tradition, that Madame de Sevigné's apartments were on the first floor in front. We entered the court for a moment, and could not but think of Mr. de la Rochefoucault and

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Gourville, and Madame de la Fayette, and the amiable and spritely Madame de Coulanges, and the little round man her husband, and of the numbers of high rank, of distinguished beauty, of great abilities, and of singular character, who had entered the same gateway, and gone up the same steps before us, and have since been carried down the stream of time: I am too much indebted for amusement, at various moments of my life, to Madame de Sevigné, not to have paid this mark of respect to her memory; I even regret, that I did not visit the ruins of the Castle of Grignan, notwithstanding the outrages that had taken place there. If ever there was a book for all hours, and for all situations, it is Madame de Sevigné's letters. With hardly any greater effort of the mind, than the lazy exercise of smoaking would require, we enjoy the conversation of an amiable and well-informed woman; and whether she is sitting by the fire with the Chevalier, and talking of their common interests and of the ways of Providence, or at a supper at Gourville's, or in conversation with Louis XIV, after the play at St. Cyr, or going to visit a sick friend, or going to prayers, or on a journey, we feel ourselves by her side, and make one of the company—there are few people, there are none perhaps, so situated as not to benefit by her advice on a variety of important subjects; and there are few opinions decidedly useful for the regulation of ordinary life, which she has not recommended, and in a very impressive style. It may seem singular, but I hardly ever met with a Frenchman or even a Genevan, who was acquainted with these letters in any other way, than as a book which had been put into his hands when young, from its affording a good model for letter-writing; there are other books far more important on the government of life, which never acquire their proper weight in our estimation, and from this very circumstance perhaps, of their having been, in some measure, made school-books.

I might now conduct you to the Place Royale, where all is solitude and silence, and to the place the Bastile stood, or to the Arsenal, where an assemblage of gloomy buildings, and some remains of ancient fortifications are rendered interesting by the name of Sully, or we might visit the great looking-glass manufactory in the Fauxbourg St. Antoine; but I must refer you for an idea of these, to some printed account, and conduct you to the Quinze Vingt, which is in this quarter of Paris; it was originally a hospital for the reception of 300 blind people, and liable, as all hospitals are, to very great abuses,

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to such as you will see alluded to in Montesquieu's Persian Letters, but is now appropriated to a master and assistants, who have the care and instruction of blind people, who are here taught several useful arts, and soon cease to be a burthen to society. That they should make purses and sticks, and different toys for children, did not surprise me, and I was prepared to find among them some good musicians, and others who were well grounded in the principles of moral and natural philosophy, and in all the usual branches of education. Providence, which has not thought proper that the organs of our senses should be reproduced in case of accident, as happens to some of the reptile and insect race, has bestowed a capability of improvement, that enables the senses, which remain, to supply, in great measure, the loss of those we may be deprived of; the ears, and even the sense of smelling, acquire in cases of blindness, a degree of increased sensibility, but it is the touch which appears most wonderfully improved; it becomes so delicately sensible of every modification of form, that the blind may be said to see by their fingers; geography is taught by maps in relief; and I saw a little girl of twelve years of age, do a sum in the Rule of Three, with the utmost accuracy; it was proposed by one of the audience, and contained some fractions; the figures she made use of were at the extremity of pieces of metal, larger and longer than printers' types; these she selected from a heap before her, as they were proper for stating the question, and then added others in the same manner, confining them in a moveable frame, as she proceeded, and feeling their extremities from time to time, with the action of a person who plays upon a piano forte. In one corner of the room was a printing-press, and a compositor and workmen busily employed, nor would it have been possible to have judged, either from their manner of working, or their work, that they were blind, except that the compositor had a person who read to him: they have another mode of printing, peculiarly adapted to the use of the institution; the characters being deeply impressed on the surface of the paper, appear in projection on the other side, and the blind musician who wishes to study an air, or any one of them who is desirous of consoling himself with some treatise of devotion, or has perhaps received a letter from a friend, for the same mode is applied to writing, turns over the paper, and reads backwards with his fingers. But if sight can almost be dispensed with in the usual

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course of ordinary life, if a person may become as good a scholar; and as good a mechanick without sight as with, it must yet be confessed, to the disadvantage of the Quinze Vingt, that the loss of the organ itself is a sad defect to the human face. I never, I thought, at the time, had seen so many ugly and ill-looking people brought together before: their manner of carrying their heads is ungraceful, it is merely adapted to the sense of hearing, and there is something extremely awkward in the walk of a person, who goes groping his way, or runs up against every door-post. The conductors of this institution deserve a great deal of credit, nor should the Emperor be without his share of praise; he allows a yearly sum and the use of the buildings, and seems really desirous of promoting the prosperity of the establishment. You must now stretch your thread from the center of the Place Royale to the northern corner of the Place de Greve, and again thence to the northern extremity of the Palace of the Thuilleries. The first course will carry you across the Rue de la Tesseranderie. It was in the second story of a house about midway of this street that Madame de Maintenon lived with her first husband, Scarron, whose gayety and good humour were proof against the most trying calamities. Scarron is an author not sufficiently known perhaps: when he means to be burlesque, he is ridiculous to excess, but his Comical Romance contains some interesting and many laughable scenes, and led the way to that humour, those well-described incidents of village manners, those scenes of midnight confusion and of fighting in country taverns for which Fielding and Smollet have been since so conspicuous. From being the wife of Scarron, to whose table the guests brought each a dish when they were invited to supper, from soliciting a pension of 25*l* a year, and being glad to get a bed at the house of Ninon de l'Enclos, to residing in the Royal apartments of Versailles as wife of Louis xiv, the change was greater than any thing known of in France before the Revolution. But Madame de Maintenon's letters convince us that this wonderful transition by no means contributed to her happiness; and such also would probably be the result, if we could know the secret history of the Thuilleries, and of St. Cloud. The principal ornament of the Place de Greve, is the Maison de Ville, or Town House; it is a large and heavy building, in a style of ancient architecture, and such in every respect, as would attract but little attention, were it not for the interesting events which the view of it is attended with the recol-

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lection of. It was from the balcony of the Maison de Ville, that the King heard what seemed the joyful and affectionate shouts of the people, for the last time in his life; it was here that Mr. Necker showed himself, after his second return from exile, when he made so humane a use of his influence; and it was in the porch below, that the heroines of the Fronde were placed, dressed out for the occasion to the greatest advantage, with their ladies in attendance, and their knights and gentlemen, amid trumpets, violins, and warlike instruments, and the shouts of the populace, when a convoy of provisions, originally intended for the royal army, but which had been intercepted, passed in a sort of triumph across the Greve. The first executions which gave the mob of Paris a taste for blood, took place at the corner of a neighbouring street, and it was at the Maison de Ville, that the party of Robespierre made their last stand in 1794. He had been rescued by some of his adherents, and carried there as to the strong hold of the Commune, which had for sometime exercised a species of sovereignty in Paris, and consequently, over the whole republic. I have been told by a person who was in the crowd when the committee from the convention passed through, that it was by no means decided what was to be the cry, whether for or against the Convention or the Commune, till one of the gens d'armes, who had followed the committee without any particular orders, levelled a pistol at Robespierre as he entered the hall, and shot the tyrant in the face. It is easier to describe the person of Robespierre from the accounts which have been transmitted of him, than to conceive what his motives could have been for so much cruelty and injustice. He was small, not ill made, pale, with a face expressive of talents, blended with malignity, and was always neatly dressed and powdered: one great source of his popularity originally and the foundation of his power afterwards, was an idea very generally prevalent, that he was of incorruptible integrity in money-matters; it appears however, that without any salary or any known resources, he sometimes gave expensive entertainments, and that he had lodged a sum of money in a foreign country; he must have been ever internally miserable, for hatred and envy were the ruling passions of his soul, he knew himself to be execrated, and sometimes received anonymous letters, which must have struck him with horror. I know nothing so frightfully eloquent as one or two of them which were found among his papers and published after his death. The Greve had served

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for centuries, as a place of execution, when the Convention, in order to render the insult over royalty still greater, applied the square between the Champs Elise and the Thuilleries to that purpose; it has since, however, been restored to its former privilege of affording a place for the scaffold of every poor wretch that dies by the sentence of the law: the spot generally chosen for that purpose, from time immemorial, is in the south-eastern corner of the square; a spot fatal to La Bruivilliers, Desraes, and other outcasts of mankind, and to some also who deserved a better fate: it was here that Georges was executed, with eight or ten of his friends and associates. The man who ventures secretly within the boundaries of an established government, with a view to blow the flame of civil war, must be content to forfeit his life, if he is detected; but there are circumstances in some instances, which alleviate the odium of such an enterprise; and Georges ought not to be confounded with a lurking assassin, whose only object is murder. You will find in Smollet and in Macpherson's History of England, the account of a similar enterprise in the reign of King William, which was undertaken by a number of ill-advised but gallant gentlemen, in favour of the exiled family; and it is thought that the Duke D'Enghien, whose death has been so universally lamented, even in France, had once ventured into Paris, as the Duke of Berwick, tells us in his memoirs, that he did upon an occasion, into London. Had this unfortunate Prince been discovered at the time, and had there been even the formality of justice, and a public trial, the world might still have pitied him, but they must in great measure have exculpated the government, whose severity would have appeared an act of legal self-defence; but from the manner in which this shocking affair was planned and executed, it deserves to be branded with the censure of all mankind: it was a violent outrage, ending in an act of deliberate murder. Some sense of so foul a deed will adhere, it is to be hoped, to the conscience of him who ordered it, all hardened as he is; fortune may not smile upon him always, and in some moment of uncertainty and anxiety, he may have dreams not unlike those of Richard, on Bosworth field, in his tent, and to the full as horrible as that which Clarence speaks of, when he relates all he had suffered in so dismal a night, and tells, in an agony of distress, of the phantom he had seen, and of the shadow like an Angel, with bright hair, dabbled in blood.

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BIOGRAPHY.

In the year 1805 a quarto poem, a posthumous work of the late Dr. John Blair Linn issued from one of the respectable presses of this city. This poetical volume was entitled VALERIAN, a narrative Poem, intended, in part, to describe the early persecutions of Christians, and rapidly to illustrate the influence of Christianity on the manners of nations. The design of this performance was obviously pious, and the execution, in many instances, perfectly poetical. When it is remembered that it was an unfinished and unrevised work, instead of provoking the severity of Criticism, it ought to experience much of the warmth of Applause. Still it is obviously but an outline which the adventurous artist happily drew, but which the mortal man never filled. What, in our opinion, gives the greatest value to this volume is the Memoir of the author prefixed to his book. This elegant specimen of affectionate Biography is the production of Charles B. Brown, a relative of the deceased, and a man of letters by profession, who is distinguished by many publications both of beauty and utility. On this occasion we think he has acquitted himself with singular dexterity. The subject of his memorial, though unquestionably a man of genius, experienced no extraordinary vicissitudes, achieved no romantic adventures, visited no distant regions, and died at a juvenile age. Still from the scanty incidents afforded by a blameless and sequestered life, our Biographer has contrived to frame a story, which interests both the Imagination and the Passions.

As the volume, in which this memoir originally appeared, is now exceedingly scarce, only a few copies being struck off for subscribers, we have thought it honourable to the literature of America, to preserve, in The Port Folio, the Biography of Dr. Linn. This walk of composition has not been very often pursued in this country, and with the exception of the late Dr. Belknap and of Judge Marshall, we do not remember many names, who have distinguished themselves in this delightful department of composition. Mr. B. has very happily succeeded, and in our opinion, he has on more than one occasion, successfully emulated Dr. Johnson when in his best mood. The following article is a fine specimen of a style pure, harmonious, and correct.

ED.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF *JOHN BLAIR LINN.*

John Blair Linn was descended from ancestors who originally came from the British islands. They appear to have been emigrants at an early period, and to have given their descendants as just a claim to the title of American, as the nature of things will allow any civilized inhabitant of the United States to acquire.

His name bears testimony to the paternal and maternal stock from which he sprung. His great-grandfather, William Linn, was

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an emigrant from Ireland, who settled land in the wilderness of Pennsylvania, and whose eldest son, William, was the father of a numerous family.

The father of John Blair Linn received a careful education, which his family enabled him to complete at the college at Princeton. He was trained to the ministry, in the presbyterian church, and married, at an early age, Rebecca Blair, the third daughter of the Rev. John Blair. Her brother and uncle were likewise clergymen, and the family were eminently distinguished by their knowledge and piety.

Their eldest son, John Blair Linn, was born in Shippensburg, in Pennsylvania, March 14, 1777, at no great distance from the spot at which his father first drew breath, and where his great-grandfather first established his residence in this new world. The humble dwelling which was first erected in the forest still existed, at a small distance from that town, and continued for a considerable time after this, to be inhabited by his great-grandfather, who lived upwards of a hundred years.

It is impossible for his survivors to recount the earliest incidents of his life; to trace the first indications of future character and genius; or enumerate the little adventures and connexions of his childhood. The juvenile stages of our moral and intellectual progress, which are in all cases entertaining and instructive, are so, in a particular manner, when they relate to eminent persons. The authentic memorials of any man's life and character are only to be found in his own narrative compared with the observations of others. In the present case, Mr. Linn's modesty prevented him from being his own historian, and peculiar circumstances occasioned his early life to pass over without much observation from others. We cannot any longer profit by his own recollections: the hand is now cold, and the tongue silent, which were best qualified to gratify the curiosity of love or veneration. We only know that he acquired the rudiments of knowledge at an age somewhat earlier than is customary. He was initiated into the Latin language while yet a child, and evinced very early a strong attachment to books. On his father's removal to New-York, when John was only nine years old, he enjoyed new opportunities of improvement, under several respectable teachers. The happiest period of his life, however, in his own opinion, consisted of

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two or three years which he spent at a place of education at Flatbush, in Long-Island. He was in his thirteenth year when he left this seminary for New-York, where, at Columbia College, his education was completed.

Fortunate is that man who has spent any part of his early years at a country school. In youth, every object possesses the charms of novelty; care and disease have as yet made no inroads on the heart, nor stained that pure and bright medium, through which the external world makes its way to the fancy. The noise, the filth, the dull sights and unwholesome exhalations of a city are, in consequence of this enchantment, ever new and delightful to the youthful heart; but how much is this pleasure heightened, when the objects presented to view, and by which we are surrounded, are in themselves agreeable! There is something in the refreshing smells, the green, the quiet, the boundless prospects of the country, congenial to the temper of human beings at all ages; but these possess ineffable charms at that age, when the joints are firm and elastic, when the pulse beats cheerily, and no dark omens or melancholy retrospects invade the imagination. To roam through a wood with gay companions, to search the thicket for blackberries, to bathe in the clear running brook, are pleasures which fill the memory with delicious images, and are frequently called up to afford a little respite to the heart from the evils of our subsequent experience.

Dr. Linn was indebted to nature for a healthful rather than a robust constitution. He was a stranger to disease till after he had reached manhood, and of that constitutional vivacity, which mere health confers, he possessed a very large share. His fancy was alive to the beauties of nature, and he experienced none of those little vexations and crosses, which some lads are doomed to suffer, through the malice of school-fellows, the tyranny of ushers, and the avarice of housekeepers. Hence, in the latter part of his life, no recollections were so agreeable as those of the time he passed at Flatbush, when he revelled in the full enjoyment of health, and its attendant cheerfulness. They formed a vivid contrast to that joyless and dreary state, to which disease afterwards reduced him.

He was near fourteen years of age when he returned home and went to college. He now entered on a scene widely different, in all respects, from that to which he had been previously accustomed: a new system of scholastic discipline, a new circle of associ-

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ates, the sensations and views incident to persons on the eve of manhood.

The ensuing four years were active and important ones. The moral and intellectual dispositions, which men may possibly bring into the world with them, become fixed and settled. and receive their final direction at this age. When the appetites are vigorous, the senses keen, and the conduct regulated by temper and passion, rather than by prudence and experience, we are most alive to all impressions, and generally take that path which we pursue for the rest of our days. It was during this period that Mr. Linn's taste was formed; and though his moral and professional views underwent considerable changes afterwards, the literary inclination which he now imbibed, or unfolded, continued to adhere to him for the rest of his life.

His genius now evinced a powerful tendency to poetry and criticism. What are called the fine writers of the age, and especially the poets, became his darling study. In a youthful breast, the glow of admiration is soon followed by the zeal to imitate; and he not only composed several pieces, both in prose and verse, but procured the publication of some of them in a distinct volume, before his seventeenth year. These performances possess no small merit, if we may judge of them by comparison with the youth and inexperience of the writer. They manifest considerable reading, a remarkably improved taste, and talents which only wanted the discipline and knowledge of age to make them illustrious.

In a city where there is an established theatre, a young man, smitten with a passion for letters, can scarcely fail of becoming an assiduous frequenter of its exhibitions. Plays form a large portion of the fashionable literature of a refined nation. The highest powers of invention are displayed in the walks of dramatic poetry; and what the young enthusiast devours in his closet, he hastens with unspeakable eagerness to behold invested with the charms of life and action on the stage. At that period, some performers of merit had been recently imported from Europe, the theatre was, in an eminent degree, a popular amusement, and Mr. Linn was at that age when the enchantment of such exhibitions is greatest. The theatre accordingly became his chief passion.

To austere and scrupulous minds, the theatre is highly obnoxious, not only as hurtful in itself, but as seducing unwary youth

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into collateral vices and undue expenses. On this account, such establishments are certainly liable to much censure. Whether reasonably or not, mankind have always annexed some disrepute to the profession of an actor; and hence no one will give himself to that profession, who cherishes in himself any lively regard for reputation. The odium with which any profession is loaded, even though originally groundless, has an unfortunate tendency to create an excuse for itself in the principles and manners of those who adopt it. To make men vitious, little more is necessary than to treat them as if they were so.

The example of Mr. Linn, however, may lead us to distinguish between that admiration for the drama, which leads some persons to the theatre, and those dissolute and idle habits, by which the attendance of others is produced, and which evince a taste for the life and manners of the *actor*, rather than a passion for excellent *acting*. The moral conduct of this youth was at all times irreproachable; and the impression made upon his fancy, by the great masters of the drama, seems to have contributed to his security from low tastes and vitious pleasures, rather than to have laid him open to their influence.

When his academical career was finished, he was eighteen years of age; and it being necessary to adopt some profession, his choice, and that of his family, fell upon the law. The law leads more directly and effectually to honour, power and profit, in America, than any of what are termed the liberal professions. As we are strangers to all hereditary distinctions, the road to eminence is open to all; and while the practice of the law is extremely lucrative, it tends to bring forth talents and industry into public notice, and to recommend men to offices of profit and honour. A young man who, though meanly descended, shows some marks of genius, and has received some degree of education beyond that of mere reading and writing his native tongue, seldom thinks of pursuing any mechanical trade, and if he has some ambition, he is generally educated to the bar. He is thus placed in the direct road of that profit and honour, which waits on political popularity, and may put in his claim, with more success than the followers of any other calling, for a seat in the national councils, and for any official station. The children of persons who are raised above others, by their riches or station, are, of course, whether qualified

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or not, destined to a liberal profession, and the law is generally preferred, because it affords the best means of building up a name or a fortune. Mr. Linn was probably influenced in his choice of this path, more because it was honourable and lucrative, than because it was particularly suited to gratify any favourite taste. He does not appear, therefore, to have applied with much assiduity or zeal to his new pursuit: his favourite authors continued to engage most of his attention; and his attachment to poetry acquired new force, by the contrast which the splendid visions of Shakspeare and Tasso bore to the naked abstractions and tormenting subtleties of Blackstone and Coke.

He was placed under the direction of Alexander Hamilton, who was a friend of his father, and who took upon himself, with ardour, the care of perfecting the studies and promoting the fortunes of the son. Instead, however, of becoming enamoured of the glory, excellence, or usefulness that environ the names of Murray and of Erskine, Mr. Linn regarded the legal science every day with new indifference or disgust, which, at the end of the first year, induced him to relinquish the profession altogether.

Before this event took place, he had ventured to produce a dramatic composition, called Bourville Castle, on the stage. This performance was one of the many dramatic works he had previously concerted, but the only one which was ever performed on the stage. Its success was such as had been sufficient to have fixed the literary destiny of some minds. But his dramatic career was scarcely commenced, when it was entirely relinquished. His passion for theatrical amusements yielded place to affections of a more serious and beneficial nature; and those religious impressions, by which, from his earliest infancy, his mind had been occasionally visited, about this time assumed a permanent dominion over him. After much deliberation he determined to devote his future life to service in the church.

Such a decision, in a youthful and ardent mind, could only flow from deep convictions of duty. The heavy obligations which every clergyman incurs, the extraordinary claims which are made upon him, not only as a *teacher* of virtue and religion, but as a living *example* of their influence, form, to a conscientious mind, the most arduous circumstances of this profession. Considered as a calling, by which a subsistence is to be obtained, and a family reared, its

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disadvantages are very numerous. He is entirely precluded from any collateral and lucrative application of his time or talents, not only by the constant pressure of his clerical duties, but by the general sense of decorum; while the stipend he receives from the church is in many cases inadequate to decent subsistence, and in no case does it more than answer the current necessities and demands of a family. The clergyman deprives himself of all means of providing for the establishment of his children in trade or in marriage, or even for the period of age or infirmity in himself, by embracing a profession which, in many cases, appears to have a tendency to impair his health, and to shorten the duration of his life.

In Mr. Linn's case, these sacrifices were greater than ordinary. There were many circumstances to inspire his generous mind with unusual and commendable solicitude for the acquisition of fortune, and his new engagements were incompatible with those pursuits, which had hitherto formed his chief passion, and engrossed the greater portion of his time. Such, however, was the strength of his mind, and the force of his religious impressions, that not only the prospects of power and riches, but the more bewitching promises of dramatic popularity, were renounced with little hesitation or reluctance.

New-York was, in some respects, an eligible place for prosecuting theological as well a legal studies, but Mr. Linn weighed its disadvantages and benefits with too impartial a hand to allow himself to remain there. Along with his former habits and pursuits, he perceived the necessity of relinquishing many of his former companions, and abandoning the scenes to which he had been accustomed to resort. His prudence directed him to withdraw as much as possible from the busy and luxurious world, and to put far away all those objects which were calculated to divert him from the object to which he had deliberately devoted his future life.

With these views he left New-York, and retired to Schenectady. He there put himself under the care of Dr. Romeyn, a professor of theology in the reformed Dutch church. His zeal and resolution appear to have continually increased in favour of his new pursuit. Experience, indeed, gradually unfolded difficulties of which he had not been at first aware. The importance and arduousness of the part which he had assigned himself became

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daily more apparent, but these discoveries diminished not his zeal, though they somewhat appalled his courage. In a letter to his father, written during his probation, and after a short visit to his family, he says, "When I was in New-York, I saw more clearly than I had ever yet seen, the road of preferment which I have forsaken. I saw more clearly than ever, that worldly friendship and favour follow the footsteps of pomp and ambition. I hope, however, never to have cause to regret the choice I have made. I hope to see more and more the little worth of earthly things, and the infinite importance of those which are eternal. As I have no treasures on earth, may I lay up treasures in heaven.

"The disgust which I contracted for the law might perhaps chiefly arise from a sickly and over delicate taste. The pages of Coke and Blackstone contained, to my apprehension, nothing but horrid jargon. The language of the science was discord, and its methods the perfection of confusion to me; and this, whether a fault in me or not, I cannot tell, but certain I am it was past remedy. But my aversion to the bar had something else in it than the mere loathing of taste. I could not bear its tricks and artifices; the enlisting of all one's wit and wisdom in the service of any one that could pay for them.

"My mind, which has been for a long time restless and uneasy, and continually on the wing, feels already, in this state of comparative solitude, that sober and quiet peace, to which it has been long a stranger. I regret not the gay objects of New-York, which I have exchanged for the now dreary scenes of Schenectady. The pleasures of my former life were often the pleasures of an hour, leaving behind them the anxieties of days and of years. A very few excepted, I regret not those friends of my early youth, from whom I have removed. Friendship is in most cases only a weathercock, shifting with the lightest gale, and scarcely stable long enough to be viewed. The applause of men I no longer prize; and self-approbation becomes every day of greater value."

In this retreat he pursued his studies assiduously. How he employed his leisure, what books he read, what society he enjoyed, and what particular advances he made in knowledge or in virtue, in the government of himself or his acquaintance with the world, it is not in the power of the present narrator to communicate. It appears, however, that he indulged himself in some poetical effu-

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sions, and wrote occasionally some essays in prose, which were published in a newspaper of that place. Though not unworthy of praise from so young a man, their intrinsic merit does not entitle them to preservation.

He obtained a license to preach from the classis of Albany, in the year 1798, having just entered his twenty-second year. Having now an opportunity of displaying his qualifications of taste, knowledge and piety, the world soon became acquainted with his character. His merits in the pulpit were enhanced by his youth; a circumstance, which, while it afforded an apology for some exuberances of style and sentiment, imparted lively expectations of future excellence. He received calls from the presbyterian church at Elizabethtown, New-Jersey, and from the first presbyterian church at Philadelphia, than which there were no religious congregations in America, whose choice could be more honourable to the object of it.

He finally decided, though not without much hesitation and reluctance, in favour of the latter situation. In this he was influenced by many motives besides those, which, in such a case, would naturally operate upon a young mind, eager for distinction. The principal of these originated in diffidence of his own powers, which he justly imagined would be subjected to less arduous trials, as an assistant minister, or co-pastor, than where the sole charge should devolve upon himself. Under the auspices of so illustrious a colleague as the late Dr. Ewing, he hoped to enter on his important office with fewer disadvantages than most young men are subjected to. The errors of youth and inexperience would be less fatal, and would be more easily prevented and corrected, than in a different situation. The paternal treatment he always received from Dr. Ewing fulfilled these hopes, and his decision in their favour was fully justified by the veneration and affection of his people. He was ordained, and installed in his office, in June, 1799.

He had very early bestowed his affections on Miss Hester Bailey, a young lady of beauty and merit, daughter of Col. John Bailey, a respectable inhabitant of Poughkeepsie, in the state of New-York. On his settlement at Philadelphia, he married this lady. The fruits of this alliance, which was interrupted by death at the end of five years, were three sons, the two youngest of whom survived their father.

(*To be continued.*)

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF THOMAS TRUXTUN, ESQ.

Late Commander of an American Squadron.

Illi robur et aes triplex
Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
Commisit pelago ratem
Primus, nec timuit praecipitem Africum
Decertantem Aquilonibus,
Nec tristes Hyadas, nec rabiem Noti.
Quem mortis timuit gradum,
Qui siccis oculis monstra natantia,
Qui vidit mare turgidum, et
Infames scopulos Acroceraunia?

Hor. Lib. I. Car. iii.

Of that ardent spirit of enterprise, which, for the most important purposes, Nature has implanted in the heart of man, where shall we find stronger instances than in the biography of seamen? Inured to toil, and familiar with danger, it is in difficulty and peril that they are seen to advantage. In vain does the ocean roll its stormy billows to confine them to any part of this globe:

Nequicquam Deus abscidit
Prudens Oceano dissociabili
Terras.

Forsaking the earth, that heritage of the children of Adam, they win another element:

Their march is on the mountain wave,
Their *home* is on the deep.

In the languor and calms of peace, to them are we indebted for most of the delights and luxuries which surround us; in the tumult of war, they are the buckler of our safety. And though their country, unmindful of their services, may have treated them with coldness and neglect, yet generous to excess, and brave to temerity, should the tempest of war lower upon her coast, in them, regardless of the bickerings of party, would she again behold the most zealous of her defenders.

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A Representation of the Medal presented by the United States to THOMAS TRUXTUN ESQUIRE, and a copy of the Resolution of Congress. The lower circle is the Obverse side of the Medal.

Resolved, by the Senate and house of Representatives, of the United States of America, in Congress assembled That the President of the United States, Be requested to present to Captain Thomas Truxtun a Golden Medal emblematical of the late action between the United States Frigate Constellation of thirty eight Guns and the French Ship of war La Vengeance of fifty four Guns. In testimony of the high sense entertained by Congress of his Gallantry and good conduct in the above engagement, wherein an example was exhibited by the Captain Officers, Sailors and Marines, honourable to the American name and instructive to its rising Navy.

And it is further Resolved, that the conduct of James Jarvis a Midshipman in said Frigate, who Gloriously preferred certain death to an abandonment of his post, is deserving of the highest praise, and that the loss of so promising an Officer is a subject of national regret.

Theodore Sedgwick,
Speaker of the house of Representatives.

Thomas Jefferson,
Vice President of the United States and President of the Senate

Approved March 29th 1800. *John Adams,*
President of the United States.

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The subject of the present memoirs, whose achievements shed a lustre on the infant navy of his country, is the son of an eminent English barrister of the State (then Colony) of New-York, and was born at Long-Island, on the 17th of February, 1755. Our hero, in consequence of the death of his father, was placed under the guardianship of his intimate friend, John Troup, Esq. of Jamaica, on Long-Island; from whose affectionate care, however, in a short time, the kindling spark of that spirit, which has since shone so conspicuously in his character, led him to the sea; and, at the early age of twelve years, he embarked, on his trial voyage, on board the ship Pitt, captain Joseph Holmes, bound to Bristol. In the following year he was placed, at his own request, under the direction of captain James Chambers, a celebrated commander in the London trade. During his apprenticeship, when the armament, in consequence of the dispute respecting the Falkland Islands, took place, he was impressed on board the Prudent, an English man of war of 64 guns; but was afterwards released, in consequence of the application of a person in authority. While on board the Prudent, the captain, pleased with his intelligence and activity, endeavoured to prevail on him to remain in the service, and assured him that all his interest should be used for his promotion: but notwithstanding the prospects thus opened to his youthful and aspiring mind, as he conceived that his engagements with his former commander, would not permit him with honour to indulge his wishes, he left the Prudent, and returned to his old ship.

In the early part of 1775, he commanded a vessel, and was very successful in bringing considerable quantities of powder into the United Colonies: but about the close of the same year, when bound to St. Eustatius, he was seized off the Island of St. Christopher by the British frigate Argo, and detained until the general restraining bill came out, when his vessel and cargo, of which he owned the half, were condemned. But what "ill-wind" can wreck the buoyant mind of the sailor? He made his way from St. Christopher's to St. Eustatius, and thence, embarking in a small vessel, after a short passage, he arrived in Philadelphia. At this period, the two first private ships of war fitted out in the colonies, called the Congress and Chance, were equipping for sea, and he entered on board the former as lieute-

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nant. They sailed in company, early in the winter of 1776, and proceeded off the Havanna, where they captured several valuable Jamaica ships, bound home through the gulf of Florida; of one of which he took the command, and brought her safe into Bedford, Massachusetts. In June 1777, in company with Isaac Sears, Esq. he fitted out, at New-York, a vessel called the Independence, of which he took the command, and passing through the Sound (Lord Howe having arrived with the British fleet at Sandy Hook, and blocked up that outlet,) he proceeded off the Azores, where, besides making several other prizes, he fell in with a part of the Windward Island convoy, of which he captured three large and valuable ships; one of which was much superior to the Independence in both guns and men. On his return, he fitted out the ship Mars, mounting upwards of 20 guns, in which he sailed on a cruise in the English channel. Some of his prizes, which were numerous, he sent into Quiberon Bay, which in a great measure, laid the foundation of Lord Stormont's remonstrance to the French court, against the admission into her ports of our armed vessels and their prizes. On his return from this cruise he settled in Philadelphia, commanded, and in part owned, during the rest of the war, several of the most important armed vessels built in this place; and brought in from France and the West India Islands large cargoes of the articles, which, in those eventful times, were of the first necessity for the army. While carrying out to France, Thomas Barclay, Esq. our Consul General to that country, he had a very close and severe engagement with a British private ship of war of 32 guns (double his own force) which he obliged to sheer off; and she was afterwards towed into New-York by one of the king's ships, in a very dismantled condition. The ship, then under his command, was called the St. James, and mounted 20 guns, with a crew of about 100 men —not half the number on board his enemy. Here let us pay a tribute of justice founded upon unquestionable authority. Captain William Jones, of this city, and lately a member of Congress, being at this period a very young man, was patronised by Truxtun, and placed on board the St. James in capacity of third lieutenant; in this station he conducted himself so bravely and handsomely, and with such activity in this engagement, as well as on all other occasions, that he not only received the applause of his commander, but

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was by him soon after promoted to the first lieutenancy of that ship; and, at subsequent periods, Truxtun took pleasure, wherever opportunities presented, in doing justice to his merit, by rendering him that applause to which he was entitled as an officer and a man. This he uniformly practised to all who, from their deportment and vigilance in their profession, merited his notice, while under his command. From this voyage he returned with the most valuable cargo brought into the United States during the war. It would be impossible for us, within the limits of this article, to recount the various instances of activity and zeal displayed by this gallant officer, during our struggle for Independence, not only at sea, but on two remarkable occasions on the land. We content ourselves with observing that in all his actions with British vessels of war, many of which were of force greatly superior to his own, he was invariably victorious.

After the peace of 1783, he turned his attention to commerce; and was concerned in an extensive trade to Europe, China, and the East Indies, until the commencement of our naval establishment in 1794; when, unable calmly to behold the rights of his country invaded, he stepped forward at her call, and was one of the first six captains *selected by* PRESIDENT WASHINGTON. The frigate Constellation, of 36 guns, which he was destined to command, he was directed to superintend the building of, at Baltimore; and she was the first one of that armament at sea.

Appointed, with a squadron under his command, to the protection of the American commerce in the West Indies, our Commodore had an arduous task to perform, in the infancy of a navy not yet organized; but every difficulty yielded to the excellence of his discipline, for which he has ever been celebrated. On this station his indefatigable vigilance guarded, in the most effectual manner, the property of our merchants; and an enemy's privateer could scarcely look out of port without being captured.

At noon, on the 9th of February 1799, the Island of Nevis bearing W. S. W. five leagues distant, the Constellation being then alone, a large ship was seen to the southward, upon which Commodore Truxtun immediately bore down. On his hoisting the American ensign, the strange sail showed French colours, and fired a gun to windward (the signal of an enemy.) At a quarter past 3 P. M. the Commodore was hailed by the French Captain,

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and the Constellation, ranging along side of the enemy's frigate, who had so declared herself, by firing a gun to windward, poured in a close and extremely well-directed broadside, which was instantly returned by her antagonist, who after a very warm engagement of an hour and a quarter, hauled down her colours, and proved to be L'Insurgente, of 40 guns, and 417 men; 29 of whom were killed, and 44 wounded in the action. She was commanded by Monsieur Barreau, a distinguished officer, who did not strike his colours till his ship was a perfect wreck. The Constellation had only one man killed and two wounded. A stronger instance of the strict and exemplary discipline preserved on board the Constellation cannot be given than this disparity of loss in the two ships: and yet, during the whole time that Commodore Truxtun commanded her, but one man was whipt at the gangway, and that for extreme bad conduct, and he was immediately discharged from the ship, as unworthy of belonging to her. Scarce a man of her crew had ever been in action before. The prize was taken into Basseterre, St. Christopher's, and after being refitted, added to the American navy.

This was the first opportunity that had offered to an American frigate of engaging an enemy of superior force; and the gallantry displayed by Commodore Truxtun was highly applauded, not only by his own countrymen, but by foreigners. He received congratulatory addresses from all quarters, and the merchants of Lloyd's Coffeehouse sent him a present of plate, worth upwards of six hundred guineas, with the action between the frigates elegantly engraved on it. It is a relief to the horrors of war, to see those whom the collisions of their countries have placed in hostile array, treat each other, when the battle is over, with all the urbanity of accomplished cavaliers. Capt. Barreau, in a letter to Commodore Truxtun, says: "I am sorry that our two nations are at war; but since I unfortunately have been vanquished, I felicitate myself and crew upon being prisoners to you. You have united all the qualities which characterize a man of honour, courage, and humanity. Receive from me the most sincere thanks, and be assured, I shall make it a duty to publish to all my fellow-citizens, the generous conduct which you have observed towards us."

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The Constellation, in a very short time, was again at sea. It is unnecessary to give a list of the privateers and small vessels captured by the squadron; it is sufficient to say that the most effectual convoy was afforded by it, and France saw the West Indies cleared of her bucaniers by our infant navy on that station. While the different ships belonging to it, were cruising separately, so as to give the best protection to our merchant vessels, our Commodore hearing that La Vengeance, a large French national ship of 54 guns, with upwards of five hundred men, including several general officers and troops on board, was lying at Guadaloupe, proceeded in January, 1800, off that port, determined if possible, notwithstanding the superiority of her force, to bring her to action should she put to sea. On the 1st of February at half past seven A. M. the road of Basseterre, Guadaloupe, bearing E. five leagues distant, he discovered a sail in the S. E. standing to the westward, which soon proved to be the long sought for La Vengeance. The French officer, one would suppose, could have had no hesitation in engaging an enemy so inferior in guns and men as the Constellation; but this did not prove to be the case, for he crowded all sail to avoid his foe, and it was not till after a most persevering chase of upwards of twelve hours that the Constellation brought him to action. The engagement began by a fire from the stern and quarter deck guns of the French ship, which was returned, in a few minutes afterwards, by a broadside from the Constellation, that had by this time got upon the weather quarter of her antagonist, and a close and desperate action commenced, which lasted from eight o'clock until within a few minutes of one A. M. when the fire of La Vengeance was completely silenced. At this moment, when the American Commander considered himself sure of his prize, and was endeavouring to secure his mainmast, which had been very much wounded, he had the misfortune to see it go by the board. A heavy squall coming on at the same time, before the Constellation could be completely cleared of the wreck, the French ship was enabled to effect her escape. Indeed, so sudden was her disappearance in the squall, that she was supposed by all on board the Constellation to have sunk. It however appeared, afterwards, that five days after the action she got into Curracoa,

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in a most shattered condition, having had 160 men killed and wounded, and nearly all her masts and rigging shot away. It had required all hands at the pumps for several days, to keep her from foundering. Her captain had the candour to acknowledge that he had twice struck his colours, but owing to the darkness of the night, this was not perceived on board the Constellation, and he, finding that her fire continued, and concluding that it was the determination of his enemy to sink him, renewed the combat from necessity. When her mast went overboard, he took the advantage of the accident, and got off. In this engagement, the Constellation had fourteen men killed and twenty-five wounded. Among the former was James Jarvis, a young midshipman of great promise, who commanded in the main top. When told by one of the old seamen of the danger of the mast falling, and requested, with his men, to come down, he replied, that if it went, they must go with it. In a few minutes after, it went over, and but one of the topmen was saved.

For the signal gallantry displayed in this action, the Congress of the United States voted that a MEDAL (of which we insert an engraving) should be given to Commodore Truxtun.

Since the accommodation of our dispute with France, in 1801, the Commodore has been retired from the sea, and now resides in Philadelphia, in the enjoyment of that attention and respect which should ever accompany the retirement of the man who has devoted the best years of his life to the service of his country. And should that country again be forced into war, we may safely predict that, whoever may be the foe, he would cheerfully resign all the delights of ease on shore, to meet her enemy on the ocean.

We shall, for the present, conclude this subject, but probably resume it in a future number.

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SCIENTIFIC PAPERS——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

"Our regard will not be confined to books. It will extend to ALL THE PRODUCTIONS OF SCIENCE. Any new calculation, a commodious instrument, the discovery of any property in nature, or any new method of bringing known properties into use or view, shall be diligently treasured up, wherever found."—Dr. JOHNSON.

AN INQUIRY INTO THE EFFECTS OF RAREFIED ATMOSPHERE ON THE HUMAN FUNCTIONS, &c.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I have hastily put together some desultory observations on the following interesting question, which are at your disposal. C.

In what manner are the Human Functions affected by a rarefied Atmosphere, and how are these Affections to be explained?

All travellers whose reports on the subject I have consulted, agree in representing the corporeal, as well as some of the mental functions, to be very strangely influenced by this condition of the atmosphere. But the celebrated de Saussure, a writer, who unites to the profundity of philosophical research, the polish of literary refinement, has, from personal experience described these affections with the most precision. To his description I shall, therefore, principally adhere in the ensuing inquiry.

He states, that at a certain height above the level of the sea, there uniformly takes place a sudden and uncommon exhaustion of the muscular power. The natives of the Alps, who can climb for hours at the foot of the mountains without being at all wearied, are forced to stop, and take breath every few minutes when they ascend the height of fourteen or fifteen hundred toises. Those who are less accustomed to the air of the mountains are obliged to rest much more frequently. So intolerable, indeed, is the fatigue induced in this situation, that the person suffering it, is rendered sometimes wholly incapable of motion. If he attempt to move, his legs sink under him, his heart palpitates, his arteries throb, his head becomes giddy, his eyes are dazzled, and, to avoid fainting, he is forced to sit down. Near the top of Mont Blanc our traveller could not advance more than a few steps without stopping to respire, and on the summit of it, though his exertions were moderate, he was constrained frequently to desist altogether from them,

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and to breathe laboriously to recruit his strength.* With this excessive degree of fatigue, accelerated pulse, and difficult respiration, there is great thirst, sickness of stomach, a loathing of food, and an aversion to every species of spirituous liquor. But what is very extraordinary, these affections are as short in their duration, as they are violent.

After resting a few minutes, the sense of fatigue is so completely dissipated, that the person, in resuming his journey, feels such a renovation, that he is persuaded he will be able to prosecute it uninterruptedly. He, however, is soon disappointed. On moving a short distance only, his former inability returns, and his progress is again arrested. An additional effect of this state of the atmosphere, is an almost irresistible propensity to sleep. We are told, that if the attention of the person be not engaged, and kept excited, he will, when pausing to rest, often fall to sleep almost instantaneously, though annoyed by the wind or cold, the light or heat of the sun, and in the most incommodious and disagreeable posture of his body. This sleep, sometimes, approaches in soundness nearly to lethargy.†

Nothing affords the least relief to any of the symptoms enumerated except *rest* and *cold water*. Cordials and spirituous liquors are found to aggravate all the complaints.

Now, *in what manner are these very singular affections to be explained?* No satisfactory solution has hitherto been offered. The explanation, however, appears to me to be exceedingly obvious, and we owe it to chymical physiology.

It is clearly ascertained that *respiration* supports animal life, and *all its actions*. This process requires the presence of two principles. These are oxygen and combustible matter. The former

* These effects are not peculiar to the human species. The same writer relates, that the mules which he employed to carry his baggage, became suddenly so weak and exhausted that they could hardly walk, even when the burden was removed from their backs. They staggered as they moved; their respiration was panting and difficult, and seemingly attended with painful sensations of the chest, as they uttered plaintive and distressing cries.

† It may also be observed, that Aëronauts have generally mentioned drowsiness as one of the consequences produced by the attenuated atmosphere of the exalted regions which they explore in their excursive flights, and some have even declared that they *slept soundly*, when at the utmost pitch of their perilous adventures.

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is supplied chiefly through the medium of the lungs, and the latter by the stomach. Of the vital actions, none seems to be more immediately dependent and strikingly regulated by respiration than the *muscular*. It is not, however, my design to dwell on the relation between them. It is sufficient for my purpose to remark, that during exercise a greater quantity of oxygen is extracted from the atmosphere by the lungs, and that carbonic acid, and water are formed, and caloric evolved in corresponding proportions. Hence it may be deduced, that during muscular exertion, there *is a greater demand for oxygen*, and a larger consumption of *combustible matter*. It also follows, if the preceding premises be admitted, as a legitimate corollary, that the same effect would be produced, namely, an exhaustion of the muscular vigour, by withholding the one or the other of these agents. In either case, fatigue will be caused, and the body rendered incapable of muscular exertion. But the incapacity in the two cases arises from different states of the system, and will be distinguished by different appearances, and removed by different methods of treatment.

Limited exercise in an atmosphere of sufficient density slowly deprives the body of its proper quantity of combustible matter until fatigue is finally induced. The body is afterwards gradually recruited by rest and food, or, directly restored to momentary strength by the use of spirituous liquors, which are pure combustible matter mixed with water.

But, in the elevated regions of the atmosphere where there is a deficiency of oxygen, the fatigue which comes on, is of an opposite kind. It arises from an *overproportion of combustible matter*, and a *want of oxygen*. Here, of course, it is alleviated by rest, and deep inspirations, and exacerbated by exercise, and spirituous liquors.

It is *suddenly* induced, because, the pulmonary system is so contrived that the body at no instant receives more oxygen than what at the instant, it requires.‡

‡ We are instructed by experiments that animals placed in a vessel filled with oxygen, and respiring the gas in a state of purity, do not consume more of it than when combined with an irrespirable gas. Thus it takes an animal nearly four times as long to consume the same quantity of oxygen as atmospheric air. *Richerand's Physiology.*

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It is *speedily* removed, because, by the deep inspirations the necessary quantity of oxygen is conveyed into the system.

It is accompanied by *sickness* of *stomach*, and *loathing* of *food*, because, *digestion* like *exercise* demands a *copious supply* of *oxygen*.||

It is attended by *excessive thirst*, because, in a *rare atmosphere*, there will, of necessity, be a *profuse evaporation* from the surface of the body.

The *pulsations* of the *heart* are more *numerous*, because they are performed *less vigorously*.

Not altogether dissimilar in its nature, or origin, though milder in its symptoms, and slower in its occurrence, is, the fatigue occasioned by immoderate exercise under the ordinary constitution of the atmosphere. In this case, we observe an increased frequency of the pulse, and of respiration, &c. &c. The cure, likewise is by rest. Cold water is found more refreshing than spirituous liquors.

There is another phenomenon connected with the present subject which deserves to be noticed. I allude to the propensity to sleep which has already been remarked. This too, can only be explained by ascribing it to a *deficiency* of *oxygen*.

Sleep, is a suspension to all, or a majority of the operations of the mind. We have not, it is true, in our possession any direct evidence to prove that the efforts of the intellect, like those of the body exact a fixed, and determinate quantity of oxygen. We had, indeed, the promise of some experiments to ascertain it by Lavoisier in an Essay, where after indicating the expenditure of vital air by muscular exercise, he undertakes to show by calculation, " the quantity of mechanical labour exerted by the philosopher who *reflects*, by the man of letters who *writes*, or the musician who *composes*!" These operations, he adds, though intellec-

||| There are many facts to prove that oxygen is a principal agent in digestion and assimilation. The quantity employed in these processes seems, in some degree, to be regulated by the kind of food used. An animal diet consumes more than a vegetable one. Mr. Spalding found that when he lived upon animal food, and drank spirituous liquors, he expended the oxygenous portion of the atmosphere in his diving bell, in a much shorter time than when he subsisted on vegetable matter and water. Dr. Beddoes has also furnished some curious facts which go to establish the same conclusion.

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tual, have a certain dependance on the physical and material part of man, which renders them susceptible of comparison with the labours of the mechanic.

Whether these views be as just, as they are brilliant, I shall not pretend to decide. But, though we may never be competent to determine with much accuracy the quantity of oxygen consumed by the operations of the mind, yet, that it is essentially necessary to the exertion of the intellectual faculties is distinctly demonstrated.

With respect to the influence of a subtraction of oxygen in the production of sleep, a few facts will be sufficient to attest it.

In the first place, we know, that the primary operation of all the *irrespirable* gases, and *these* contain *no oxygen*, is productive of heaviness and sleep.

Sleep is apt, moreover, to occur during the process of digestion, when the oxygen of the system is employed, in a considerable degree, in the assimilation of aliment, and the elaboration of chyle, or, if the disposition to sleep be counteracted, the senses, at least, become more dull, and the understanding less acute and energetic.

The production of sleep is favoured too, as has been proved, by external warmth, which lessens the supply of oxygen.

It is, from the combination of these causes, that among the inhabitants of hot climates, the custom of sleeping during the day, and especially after eating, universally prevails.

I have purposely avoided details in this inquiry, that I might not be led into prolixity.

I may, however, in a subsequent Essay dilate many parts of it with illustrations, which at present, appear in the nakedness and obscurity of insulated propositions.

CHYMISTRY——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Nothing is more flattering to the mind of a philosopher than to observe an increasing respect for those branches of science to which he is himself partial. The chymist has therefore observed

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with pleasure and pride, that the favourite objects of his pursuit, which formerly were too much despised and neglected, have of late years attracted great attention.

When the labours of chymists were directed exclusively to the discovery of the Philosopher's Stone, the Elixir of Life, and the Universal Solvent, the obloquy heaped upon them was justly merited by the sordid and visionary temper of those, whose lives were spent over the crucible and furnace. The more liberal views of modern experimenters have rescued this branch of philosophy from reproaches it never deserved, and raised it to a conspicuous rank among the sciences. In doing this they have conferred on the world, benefits, the most important. Agriculture has been improved; the arts have flourished; and medicine has been enriched by a variety of the most active and useful remedies.

The objects of investigation to the chymist, are innumerable, and the interest they excite, can only be judged of by the zeal of his inquiries. There is as much wisdom displayed in the formation of an atom, as in the creation of a world; as much ingenuity therefore is required to unfold its properties and the laws by which it is governed. The period has arrived when the study of chymistry is no longer a reproach. It is even considered an important branch of education. An institution has been founded in London in which lectures are delivered on the interesting parts of chymistry to crowded audiences of the most respectable nobility and gentry in the British dominions.* In our own country we may hail the commencement of a taste for similar studies. Already Chymistry is taught in most of our respectable colleges, and in many private seminaries of learning; and discoveries have been made which could only have been expected from the zeal and industry of veterans in science.

One of the most interesting subjects of chymical investigation is Heat, it is one of the first objects of attention to a student of chymistry, he finds it present in all his operations; it influences all their results. One would imagine that an agent, so universally extended throughout creation, would be familiar to the whole human race, and yet we are informed that the inhabitants of the Marian island, were not acquainted with its effects till the invasion

* The Royal Institution, Albemarle-street.

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of the Spaniards. They considered fire as a malevolent being, sent to annoy them.

The important uses of heat, and the means of procuring it for common purposes are well understood; but it has long been a desideratum to condense the quantity of heat, so as to procure from it all the effects it is capable of producing; for this purpose convex lenses and concave mirrors, of an immense magnitude have been constructed, to collect the solar rays; furnaces of various forms have been built; bellows have been added to supply a current of air. These measures are useful in various operations; but to an American belongs the honour of having constructed an apparatus from which the most astonishing effects are to be derived, and a degree of heat produced, unknown to preceding experimenters.

When we reflect how few of our literary gentlemen have been employed in chymical research, it must be regarded as an honourable trophy for American genius to have achieved this object. I shall proceed to notice the discovery alluded to, after premising a short summary of the theory of combustion.

Our atmosphere is composed chiefly of two distinct kinds of air. One hundred parts of it contain about seventy-two of *air* called *azotic*, and twenty-eight of *pure air*, called also *vital air*, *fire air*, &c. This pure air is itself a compound body consisting of an immense quantity of heat (in a latent state*) and a certain base called oxygen. Combustion consists in the separation of these two substances, by exposing to them a third, as burning charcoal, in this case, the *oxygen* or base of pure air will unite with the coal, while the heat will be disengaged. The flame of the lamp which enables me to state this truth, is supported in this manner. The blaze upon my hearth exhibits a brilliant specimen of the experiment. How many thousands are there, who burn whole forests of hickory, without comprehending the process of nature by which it is effected! But to return to my subject. There exist in nature an immense variety of inflammable substances, capable of separating

* To explain what is meant by *latent* heat, I may just observe that two substances may be precisely equal in temperature, that is, may each raise the thermometer to the same degree, and yet one shall contain twice as much absolute, or latent heat as the other, which may be proved by decomposing it. See Black, Crawford, &c.

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the heat from pure air. Mr. Robert Hare, junr. of this city, selected from among them two, inflammable air, and charcoal. He contrived a machine, capable of containing, in two separate compartments, a quantity of pure and inflammable airs. These were freed from all foreign mixture, and by the descent of water into the compartments, a steady constant stream of air was forced through two tubes passing from each compartment. A piece of lighted coal, was placed at the point where the air from the tubes issued by a common orifice. At this point the heat is intense and capable of producing the most astonishing effects.

Previously to the invention of this instrument, all the pure earths were considered as infusible, excepting pure clay, which was imperfectly fused by the celebrated Lavoisier. By means of the apparatus we have described, alumine, barytes, strontites, and silex were all found to be fusible *perfectly*, and lime and magnesia, imperfectly.

Among the metals, platinum (which has only been obtained in purity since this discovery) and also gold and silver, were not only melted, but absolutely *boiled* and *evaporated*, when exposed to the heat of the compound blow-pipe.

Platinum in its native, impure, granular form, is less refractory, but had never been fused in a furnace, unless by Mr. Butland, an ingenious artist of this city, by whom it was subjected to the combustion of a species of coal found on the banks of the Lehigh, which may from this circumstance be supposed to produce a greater heat than any coal employed in Europe. Mr. Butland deserves much credit for discovering this fact in regard to a fossil in the vicinity of Philadelphia, which will probably become at some period very useful. Certain pure specimens of platinum, which Mr. Cloud of the mint had procured, by his metallurgic skill, could not be in the least affected by the heat of Mr. Butland's furnace, they were however readily fused and volatilized by the compound blow-pipe. Some of the specimens fused by Mr. Hare, at the request of Mr. Cloud, are preserved by this gentleman, and are found to be unusually ductile; he has preserved them in laminæ of great beauty.

The apparatus we have noticed is described in a memoir published in 1802, by order of the Chymical Society of this city, and re-published in the Philosophical Magazine of London, and in the Annales de Chimie at Paris. Some alterations have been made in

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it of late by Mr. Cloud, and the apparatus is exhibited at Peale's Museum, thus altered. He has omitted some parts of it, useless in his experiments, but has not improved it, or augmented its powers.

As I regard this invention of Mr. Hare as one of the most important chymical discoveries which has been made in America, and highly deserving of the most honourable mention, I have perhaps dwelt on it longer than was necessary.

The effects of heat are so constantly before us that we cease to notice them. It is the presence or absence of heat that decides the mode of existence of all bodies in nature. Are they solid? increase their temperature and they melt. Are they liquid? heat will dissipate them into vapour. These three states, solid, liquid, and æriform, are assumed by certain substances which we daily notice The condensation of clouds of vapour into rain, hail, and snow, affords an instance. Mercury may be exhibited as a solid, by reducing its temperature, and as a vapour by raising it. In short, we need no longer ridicule the idea of the possibility of discovering a universal solvent. *Heat is the Alkahest.* This we prove by all its known effects, and we can easily believe the prediction, that, "the elements shall melt with fervent heat."

PARACELSUS.

MISCELLANY——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

I'll range the plenteous intellectual field,
And gather every thought of sovereign power
To chase the moral maladies of man.—Dr. YOUNG.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I am one of those who have held an opinion that the Spaniards are an idle, slow, luxurious, and debased people, as deficient in energy as in courage; but having corrected some of my errors on this, as on other subjects relating to Spain and its inhabitants, by a better acquaintance with Spanish History, and the works of the most liberal French and English travellers through Spain, I will, with your permission, occasionally occupy a few of your pages, with such extracts and original observations, as, I trust, will prove amusing to many of

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your readers, and, perhaps, disperse a few of those prejudices on this subject which have long prevailed in Europe and America. I will not attempt to enter into the region of politics, but leave the question, whether Spain is, in future, to be ruled by the Bourbon or the Napoleon Dynasty, to quidnuncs and politicians; and content myself with merely attempting to serve up an "*Olla Podrida*" for the entertainment of your friends. Like this favourite dish of the Spaniards, I will endeavour to have mine composed of the "choicest parts of the most nutritious viands;" and, if I fail to give satisfaction, it will not be for want of materials, but through unskilfulness in the preparation of them, and inability to suit them to every taste.

"OLLA PODRIDA."

Idleness and slowness of the Spaniards.

The Chevalier de Bourgoanne, an enlightened French traveller, a close observer of men and manners and an elegant scholar, who visited Spain in the year 1782, and was a long time secretary to the French embassy at that court, speaking of the idleness and inactivity with which the Spaniards are generally reproached, observes—"If I have not quite absolved them from their idleness, I have taken the liberty to assert, that it was the consequence of transient circumstances, and will disappear with them. In fact, when we witness the activity which appears upon the coast of Catalonia, throughout the whole kingdom of Valencia, in the mountains of Biscay, and in all places where industry is encouraged, and commodities have an easy and certain sale; when on the other hand, we observe the laborious life of the muleteers and calessieros, who courageously conduct their mules and carriages throughout the whole country by the most dangerous roads; the husbandmen who, in the plains of La Mancha and Andalusia, harden themselves to the labours of the fields, which the nature of the soil, the distance of their habitations, and the heat of the most burning climate in Europe, render more painful than in other countries; when we consider the number of Galicians and Asturians who, like our Auvergnians and Limousins, seek at a distance the slow and painful means of subsistance; when we perceive, the idleness with which the Spaniards are so much reproached, is circumscribed within the boundaries of the two Castiles, that is, the part of Spain the most unprovided with roads, canals, and navigable rivers; it is but just, to conclude, that this vice is not an indelible

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stain upon the Spanish nation; that it is only the result of the transient nature of things, and that a government active and enlightened might find means entirely to eradicate it."

There is another defect which has much affinity to idleness, at least it manifests itself by much the same symptoms; which is slowness; and from this it would be more difficult to exculpate the Spaniards. It must be allowed, that knowledge penetrates but slowly into Spain. In political measures, war, and all the operations of government; nay, even in the common occurrences of life, when other nations act, they deliberate. Mistrustful and circumspect, they fail in as many affairs by slowness, as others by precipitation. This is the more extraordinary, as their lively imagination should seem of a nature to be irritated by delay. But in nations, as in individuals, there is not a single quality which is not frequently modified by a contrary one, and in the struggle, the triumph is always on the side to which the mind is most forcibly disposed by the circumstance of the moment. The Spaniard naturally cold and deliberate when nothing extraordinary moves him, is inflamed to enthusiasm, when his haughtiness, resentment, or any of the passions which compose his character, are awakened either by insult or opposition. Hence it is, that the Spanish nation, apparently the most grave, cold, and slow in Europe, sometimes becomes one of the most violent when circumstances deprive it of its habitual calm and deliver it up to the empire of the imagination. The most dangerous animals are not those which are in the most continued agitation. The aspect of the lion is grave as his pace; his motions are not without an object; his roarings not in vain. As long as his inaction is undisturbed he loves peace and silence, but if he be provoked, he shakes his mane; fire sparkles in his eyes; he roars tremendously, and the king of animals appears.

It is this combination of slowness and violence which, perhaps, constitutes the most formidable courage; and such seems to me to be that of the Spaniards.

"*Our Lady of the Pillar.*"

It will be remembered, that in the late action between the French and Spaniards, before Zaragoza, the Spanish army was preceded by "Our Lady of the Pillar," whom the Zaragozians invoked to crown their efforts with victory. Why she should be invoked by the Zaragozians in particular, and who she is, is, perhaps, little known on this side the Atlantic. The fact is, most towns in Spain have their favou-

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rite saint, and the Virgin Mary, under the appellation of our "*Lady of the Pillar*" is the Patron Saint of Zaragoza. In this town there is a lofty and magnificent cathedral, dedicated to her, called *El Pilar*. In the centre of this cathedral is an edifice, which is strikingly beautiful. The principal front is a chapel of our "Lady of the Pillar," who is said to have appeared upon this very Pillar to St. James, and afterwards gave to him the image which is worshipped at her altar. Over this, there is a dome corresponding to the great dome under which it stands, serving by way of canopy to the image of the Virgin. The three other fronts of this elegant tabernacle are in like manner chapels. In the different compartments are historical paintings by the celebrated Bayen. The wealth of this cathedral is inestimable, in silver, gold, precious stones, and rich embroidery, sent by all the Catholic sovereigns of Europe to deck its priests and adorn its altars. Many of these presents being modern, are worthy of attention for their elegance, as well as for the value of their pearls, diamonds, emeralds, and rubies. In a word, whatever wealth could command, or human art could execute, has been collected to excite the admiration of all who view the treasures of this church.

Roads of Spain.

There are few countries in a civilized state that contain so few good roads as Spain. The Count Florida Blanca during his ministry was particularly attentive to this subject. Biscay and Navarre, owing to him, now boast a few good roads, but this minister was more attentive to improve and complete the principal road which entirely crosses Spain from Bayonne to Cadiz, passing by Madrid. Until his time the advantage was unknown of travelling in a post-chaise the hundred leagues which separate these two cities. The few roads and canals Spain does possess, she owes to the sovereigns of the house of Bourbon.

The following itinerary of the principal great roads from Madrid to the chief towns of the provinces, will be found very convenient by all persons reading the newspapers of the day. Many of the distances are stated from actual admeasurement; others are taken from the computed leagues of the country as estimated for the march of soldiers or hire of travelling horses, some of which have been corrected from the observations of the late M. Mechain, in his trigonometrical survey of Spain, in which he was employed, as well as in measuring a degree of the meridian in that country sometime in

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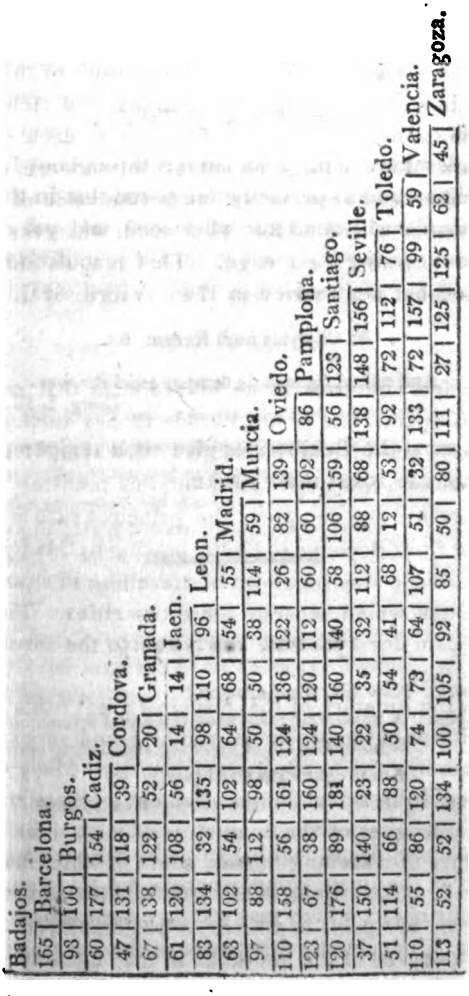
1805. But as the country is very mountainous, and consequently the roads very crooked, no geometrical survey of the distances between the chief towns, as deduced from maps, can deserve the least attention; on the contrary, there are many places where the linear distances and the actual length of the carriage roads differ one fourth. It is to be observed, that the nominal or common league of Spain is not less than four English miles, and that frequently the distance between villages estimated at a league, varies from $3\frac{3}{4}$ to $4\frac{1}{2}$ English miles.



Badajos.																								
165	Barcelona.																							
93	100	Burgos.																						
60	177	154	Cadiz.																					
47	131	118	39	Cordova.																				
67	138	122	52	20	Granada.																			
61	120	108	56	14	14	Jaen.																		
83	134	32	135	98	110	96	Leon.																	
63	102	54	102	64	68	54	55	Madrid.																
97	88	112	98	50	50	38	114	59	Murcia.															
110	158	56	161	124	136	122	26	82	139	Oviedo.														
123	67	38	160	124	120	112	60	60	102	86	Pamplona.													
120	176	89	181	140	160	140	58	106	159	56	123	Santiago.												
37	150	140	23	22	35	32	112	88	68	138	148	156	Seville.											
51	114	66	88	50	54	41	68	12	53	92	72	112	76	Toledo.										
110	55	86	120	74	73	64	107	51	32	133	72	157	99	59	Valencia.									
113	52	52	134	100	105	92	85	50	80	111	27	125	125	62	45	Zaragoza.								

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This table represents the number of leagues between all the capital towns of the provinces, or, as they are usually called, kingdoms, and the metropolis or court of Spain, MADRID. If it is desired to know the distance between Badajos and Madrid, the angle of the column under the former, and immediately opposite the latter, gives 63 leagues, or 252 English miles: if from Bajados to Zaragoza, we find 113 leagues or 452 English miles: and so with all the others.

N. B. The distances in this table are taken on the carriage roads, and not the bridle roads, which are shorter, more mountainous, and generally impassable to any thing but asses, mules, sheep, or black cattle.

Sword Blades of Toledo.

These blades have long been famous throughout Europe. The steel is excellent, and so perfectly tempered that in thrusting at a target the swords will bend like whalebone, and yet cut through a helmet without turning their edge. This manufacture was a long time neglected, but was revived in 1786. Virgil says,

At Chalybis nudi ferrum, &c.

And naked Spaniards temper steel for war.
Georg. 1, 58.

Diod. Sic. says, the Celtiberians give such temper to their steel that no helmet can resist their stroke.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Gloster. Now Sir, what are you?
Edgar. A most poor man made tame to Fortune's blows;
Who by the art of knowing and feeling sorrow,
Am pregnant to good pity.

KING LEAR.

By the celebrated Adam Smith, sympathy has been supposed to exist in a power of the imagination, whereby we place ourselves in the situation of any object which may excite a sympathetic sensation of joy or sorrow. Undoubtedly this power of the imagination, is neces-

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sary to the excitement of sympathy; for without bringing home the situation of another to ourselves, we can form no conception of his sensations, and we cannot be influenced by that which we cannot conceive. Hence the sentimental pangs which frequently torture minds of susceptibility and refinement, are the subject of ridicule with those whose coarser organization or habitudes, does not allow of the conception of such sources of pain.

Hence likewise the cruelty so often exhibited to lovers, by women who are wanting in capacity to conceive, or in the experience which should teach them the pangs of unrequited love. By Shakspeare this is very strikingly elucidated in the cruelty of Phebe to Silvius, previously to her passion for Rosalind, and her subsequent compassion when she herself had felt the "wounds invisible," "That love's keen arrows make."*

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* *Sil.* Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe:
Say, that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness: The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon; Will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?
Phe. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes,—that are the frailst and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,—
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And if my eyes can wound, now let them kill thee;
Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down;
Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps: but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.
Sil. O dear Phebe,

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The power of the imagination abovementioned, is therefore, as I have already admitted, indispensable to sympathy; being the only medium through which we can form any conception of the sensations of others, and consequently the only one through which they can excite emotion in ourselves: but it does not appear sufficiently to explain, why a conception of the existence of certain feelings in another, should awaken emotion in us. Were the explanation afforded by the illustrious author whom I have quoted, correct, the strength of our sympathetic sensations, would be proportionate to the strength of our fancy, and the degree of our internal susceptibility to pain or pleasure; because the latter would give us the highest idea of the influence of pleasurable or painful causes, and the former would enable us more completely to change places with the object calling forth our sympathy. But this is in great measure contrary to truth; for men who are equally susceptible of corporal torture, and who have equally vivid conceptions of the sufferings of such as are exposed to them, experience the sentiment of commiseration in a very different degree: nor do we find people of the most powerful fancy, those who suffer most by sympathy. Such persons are often almost devoid of this amiable principle, in its more serious forms. Poets are quite as susceptible of homefelt evil as other men; and are certainly endowed with superior powers of fancy; yet they are not found to be peculiarly open to the calls of sympathy. The spectators of distress, after expressing their strong sense of its evils, very often finish with a self-felicitation that their fate is different; and appear to be only affected by the satisfaction thus awakened. Yet they must have gone through that pro-

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If ever, (as that ever may be near)
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

But when Rosalind had excited in Phebe similar pangs, to those which the latter had previously ridiculed in Silvius—mark how changed her style:

Phe. Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of might;
Whoever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?
Sil. Sweet Phebe,—
Phe. Ha! what say'st thou, Silvius!
Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.
Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

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cess of the imagination, which would be productive of sympathy according to the theory I have quoted. It is probably by the sentiment of self-felicitation just called into view, that the multitude are so strongly attracted to behold public executions, when the truly sympathetic avoid them with horror, as scenes which sympathy must feel but cannot relieve.

As an elucidation of his hypothesis, it is observed by our author, that an imaginary uneasiness is often excited in the corresponding limbs of a spectator, by the local evils which vagrants expose to excite compassion. But this I consider as a morbid influence of the fancy, or a species of physical sympathy, which is not always productive of the moral sentiment. The presence of this I conceive to be invariably indicated by compassion, and a disposition to afford relief: but persons most liable to the fantasies thus excited by objects in distress, are not always the most ready to succour them. Disgust, aversion or horror, are often the only effect of these whimsical conceits: while those who have stronger minds, and better hearts, without any of this morbid stimulus, but instigated by a genuine impulse of moral sympathy, far from abandoning the wretched, hasten to communicate comfort, consolation, or relief.

Agreeably to the theory I have cited, the pains or pleasures of sympathy, would have some resemblance to those of the object by which they are produced; whereas they are in general widely different. The one is often a physical sensation, the other is invariably a moral sentiment. So far as we merely commute in imagination our situation for that of an object in distress, our sensations can only be a very feeble and inadequate imitation of his, and must widely differ from that oppressive sensation which hangs upon the bosom of sympathy, and which is very little varied by the nature of the misfortune which excites it, excepting as to its force. In this respect it may, and often does exceed the pangs of the sufferer.

In elucidation of this critique, I trust to be excused, if I again cite a fictitious picture from the Prince of Dramatic Poets. With me his copies have all the authority of the original. If not nature, they are prototypes of nature, which can never be equalled by delineations of real events, until we shall have a Shakspeare to record them. On these grounds I venture to make him my

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standard of authority, conscious that if in calling up fiction in support of truth, I offend against philosophy, I shall find an apology in the taste, if not in the reason of my readers.

I beg leave to call into view that scene in the tragedy of King Lear, where the virtuous and venerable Gloster degraded from the fortune, rank and power in which he had been nurtured, is pinioned by ruffians, and Cornwall having already exterminated one of his eyes, is about to pluck out the other. A situation more calculated to excite sympathy, can hardly be imagined. The good old man, a victim to filial ingratitude and treachery, is to spend the evening of his life, "all dark and comfortless" forever deprived of the cheering rays of the sun.

A humble retainer, overcome by sympathy, draws his sword singly to oppose the completion of the cruel design; and after inflicting on his master a wound which soon after proves mortal, dies by a thrust in his back implanted by the infuriate Regan. There can be no doubt, but that the noble impulse, the power of which is in this passage so well represented by Shakspeare, must have been excited by that interchange of situation, with the venerable victim, which the appeal of the latter was so well calculated to excite.

"He, that will think to live till he be old,
"Give me some help:—O cruel! O ye gods!"

It is a query naturally arising in the mind, What would be my suffering under these horrid circumstances. But the conception thus arising was only a spark which kindles, but does not constitute that noble sentiment which he soon after gratifies at the expense of life. When, with sword in hand, he rushes upon the oppressor of virtue and wretched old age, he no longer imagines himself in the place of the miserable victim; it is not by a feeble imaginary imitation of the sensations of blindness, or the torture of losing an eye, that he is propelled; it is by a nobler flame which Fancy had merely served to enkindle. He was probably

"A most poor man, made tame to Fortune's blows;
"Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows",
Was "pregnant to good pity."

Upon the considerations thus stated, I think that we may conclude that the degree in which we sympathize with the pleasures

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or pains of others, is not merely dependent on an imaginary interchange of situation, but on the degree in which we are capacitated to feel the conception thus originated, not physically, but morally, not corporally, but in our hearts or souls. It is this capacity or property in the soul of man, which I would designate by the term sympathy, which in its origin is to be considered equally occult with the principle of vitality, or the attraction between the sun and revolving planets, and only to be treated as a primary, instinctive, and inscrutable qualification, in the soul of man, implanted for the most happy and obvious purposes, by a direct law of the Creator.

ANALYTICUS.

THE SCRIBBLER, NO. I.——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

I have often been struck by the different value which men annex to their own literary productions, and to those of others. It is not simply that the fame and success of our own performance is dear to us, that we wish it to be read, studied and admired for the sake of being extolled or revered by others, as the authors of so much eloquence or wisdom. We feel unspeakable complacency and satisfaction in the survey of the work. Review it frequently and with new pleasure, and when it has been laid aside or disappeared so long as to be nearly forgotten, we fasten upon it anew with the utmost eagerness, and give it a dozen successive readings without satiety or weariness.

This fondness for our own productions does not always originate in vanity. It does not argue any defect of judgment or taste, because he that feels it may display uncommon discernment in estimating the merit of other writers. While he reads with the utmost approbation, his own work, he is, frequently, so free from vanity as either not to desire or expect the applause of others. He may clearly perceive and unaffectedly acknowledge the superior merit of others, yet he reads no work with so much satisfaction, or so frequently as his own.

When he commences his career, and before he is enlightened by experience, he may possibly imagine that every reader will find as many charms in his performance as he has found; that

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his paper will be taken up by all with the same eagerness and laid down with the same reluctance as he experiences. This error will, however, have had a very short reign. He will see his essay taken up with an air of immovable vacancy, and the leaves turned over carelessly, or with impatience. The stranger will run his eye through this page, dip into a single paragraph of another, catch up a single sentence from a third, and then, laying it aside, return to ordinary business or foreign conversation, with as much tranquillity as if the essay had never been indited.

If I send my book to a friend, and request him earnestly to read it, and afterwards meet him with a view to know his opinion of the work, I shall probably be gratified with a high strain of applause. He will assure me that he has carefully perused it, and immediately proceed to comment upon it in such a manner as to prove that he has read no more that a dozen sentences picked out at random, as he hastily turned over the leaves. Some men, on such occasions, will immediately begin to carp, cavil, and blame the writer for omitting facts, which, nevertheless, he had carefully inserted, only they did not lie in that part of the volume which happened to open to his view.

A popular poet relates that one of his friends expressed great anxiety to obtain a sight of a new work of his, just then publishing. Accordingly he took some pains, and went to some expense to gratify so laudable and flattering a curiosity. Having procured a copy, he hastened with it to his friend, and, not finding him at home, left the precious volume on his table. They met some weeks afterwards, and the critic began to upbraid the poet for not complying with his request. An explanation ensuing, it appeared that the new book had lain, during this interval not unseen, but unopened on the table. "Truly" says the critic, "I heard you were at my chamber, but it never occurred to me that you had left the book; for which I am sorry, as it was but yesterday that I suffered Betsy to take it: she complained so grievously of wanting paper to put up her hair with." The poet's mortification was heightened by having filled a blank leaf with an epigrammatic dedication to his friend, which he intended as a prodigy, not only of wit, but of penmanship. The volume was forthwith reclaimed from the toilet, but the epigram and one of his choicest epi-

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sodes, had descended from the lady's brows to some receptacle of dust and ashes, from which they were irrecoverable.

Poor Mickle was greatly mortified on finding a copy of his translation of the Lusiad, some years after its publication, with the leaves uncut on the hall window of the Nobleman, to whom he had dedicated it.

A few instances of this kind, speedily correct the erroneous notions of an author, as to the light in which his works will be viewed by other eyes than his own. Yet this inattention is no proof of demerit in a work. It merely proves that every man must take more delight in his own offspring, whether corporeal or intellectual, than others will be capable of taking. Its merit, in his own eyes, may even fall short of that of other people's literary progeny: yet he will meditate it with more complacency and eagerness. Hence it happens that no work ever gave any reader as much pleasure as it gave the author. His perception of its merits is far more lively and exquisite than that of the most eager and enthusiastic of his votaries.

When I read a good poem my imagination always suggests the delight which the author must have derived from the composition and perusal of it: a delight compared to which all my emotions must be cold and feeble. When I light upon a weak, silly and dull performance, I console myself with reflecting that there is, or has been at least one person in the world to whom the reading has imparted not merely satisfaction, but rapture; and that is the author himself.

It may be thought that the voice of public approbation must tend greatly to heighten and prolong the pleasure of the author, no doubt this effect is sometimes produced, but when he comes to compare the impressions made upon the public, with those made upon his own mind: when he examines the kind and degree of the public approbation, he is more frequently displeased and mortified, than flattered or elated by the praise of his readers, since he finds it so unlike, or disproportionate to his own feelings.

To talk of the feelings of authors, however, seems to be very impertinent on this occasion. The topic can excite interest in none, or even be understood by none but writers themselves, and that number is extremely small. As to regular books, there are

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not twenty published in a year, throughout this extensive country. Newspapers indeed abound; and many a stripling is tempted to write by the facility which newspapers afford of publishing his lucubrations. As all these have the feelings, the hopes, and apprehensions of the most bulky and ponderous authors, perhaps I have been too hasty in imagining that the topic can come home to the bosoms, and have connexion with the business of few. It is probable, indeed, that in no civilized nation are books of home manufacture so rare, and authors at the same time so numerous. Each of our two hundred newspapers has several diurnal authors in its service. In some cases they amount to some scores, and perhaps it is no immoderate estimate that in America, two thousand persons are in the constant habit of writing and publishing their sentiments.

Some of these writers, though they never publish volumes, are yet infinitely copious. I could name several, who, in the course of ten years, have written and published much more than Swift, Johnson, Gibbon, or Voltaire. Their productions indeed are not precisely of the same value and durability with those of these noted personages. They may boast, however, of having many more contemporary readers and implicit followers, than either of those great names, and if their fame be of short date, yet they may derive comfort from reflecting that it is very wide and very noisy while it lasts.

With regard to my own literary history, it is not necessary to be very communicative. I will only mention that my own experience supplies me with very cogent proofs of the difference between an author's feelings and his reader's. I was always fond of scribbling, but though I always thought it necessary to bestow this name upon my own productions, I confess I was not quite willing that other people should follow my example in this particular. I never desired, and, for a long time, was far from expecting to have the name I bestowed upon my own labours, echoed and sanctioned by others. Custom, which reconciles the prisoner to the air of his dungeon and the weight of his fetters, which makes infamy an easy burthen, and pain a tolerable companion, will reconcile an author to the name of SCRIBBLER. He will not only listen with tranquillity to a sound, at first so opprobrious, but he will in time come cheerfully to answer to it, as to his proper

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name. Things, I confess, have come to such a pass with me, that I shall, henceforth, inscribe the word upon all the lucubrations which I have an apportunity of giving to the world.

CRITICISM——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

"To mark how wide extends the mighty waste
"O'er the fair realms of Science, Learning, Taste,
"To drive and scatter all the brood of lies,
"And chase the varying falsehood as it flies.
"The long arrears of Ridicule to pay,
"And drag reluctant Dulness back to day."

The COLUMBIAD, *a Poem, by* JOEL BARLOW,—*Philadelphia, C. & A. Conrad & Co. Quarto, pp.* 470. *Printed by Fry & Kammerer.*

A quarto epic poem—polished by twenty years labour—issuing in all the pomp of typographical elegance from an American press—the author an American—the theme, the history of our own country! What an era in our literature! What an epoch in the history of our arts! what a subject for the reviewer!

Employed, as the critic in this country has long been, in hunting down party pamphlets and boarding-school novels, fast-day sermons, and "such small deer," it is with proud satisfaction that he at length sees his field enlarged—his subjects rise in dignity and importance. As some young knight of Arthur's Court, who, through lack of fair achievement, yet bore his shield unblazoned and his spurs ungilt, after many a tedious hour of journey, at length espied some Paynim Castle huge and rude, with "donjon high where captives wail," and every promise of adventure meet for knightly prowess, even so, gentle reader, with such feelings does the critic now gaze on the splendid volume before him. Proudly he turns from the detection of vulgar imposture and the ridicule of wild absurdity to meet his nobler task.

The subject of the Columbiad is national and patriotic. It was Mr. Barlow's early ambition to raise the epic song of his nation—to select from her annals the most brilliant portions of American history—to wreath them into one chaplet of immortal verse, and

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present the splendid offering with filial reverence to the genius of his country. Mr. B. readily perceived that "most of the events of the revolution were so recent, so important, and so well known as to render them inflexible to the hand of fiction.

"The poem, therefore, could not be modelled after that regular epic form which the more splendid works of this kind have taken, and on which their success is supposed in a great measure to depend. The attempt would have been highly injudicious; it must have diminished and debased a series of actions which were really great in themselves, and could not be disfigured without losing their interest."

Hence it became necessary for the poet to look around for some interesting tale of history or fiction which might give unity and effect to the mass of unconnected facts, and thus (to borrow an image of Dr. Darwin) form a festoon of roses connecting together his series of miniature history pieces. How Mr. B has succeeded in this part of his work, may be best judged by a slight sketch of the plot, incident and dialogue of his poem.

The poem opens with an invocation to Freedom, brief, vigorous and elegant. Columbus is then discovered in a dungeon, into which he had been thrown by the "cold-hearted Ferdinand," where he lies lone, feverish and dejected. His "deep-felt sorrows burst from his breast" in a long lamentation over his sad fate, rather heavy and unnatural. While the hapless man is thus venting his grief,

> —— a thundering sound
> Rolled thro the shuddering walls and shook the ground;
> Oer all the dungeon where black arches bend,
> The roofs unfold, and streams of light descend;
> The growing splendor fills the astonisht room,
> And gales ethereal breathe a glad perfume.
> Robed in the radiance, moves a form serene,
> Of human structure, but of heavenly mien.
> Tall rose his stature, youth's endearing grace
> Adorned his limbs and brightened in his face.
> Loose oer his locks the star of evening hung,
> And sounds melodious issued from his tongue.

This celestial visitor announces himself as Hesper, the guardian genius of the western hemisphere. After administering some consolation to the dejected mariner, he leads him forth to the

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mount of vision. Europe gradually recedes from their view, and the continent of America rises into sight; of the natural appearance of which in its uncultivated state, a kind of poetical birds-eye view is given.

Columbus, struck with the appearance of the natives of this noble territory, puts some philosophical queries to his celestial friend, touching the dissimilarity of the human race in different climates; to which Hesper replies with a very ingenious theory and some commonplace declamation. Mexico, Cusco and Quito now rise in gorgeous perspective. This leads to an account of the founders of the Peruvian empire, which is followed by a long tale of the exploits of the Inca, Capac, and his son Rocha, not very interesting and certainly not much to the purpose.

All Europe now appears in vision. Ximenes, Wolsey, the Medici, Erasmus, Luther, the Reformers, Loyola, the fury INQUISITION, and Sir Walter Raleigh successively stalk over the stage. The discoverers of America are seen setting out on their expeditions. Hesper gives a view of the colonial system and its effects on liberty and morals. Lord Delaware arrives—is received by the river-gods, one of whom salutes him with a prophetic speech. The country is rapidly cleared and settled; and a new scene of action opens. Canada, Braddock, Amherst, Wolfe, the first Congress. The giant form of the demon War strides across the continent. Then follow in rapid succession, Bunker's hill,—the death of Montgomery,—the loss of New-York, and the whole history of the revolutionary war, in which scarcely any fact or name of note is omitted. The whole of which, together with an episode or two is compressed with admirable dexterity into two books and a half, (about 1600 lines.)

After being thus rapidly whirled along, we are at length permitted to breathe in the eighth book; which opens with a hymn to Peace, and a eulogy of the heroes slain during the war. A long political disquisition which succeeds, is interrupted by Mount Atlas, the guardian power of Africa, roaring across the Atlantic to his brother Hesper a violent invective against slavery and the slave-trade, which he concludes by a tremendous threat of destroying the whole American continent.

Hesper now again rolls back the tide of time, and exhibits his land in its savage state, and then points out its rapid improvement.

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Fisheries—fur trade—Franklin—Rittenhouse—Godfrey's quadrant—West—Copely—Trumbull—Mrs. Wright's Wax-work—M'Fingal—Dr. Dwight—Col. Humphreys. The vision is suspended. A philosophical conversation ensues, in which the Genius descants on the origin and progress of society, in the true slang of philosophy. He takes a view of the human mind in its different states of refinement, predicts the gradual but sure advancement of human science and happiness, and the establishment of perpetual peace under a universal federal system. The vision is resumed and the whole earth is exhibited in panorama. Hesper indulges himself in the wildest theories of human perfectibility. Government, Commerce, and Science are exhibited to Columbus in their highest state of perfection. A universal language is attained; and the splendid scene concludes with a view of a general Congress from all nations assembled to establish the political harmony of mankind.

Such is the plot which Mr. B. proudly asserts to be the best possible of which his subject would admit. Our readers will doubtless perceive from this brief analysis, what the readers of the Columbiad may learn from a much more laborious operation, that the poem, however brilliant in it parts, must necessarily as a whole be devoid of interest.

We look, but look in vain, for that unity of fable, that regular succession of incident and vivid exhibition of varied character, which constitute the most powerful charm of a narrative poem. Mr. Barlow's work is a sort of poetical magic lantern; and while ten thousand gaudy figures dance rapidly along the wall of Columbus's dungeon, the Genius of America kindly officiates as a showman, and informs the spectator that here he may "see Quito's plains o'erlook their proud Peru," and there

> —— Sage Ritterhouse with ardent eye
> Lift the long tube and pierce the starry sky;

Yonder you may behold Mrs. Wright making wax-work, and a little farther to the other side,

> Yon meteor-mantled hill see Franklin tread,
> Heaven's awful thunders rolling o'er his head;

Presently a map of North America flits before us; and then come Washington and Manco Capac, the river Delaware and Lord

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Cornwallis, the Genius of Cruelty, and General Greene. They "come like shadows, so depart," leaving the mind bewildered and the memory confused.

From this radical error in the general design and groundwork of the poem, beside the want of interest, other defects almost spontaneously arise. The author has heaped together such an immense, discordant mass of characters, facts, and descriptions —such an Iliad of heroes is crammed into a nutshell, that the space allotted to each compartment must of necessity be very small. Hence the poet is almost necessarily compelled to an exuberant use of allegorical delineation. As his characters have no room to develop themselves by action, he is obliged to decorate his personages with emblematic badges, and to embody their passions and motives into allegorical forms. Thus his sages are presented to your view (as you may see portraits in the window of a print-shop) surrounded by air-pumps and telescopes, piles of books and heaps of chymical apparatus. With the same rage for allegorical personification, Cruelty is seated on the deck of the prison-ship, Inquisition stalks over Spain, and War attended by his whole family, his wife Discord, and his two twin daughters Famine and Pestilence, strides across the Atlantic, disgorging from his mouth

> Pikes, muskets, mortars, guns and globes of fire,
> And lighted bombs that fusing trails expire.

In the same taste General Burgoyne is described as

> A warrior, ensigned with a various crown;
> Myrtles and laurels equal honors joined,
> Which arms had purchased and the Muses twin'd;
> His sword waved forward, and [illegible]nt eye,
> Seemed sharing empires in the southern sky.
> Beside him rose a herald to proclaim
> His various honors, titles, feats and fame.

So again, Sir Walter Raleigh—

> High on the tallest deck majestic shone
> Sage Raleigh, pointing to the western sun,
> His eye bent forward, ardent and sublime,
> Seem'd piercing nature, and evolving time.
> Beside him stood a globe whose figure trac'd
> A future empire in each present waste.

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All former works of men behind him shone,
Trac'd by his hand in ever during stone;
On his calm brow a various crown displays
The hero's laurel, and the scholar's bays.
His graceful limbs in steely mail were drest,
The bright star burning on his lofty breast.

So too Washington, Cornwallis, Franklin—but to cite every instance that might be given, were to extract half the volume.

Having thus declared our decided disapprobation of the argument of Mr. B's poem, we do not know whether we are bound by any canon of criticism to furnish him with a better. But as it happens that one occurs at this moment, which to us appears infinitely preferable, we shall even wave our privilege, and present it to the poet. We would advise him to follow where Virgil leads the way. Why might not the whole story of Columbus, like that of Æneas, be worked up into an interesting fable? Surely the voyages and labours of the Genoese mariner would form as good a ground-work as those of the Trojan chief, for a national and historic poem.

The acuteness of the critics of the Warburtonian school can perceive the features of Augustus lurking under those of Æneas. It would require much less ingenuity to shadow forth in the poetic Columbus, the character and actions of the great founder of the American Republic. The patient prudence of Washington, his calmness, his moderation, his various labours in camp and cabinet, might all, in this way, be vividly portrayed. The geography of our country, in the detail of which Mr. B. takes such delight, and which certainly, as we may learn from every page of the Æneid, is susceptible of the most powerful poetic effect, would fall very naturally into the narrative. While his philosophy might be happily introduced in conversations between Columbus and a learned companion, or an Indian sage. If the poet complain that this plot is too contracted for a national poem, Virgil may teach him how to enlarge it. Much may be done by simile and allusion, much by prophecy and digression, and much by means of the celestial machinery, which he might borrow from Dryden, of the guardian angels of States.

Finally, perhaps, the future glories of America might be opened in splendid vision to the hero, and that brilliant story, which is now feebly expanded through ten long books, might shine with condensed lustre in a single canto.

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We do not give this argument as the *best possible*, but merely as much better than that of the Columbiad. Perhaps too, as it is but a transcript of that of the Æneid, it might require a Virgil to execute it.

Thus much for the general disposition of the whole. Let us now cast a rapid glance on the execution of the parts. The first thing which strikes the cursory reader is a certain wearisome sameness and dull repetition of favourite phrases and perpetually recurring rhymes. For example, when the poet has decked one of his personages with the emblems of his character or his occupation, and placed him in some theatrical attitude, he invariably gives him an "ardent eye," and places a crown of science or of triumph upon his brow. The same barren lack of invention is stamped upon every part of his geographical description; in which, as we above hinted, he indulges himself beyond all bounds, to the great annoyance of the patient reader. After having travelled through many a heavy couplet,

> From sultry Mobile's gulf-indented shore
> To where Ontario hears his Lawrence roar,

When we have seen proud Maragnon and Paraguay's deep channel, broad Delaware and majestic Hudson, gay Piscataway and swift Kennebec, we begin to wish for repose. But alas! it is in vain. Our indefatigable bard continues to whirl us backward and forward, with the rapidity of a postboy, from "Penn's beauteous town," to "imperial Mexic" and "Cusco's shining roofs." At length a total indifference, bordering on disgust, creeps upon us. Even the speeches and conflicts of his river-gods, fail to rouse us from our apathy, and we see,

> New-York ascend o'er Hudson's seaward isles
> And fling the sunbeams from the glittering tiles,
> Albania opening thro the distant wood
> Roll her rich treasures o'er her parent flood,

with much the same feelings with which we read in Dr. Morse's Gazetteer that "Weathersfield is a post-town in Connecticut, five miles south-east from Hartford, adorned with an elegant brick meeting-house, and famous for the beauty of its girls and the savour of its onions."

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Next after geography, philosophical declamation seems to be Mr. B.'s favourite employment for his muse. Of the many pages through which he indulges this propensity, some are filled with original and ingenious theories, many with commonplace rant (as Sir Archy M'Sarcasm would say) "varra true and varra novel," and more,—by far the greater part,—with the cant of the Darwinian and Parisian schools. We presume that, at this time of day, few of our readers have much further curiosity on this subject. We will, however, refer them to the disquisition on the causes of the dissimilarity of men in different climates, contained in the beginning of the second book, as exhibiting no unfavourable specimen of our author's powers of reasoning in verse.

Mr. B. appears to have but an imperfect command of the inferior and mechanical arts of poetry. His rhymes are deficient in variety and richness, and often grossly inaccurate; and his versification is sometimes disfigured by the most feeble and prosaic lines, such as these:

> Mark modern Europe with her feudal codes,
> Serfs, villains, vassals, nobles, kings and gods,
> Wage endless wars; not fighting to be free,
> But *cujum pecus* whose base herd they'll be.

And again,

> Wide over earth his annual freshet strays,
> And highland *drench* with lowland *drains* repays.

Many of his most poetical passages are debased by unlucky vulgarisms, or ludicrous minuteness of description. The fiend Cruelty is introduced with very powerful effect, and the personification is supported with great ability till she displays her "slow-poisonous drugs, and loads of putrid meat," while

> Disease hangs drizzling from her slimy locks,
> And hot contagion *issues from her box.*

The simile of the archer Tell is marred by a ludicrous alliteration, the arrow flies from the hand of the patriot father, and "*flicks* off the *pippin* from the smiling boy." In another passage, the poet, in the true spirit of the bathos, makes channels to "*tap* the redundant lakes." All this surprises us not a little. In the present state of literature, every writer, if he has matter, is seldom deficient in style; almost every one who rhymes, rhymes

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with tolerable elegance. That a writer of Mr. Barlow's powers should fail in these minutiæ is singular indeed.

There is a strange incongruity in the versification and style of the Columbiad. Some portions of it seem to be modelled on the manner of Dryden and the fathers of English song; while the rest glitters with all the trick and prettiness of the school of Darwin. All the verses, however, whether of ancient or modern structure, move along with apparent labour and effort. The sense seems to follow the rhyme, not the rhyme the sense. Every couplet appears to have been separately laboured, and then the whole strung together as conveniently as might be. Hence the sense is often broken and disjointed, and we are even sometimes at a loss for the grammatical construction of the sentence. This, however, although the general, is not the universal character of our poet's verses. He occasionally bursts forth in short but vigorous flights, some of which, had they been found in Absalom and Architophel, would not have dishonoured Dryden in his noblest efforts. Take for instance the following burst of patriotic indignation in his narrative of the expedition against Quebec, headed by the traitor Arnold:

> Ah! gallant troop! deprived of half the praise,
> That deeds like yours in other times repays;
> Since your prime chief (the favorite erst of fame
> Hath sunk so deep his hateful hideous name.
> That every honest muse with horror flings
> The name unsounded from her sacred strings;
> Else what high tones of rapture must have told
> The first great actions of a chief so bold,
> 'Twas his, 'twas yours, to brave unusual storms,
> To tame rude nature in its drearest forms, &c.

We cannot dismiss Mr. Barlow as a poet without first taking him to task for some petty offences against the purity of the English language. The first misdemeanor in this way is of New-England origin; we mean the using neuter verbs as actives, and vice versa. Thus "Nature *broods* the mass," for broods over; Columbus "*sweats* the cold earth," for sweats upon; Egyptian gardens "*grow* the vegetable god," and the "lordling knave *filches* whom he can."* With the same latitude nouns are trans-

* In this last instance the verb filch seems used instead of plunder, certainly incorrectly.

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muted into verbs, as to bulwark—to base—to scabbard—to bluff. The poet's next offence, doubtless at the instigation of the Devil, against the peace of English scholars and their dignity, is a most violent propensity to the introduction of strange new-fangled words—words from which Lexiphanes himself would have shrunk back in dismay. In place of the honest old English word "*sad*" he astounds us with *trist* and contristed. Then he thunders upon us with his crasse, condependent, cosmogyre, cosmogyral, colon (not in a grammatical or anatomical sense, but in a French idiom, for cultivator, colonist) croupe, role, fluvial, multifluvian, brume, impalm, beamful, fulminents, imbeaded, ludibrious, and many more, which, to pronounce, would require the lungs of Stentor, and the mouth of Garagantua.

We have now, we trust, with much impartiality, delivered our opinion of the poetical merits of the Columbiad. We will not elevate our American bard to the rank of the *Dii majorum gentium* of poetry, nor degrade him to the level of the heroes of the Dunciad. We place his work "behind the foremost, and before the last," on the same shelf with Wilkie's Epigoniad, Hoole's Arthur, and Pye's Alfred; and perhaps but little below the Madoc of Southey, the Conquest of Canaan of Dwight, and the Exodiad of Cumberland and Burgess. The notes to the Columbiad are full of strange and curious matter; these may perhaps furnish a subject for some future review.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LAURA.—*A new Novel.*

We took up this book, as we generally do modern novels, with the expectation of finding an ordinary love adventure insipidly told, or wrought up with far-fetched words and laboured sentences into a production still more insupportable; but we must confess that we never have been more agreeably disappointed. It is true, the story has nothing in it marvellous or extraordinary; it neither surprises nor rivets the attention by intricacy of plot. The heroine, a young female, endowed with beauty, uncommon powers of mind, and a glowing imagination, loses her mother, her only friend, at

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the age of fifteen, and while deploring her loss becomes accidentally acquainted with a gentleman who discerns her worth, falls in love with her, and finds his attachment returned. Pressed by cold relatives to a marriage at which her feelings revolt, she prefers putting herself, to escape from it, under the protection of her lover. From this first false step further imprudencies arise, and misery and destruction, as usual, are the consequences. No tale can be more simple; the occurrences are such as every observer of life too frequently meets with; but they are related with a choice of expression so happy, in a language so elegant and melodious, and at the same time so chaste and unaffected, that we cannot discover the sentence which could be spared, or the word that seemed to be sought for. The thoughts of the author appear to be neatly and harmoniously conceived in the first instance, and such is the genius pervading the whole narrative that we could read it, and actually have read it, again and again, with that exquisite pleasure with which we would attend the execution of a first rate piece of music, though often heard previously, or stand for hours fascinated before the same beautiful picture.

We forbear making extracts, for were we to begin we should not know when to stop; nor do we think it requisite, for we cannot doubt that the book to be read needs only to be known, and that the American public, by showing a due sensibility on the occasion, will encourage a writer of whom it ought to feel proud.

This writer, as we have since perceived by the advertisement, is the same lady who published about a year ago a collection of letters written from St. Domingo. We recognize the style and the talents, which had already obtained our admiration; but the work before us is more finished, and we sincerely hope that the fair author may diligently prosecute a career of mental exertion for which she seems so eminently qualified.

How she acquired or retained the purity of taste to which this narrative is indebted for all its beauties, in an age when writers, from want of superior abilities seem reduced to seek in eccentricity and deviation from nature the means of awakening interest; when most of the fashionable novels disgust by a bombastical assemblage of unmeaning words, appearing themselves astonished how they came together, and are rendered only somewhat less obnoxious by being crammed with the spoils of better times, as a

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French ragout is with forced balls—we are at a loss to conceive. But we are glad that the fact exists, and while we have availed ourselves of this opportunity of thus expressing the praise due to merit, we feel confident that it will be reechoed by every one who peruses this charming performance.

B.

THEATRICAL.

Miss Pope and Signora Storace.

Miss Pope and Signora Storace, two actresses in the Drury Lane Theatre, who for many years have been favourites of the British metropolis, retired from the stage in May last, to spend the remainder of their days in the enjoyment of that fortune which their youth had acquired.

Miss Pope, in early life, is said to have been a successful representative of the liveliest parts in lower comedy. Churchill particularly mentions her excellence in *Cherry*, *Corinna*, and two or three more such parts. Though she was not remarkably excellent in elegant comedy, probably from her want of those physical requisites of voice and person, which are necessary for the *Lady Townly* and the *Lady Teazles*; yet, in what is called genteel comedy she was almost always admirable. She also excelled in some parts of vulgar comedy; but the species of character in which her most complete merit evinced itself, was that of pert, forward, intriguing chambermaids. There is no one of the common emotions discernible in persons of this class, which did not appear to have been studied by Miss Pope; and the effect of her study was an exquisite resemblance of nature. The secession of Miss Pope is considered a great, and, at present, irreparable loss to Drury Lane Theatre.

Signora Storace took leave of the stage in a musical address written by Coleman. She was so affected that she fainted, and was carried off amid loud peals of applause from all parts of the house. Many of the spectators thinking she was still acting, gave her credit for more theatrical skill than genuine feeling.

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Signora Storace was an excellent singer; and her voice is not yet worn out. The loss of her theatrical powers will not be felt. She was not considered an agreeable actress though she possessed a kind of *boisterous* merriment that pleased some classes of the audience.

—

Mysterious Bride.

A Play called the *Mysterious Bride*, the production of the well-known and fashionable Mr. Skiffington, has appeared in London, and been received with no inconsiderable interest.

—

Mrs. Mattocks.

Though the last theatrical season in London has not been fertile, in performances creditable to the managers, or entertaining to the people, it has produced several important secessions among the veterans of the stage. Among others, we have to notice the secession of Mrs. Mattocks. She took her benefit on the 7th of June last. After the play of *The Wonder*, in which, for the last time, she played the character of the Chambermaid, an ode on Shakspeare was recited; and then, Mrs. Mattocks came forward and took her last farewell of the stage. She was very much affected, and expressed her gratitude for the kindness that had been shown her in a tremulous tone. Every body was touched, and the sympathetic feeling of the audience was increased when she said, she had been for fifty-eight years before the public. When she expressed a belief that though no one would be found more grateful than herself for the favours of the public, yet, many might be found better entitled to that favour, loud cries of "*no, never,*" burst from all quarters of the house. She repeated her ackowledgments, and, supported by Mr. Cook retired forever.

Mrs. Mattocks was a most truly entertaining comedian. Her talent, indeed, was of a broad and farcical, rather than a chaste and elegant turn. Her greatest excellence was in the representation of chambermaids and of would-be-fashionables; and the broad pertness of intrigue required for the former cast of characters, as well as the farcical whim that is necessary for the latter, is not, it is thought, likely to find for a long while a representative who may put in claims to an equality with Mrs. Mattocks.

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Mrs. Mattocks was the sister of the late Mr. Lewis Hallam, the great father of the American stage. Worldly embarrassments compelled their father when his daughter was only four years old, to quit England, and try his fortune in America. Their aunt Barrington, an actress of merit, with true sisterly affection, prevailed on Mr. Hallam to leave our heroine under her protection. She did not neglect her charge; her husband and herself became parents to her in the tenderest sense of the word, and gave her an expensive and a finished education.

Her father, soon after his arrival in this country, became manager of the theatres in New-York, Charleston and Philadelphia, and realized a fortune of ten thousand pounds; but his family lost the whole in the revolution.

At four years and a half old, Miss Hallam performed for her uncle's benefit, at Covent Garden, the part of the "*Parish Girl*" in Gay's "What d'ye Call it." She was so very diminutive, that a gentleman whimsically said, "*he could hear her very well, but he could not see her without a glass.*"

At fifteen, our heroine made her regular debut at the same theatre, in the character of *Juliet;* and from that time till her retirement from the stage (with the exception of one winter, passed in Liverpool, when Mr. Mattocks was manager there) she invariably continued at Covent Garden, and has been for a long series of years a distinguished favourite. It is reported that the queen has allowed Mrs. Mattocks a pension of 200*l* a year.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

If the non-intercourse Bill, now before Congress, should be passed into a Law, and take effect at an early period, it will be a most unfortunate occurrence for our friends of the *Whip*. For, be it known, to whom it may concern, that *driving* is now "*all the go*" among the "*clever-ones*" in London, and that two rival clubs, "*The Barouche,*" and "*Four-in-hand,*" lately established, intend to send out to us a pair of fashionable Plenipos, said to be "*knowing-ones,*" with appropriate equipages, to contend for supremacy on the American Turf. As the law may give sufficient time for

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these *great characters* to arrive and display their respective pretensions to superiority, we will undertake the humble office of their *avant courier*, and *sans ceremonie*, give a true account of their claims to public favour, so that, our *bucks, bloods, fashionables* and *would-be-fashionables*, may be "*up-to-the-thing*," "*decide in a crack*" and "*whirl off*" to their leaders.

It is hinted that another club was organizing, which, also, intends to honour us with an envoy; and, though we think his chance of success in this country is not great, yet we will not pretend to decide the question by the musty old rules of good-sense and propriety, but leave it to be determined by the all-glorious uncertainty of whim, fashion and caprice. This third Club is called the Wheelbarrow Club. It prides itself on the *supposed* vulgarity of the appellation.* It is true, the Wheelbarrow has, time immemorial, been considered only fit for the hands of porters, scavengers and malefactors; but, in this age of wonders, when old-fashioned prejudices are contemned, it is to be drawn by the finest Arabian coursers, guided by the Phaetons of the day, and graced by all the Beauties of the metropolis. A correspondent informs, that the spirit of speculation in this one-wheel-carriage is so great, that, every fish-woman, &c. &c. who owns one, considers the possession equal to a fortune. We cannot, however, place entire confidence in our correspondent's assertion that, "*fat Moll*" sold hers to his grace the Duke of —— for 1000 guineas; nor that "yellow Jack" exchanged his for the splendid, but now "*untonnish*" equipage of the charming countess of ——.

Though we cannot, at present, decide whether the "*Barouche*," or the "*Four-in-hand*" Plenipos will be the "Ton" on this side of the Atlantic, we will venture to suggest one great obstacle to the success of the Wheelbarrow envoy, particularly in Philadelphia. In this city, our untutored minds are very apt, by a natural association of ideas, when this subject is mentioned, to revert to the use to which a late law of the land doomed the once-degraded vehicle, from which this club receives its name; and,

* Some of the squeamish members, wished it called by the French term for this carriage, "*La Brouette*," but a large majority voted in favour of the plain old English.

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we think, that he must be a bold man if he attempt to introduce it. We, moreover, give him warning, whoever he may be, that he runs no small risk of being dubbed, through life, with the very honourable title of "*The Wheel-barrow-man*," or, as the French would say, "*Le Brouettier*."

But to the point. We have the highest authority for asserting that the style of the "*Barouche Driving Club*," is this. The principal affects the dress of a *coachman*; and his friend who attends him imitates the appearance of the *mail guard*, with a strap and a horn. The carriage is a resemblance of the *mail*, in colour and furniture, and the box has a *sackcloth* for a seat. The pole has chains to it, which the "*queer-ones*," in technical language call—"*The music of the Bars*."

The "*Four-in-hand Club*," at present opposes the "*Barouche*" in reins, whips and harness; and have appointed a grand committee of titled and untitled "*Dashers*" to devise a plan for a carriage that will "*take off the shine*," from both the "*Barouche*" and the "*Wheelbarrow*." It is difficult to say which "*kicks up the greatest dust*;" but we hope, that, when all is arranged and their Plenipos arrive among us, we shall not stare with stupid amazement, as we were wont to do in former rusticated times, but be "*up to the thing*," "*look knowing*," "*swear like gem'en*," "*quiz the simple-ones*," "*take the flats in*," "*be off in a tangent*," and "*d—n the hindmost*."

"*Harnessed Gentlemen*."

Tired of my pen, I laid it down, and took up a favourite novel. The first paragraph that presented itself contained the following tribute to Scotch Gallantry, which so greatly pleased me, that I could not resist the desire of transcribing it. If the *Highland Laddies* who are so fond of "*drawing their mistresses on the ice*" had sent a few Plenipos harnessed in their best style, to give us the "ton," they would have been "*all the go*." Indeed, so great would have been the "rage" among our fair fashionables for "*harnessed beaus*," that *horses* would have been thought "*vulgar*," and every *man* and *boy* in the community, put in a state of requisition.

It is a long-established custom when the neighbouring lakes of Edinburg are frozen, to have light elegant phaetons made, in

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which the gentlemen display their gallantry, by drawing the ladies upon the ice. Miss Douglass, with two or three of her companions, mounted one of these vehicles, to which, with five other gentlemen, I had the honour to be harnessed.

"How delightful!" cried the girls.

"How absurd!" said the Vicar, "except indeed that it may serve to remind men of their affinity to asses."

"How like a triumphant entry!" exclaimed Miss Margaret, "I really did not imagine the Scotch possessed so much taste; they must certainly have borrowed it from the Romans. It was—yes, I think it was Nero, who was drawn about by beautiful women."

"We did not, however, continue to exercise our honourable employment for any length of time. A rumour circulated that the ice was cracked; and the gentlemen quickly disengaging themselves from their trappings, slid precipitately to the shore. Those who knew the falsity of the report laughed; those who thought it true trembled; but none ventured to our assistance. It might literally be said, that they resolved not to trust themselves on slippery ground. I ascribe not to myself any particular merit for not deserting my post; they would all, perhaps, have staid, had they been equally interested. The ladies screamed; Miss Douglass fainted with terror; I caught her in my arms; and, forgetting my situation, attempted to bear her from the carriage; but my feet slipped, and I received so violent a fall, that it deprived me of my senses, and effectually set love and gallantry at nought. On my recovering, I found myself in a house. My first inquiry was after my fair companions, whom I heard were in perfect safety; and the gentle accent of Miss Douglass's voice at that moment reaching my ears, I raised my eyes, and saw a tear of tenderness and pity stealing down her cheek. It was a balm of comfort to me, powerful enough to heal contusions much more severe than those I had received. The gentlemen rallied me on my Quixotism. "Gude troth," cried one, "you was a foolish laddie, or you would not have staid. I promise you I should na have remained, if even assured of visiting Amphitrite's bower, and having an elegy and knell from Mermaids and Tritons."

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We observe in one of our London papers, that, on the 29th of July last, thirteen members of the "*Four-in-hand Club*" assembled in Audley square with their carriages and four—They started about two o'clock from thence for Bedfort, to dine at the Black Dog Inn. Sir Henry Peyton led the way with his four handsome greys.

—

PARTRIDGES.

Our Sportsmen are fearful, that, on account of the great quantity of snow which has fallen, their favourites, the partridges, will be almost annihilated. They are purchasing these birds alive wherever they can be procured. Several of our friends have many hundreds, which they are endeavouring to preserve through the Winter, that they may have the *sport* of *destroying* them—*at a more convenient season.*

—

The intention of encircling Hyde-park with a row of elegant houses it appears is not approved by many of the citizens of London, who have aroused the Tutelary Genius of that "most useful of all useful spots." She urges her suit with respectful submission, but asserts her claims in so powerful and so "touchant" a manner that every son and daughter of the "mistress of cities" must allow the force of her arguments.

Petition of the Tutelary Genius of Hyde-park, to the surveyors of woods and forests;—*Humbly showeth*—That the domain, commonly called Hyde-park, including Rotten-row, the Serpentine, and thence extending to Kensington-gardens, and thence round to Oxford-road and eastward by Park-lane, has, from time immemorial, been deemed a free open park, with liberty of ingress and egress to all his Majesty's well-dressed and well-mounted liege subjects, male and female, of all ages and sexes, without discrimination, and that one half of the good citizens of London have no idea of woods, or forests, or lakes or rivers, but what they receive from their Sunday visits to said Park.

That it has been the favourite haunt of lovers, accustomed in all ages to unfold their passion, unheeded and unobserved by every eye but that of the sparrow that chirrups on the branches of the spreading oak, or the snow-white swan who glides majestic upon the bosom of the river.

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That it has long been the seat where wounded honour has sought reparation, exhibiting deeds of courage worthy of the greatest heroes.

That the betrayed damsel, the dishonoured husband, the broken merchant, and the despairing lover, have been accustomed to seek in Hyde-park a *quietus* for all their cares, by suspension from a tree, or a plunge in the Serpentine.

That the *Belles* and *Beaus* of the metropolis here mix in sweet confusion; the city fair catching the *airs* of the west end of the town; while consumption, care, and loss of appetite, vanish before the breezes that play without restraint or limit over its verdant surface.

Your Suppliant further showeth, that a rumour prevails of an intention to erect a line of large houses round the said Park, by means whereof it will become a mere inclosure, differing only in extent from Leicester-fields or Golden-square, and that the benefits and advantages above stated, with many others, will thus cease and determine.

That a lady or gentleman can, in such event, no longer make love in Hyde-park, without being exposed to the malice of all the old maids in the row.

That the desperate and unfortunate cannot drown themselves but in sight of the public.

That the man of honour cannot be shot, or shoot his antagonist, in private; and Chalk Farm must possess a monopoly of duellists.

That the air, now fresh as the breeze from the mountain, must lose its purity, and become mixed with the steam from the luxurious kitchens and fœtid offices of the surrounding edifices.

That Hyde-park, long a scene of health and recreation, will thus lose all its attractions, and with its attractions all its visitors and admirers.

Your Suppliant, therefore, humbly hopes, that said plan of Brick and Mortar may not be adopted. And your Suppliant will ever pray.

—

RACES IN GREAT BRITAIN.

A writer for the London newspapers at Brighton, in July last, thus announces the then coming races at that place:—"The Pavilion Stakes at Brighton Races will be one of the most

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sportive of the season. Some of the first horses in the kingdom will start for these Stakes, among which are the Duke of Grafton's Vandyke, the beaten favourite for the Derby Stakes at Epsom, and Pan, the winner of those Stakes. The interest is excited between these horses, both of which are entered for the Pavilion Stakes. The sporting men at Epsom backed Vandyke against the field, and the betting was 20 to 1 against Pan, which horse is said to have won in the following manner:—Vandyke was making play during the last half mile, and, among the multiplicity of horses, none were supposed to have any chance except one, which Vandyke's rider had got the whip hand of, and to make a tolerable race, he held Vandyke back, while the other horse was making every effort to win. During this contention, Pan's jockey, a cunning Yorkshireman, rode on the right side of the other two horses, and when within a few yards of the coming-in post, let loose and won the heat, without Vandyke's jockey being aware that Pan was near him, his attention being steadfastly fixed on the horse before described.—Some thousands are depending on the next race, and the odds are betted freely on Vandyke.

—

Irvine Races, Scotland, were attended by a very numerous and gay assemblage of nobility and gentry. A large subscription is raised for this year's sport; and the Stewards are Lord Elphinstone, Sir John Maxwell, Colonel Brisbane, of Brisbane, and Robert Wallace, Esq. of Kelly.

—

Stamford.—The races were most numerously and fashionably attended; the horses, &c. were in high condition, and the heats extremely well contested. The Macaroni Stakes (rode by gentlemen) afforded great amusement, and the noted Jeffery Gambolla, rode by Dr. John Willis, won, it was supposed entirely by jockeyship, as the race was most arduously contested at the distance-post, and the odds were very high on Mr. S. S. Prime, who rode Longitude, a beaten horse, in a very superior style. Mr. Prime and Dr. John set off immediately after the race, to ride at Bibury.

An unfortunate accident happened at the above Races. Shortly previous to the appointed time of the horses starting on Mon-

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day, the barouche belonging to Arthur Annesly, Esq. was overturned, and several ladies in it were thrown out with violence.

—

BAROUCHE HORSES.

At the Beverly Midsummer Fair, the show of horses was pretty good for the time of the year, and all the good ones of sufficient size and bone for barouche-horses were greedily purchased at high prices: these are now a never-failing article.

—

FOX-CHASE EXTRAORDINARY.

The following Fox-chase, which took place in June last, in the counties of Inverness and Perth, perhaps exceeds any thing ever known in the annals of Fox-hunting. On the eighth of that month, near Dunkeld, Perthshire, there were seen on the high road, a fox and a hound, proceeding at a very slow, trotting pace. The dog was about the distance of 50 yards behind the fox: each was so fatigued and spent that the latter could not outrun the former, neither could the former overtake the latter. A countryman who observed them in this state, very easily caught the fox by running. Both the fox and the dog were taken to a gentleman's house in the neighbourhood, where the dog received every mark of hospitality, to which his unwearied pursuit entitled him: and Reynard was placed in a garden, as a prisoner of war; but whether from over-fatigue, or from a determination not to outlive the loss of his liberty, he refused to take any sustenance, and the consequence was that he died the day following. After the lapse of a week, the dog seemed quite recovered from the fatigues of the chase; on which it was determined by the gentleman to tie a letter to the dog's neck, (for he had no collar) in which all the circumstances that passed in that place were stated; it concluded with requesting the owner of the dog, if ever he found his way home, to acquaint Mr. S—t, by post, where the fox started, in order that both the length of the chase and the time employed in it might be ascertained. In ten days after, Mr. S—t received a letter, informing him, that the dog had arrived safe at his master's house, in Badenoch, that he was one of the hounds of the Duke of Gordon's fox-hunter, in that country, and that the fox was started on the morning of the King's birth-day, on the top of those hills called *Mona-liadh*, which separates Badenoch from Fort Augustus. From this it appeared that the chase lasted

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four days, and that the distance travelled from the place where the game was sprung, to the place where it was caught, without making any allowances for *doubles*, *crosses*, and *tergiversations*, exceeded seventy miles. It is said that an application is to be made to the Duke of Gordon to enrol *Caro*, (the dog's name) among the list of his Grace's pensioners at Gordon Castle.

A chase, similar to the above, occurred in the year 1633, when a stag was run by a single greyhound out of Whinfield Park, Westmoreland, to Redkirk, in Scotland, and back again, a distance of near one hundred miles, when, being both exhausted, the stag leaped over the pales and died; the greyhound, in attempting to follow it, fell back and died on the contrary side; in memory of which the stag's horns were nailed upon a tree just by, which to this day bears the name of "Hart's-horn tree."

VARIETY.

Ipse VARIETATE tentamus efficere, ut alia aliis; quædam fortasse omnibus placeant.
PLIN. EPIST.

Copy of an advertisement in a diurnal print, in June 1722.

CHALLENGE.

I, Elizabeth Wilkinson, of Clerkenwell, having had some words with Hannah Hyfield, and requiring satisfaction, do invite her to meet me on the stage, and box me for *three guineas;* each woman holding half-a-crown in each hand, and the first woman that drops the money to lose the battle. She shall have *rare sport.*

ANSWER.

I, Hannah Hyfield, of Newgate-market, hearing of the resoluteness of Elizabeth Wilkinson, will not fail, *God willing*, to give her more blows than words—desiring home blows, and from her no favour; she may expect a good thumping.

SHAFTESBURY.

The History of this Nobleman, in the Biographia Britannica, is a kind of panegyric on him; but a *bon mot* of himself conveys

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the truest idea of his character. Charles the Second, said of him one day—"Shaftesbury, I believe thou art the wickedest fellow in my dominions"—He bowed, and replied, "of a *subject*, Sir, I believe I am."

—

BRUSH COLLINS.

The following curious and laconic letter was sent, some years since, to Mr. Herbert, manager of an itinerant company of players, by Mr. Collins, better known by the name of Brush Collins, lately deceased:

"Sir—Fortunately for your company, I am disengaged. I am up to Melpomene, down upon Thalia, twig Farce, and smoke Pantomime. They say I am a very good figure, and I never saw a looking-glass that contradicted that report. To have me now is your time or never. Your's, &c.

—

SCOTT'S MARMION.

There is in the University of Glasgow, a book entitled, "*A circumstantial Account of the Battle of Flodden Field*," written in a kind of poetry, and extending to upwards of 400 verses. A gentleman who gave it a cursory perusal, thinks that Mr. Scott has been much indebted to it for the historical materials of his Marmion. This book was written about the time of Queen Elizabeth, but no author's name is given. It was reprinted in London, about the year 1774. Some of the pieces in Mr. Scott's appendix, are copied from it verbatim.

—

The ignorance of Villoison's Masters withheld from him a merited prize for the best version of a passage from a Greek author. Villoison consulted the Greek text, and the Masters were guided by an erroneous Latin interpretation!

—

Madame Catalini outsings every one on the London stage. Her voice not only enchants the cavaliers in the boxes, but reaches the hearts of the gods and goddesses. It is, however, ludicrous that a smile always plays around her mouth, whether she sing of love or murder.

—

How nobly Owenson figures in the life of Dermody. He is worthy of his daughters.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I ardently wish you would do me the favour to publish the enclosed corrected copy of my "Natural Bridge" in the first number of your Monthly Miscellany: I have retrenched three quatrains of it, to which the *sed nunc non erat his locus* applied. As these are the only verses of mine that aspire to much poetical merit, I am desirous to preserve them, in a work, which will descend to future generations; and meanwhile, acquaint my cotemporaries and countrymen in England, that I am yet between heaven and earth.

I am, Sir, your most obedient, humble servant,

JOHN DAVIS.

THE NATURAL BRIDGE.*—BY JOHN DAVIS.

When Fancy from the azure skies,
On earth came down, before unseen;
She bade the wondrous structure rise,
And haply chose this sylvan scene.

---

* The bridges in America, whether they be natural or *unnatural*, have been so imperfectly, if not injuriously, described, by European travellers and tourists, that no foreign reader has an adequate idea of these structures, which, from Solomon's bridge over the brook Cedron, to Roman magnificence, displayed on the Tiber, have contributed so much to the convenience and the character of nations. The bridge, which has excited the powers of our poet's fancy, is thus described, and, we believe, with perfect accuracy, by an American gentleman, an eye-witness of this miracle of nature. *Ed.*

The Natural Bridge over Cedar Creek, though far from being the sublimest work of God, is a stupendous natural curiosity. It unites two hills. The height of the bridge from the water is about 210 feet. The bases of the abutments are in different places from 48 to 70 feet apart, the mean distance being about 60 feet. One of these walls or abutments is nearly perpendicular; the other falls back, so that the top of the arch is from 80 to 90 feet wide. The covering of the arch is from 40 to 50 feet thick. It is of limestone, forming an entire mass, with the two abutments. This is thought by some to contradict the idea that this fissure was produced by some "great convulsion." Its surface, over which is a considerable road, is a gentle slope and stony; but generally covered with earth, which supports many large trees. The under side is lower at one end than at the other. Both ends rise like an arch; but in the middle extend horizontally, nearly in a straight line. The walls, which support the arch, and those which form the sides of the bridge,

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The Graces too, with spritely air,
Assisted in the work divine;
The Arch they formed with nicest care,
And made the murm'ring stream incline.

Then Fancy, from the pile above,
Would gaze with rapture, bending o'er;
And charmed, behold the streamlet rove,
While Echo mocked its sullen roar.

And here, perhaps, the Indian stood,
With uplift hands, and eye amazed;
As, sudden, from the devious wood,
He first upon the fabric gazed!

See Tadmor's domes and halls of state,
In undistinguished ruin lie;
See Rome's proud empire yield to fate,
And claim the mournful pilgrim's sigh.

But while relentless time impairs
The monuments of crumbling art,
This pile unfading beauty wears,
Eternal in its every part.

---

are very irregular. In some parts, they are smooth and perpendicular, in others there are cavities, while other parts exhibit a protuberant and craggy surface. The bridge crosses the vale obliquely. In the middle, it is 65 feet in breadth, but much wider at the ends. The banks, which support the bridge, extend, with the same height, several hundred yards on each side of the stream, but they do not correspond with each other, as if rent asunder. Neither does "the fissure continue straight for a considerable distance above and below the bridge." Its course resembles an ill formed S, spreading wider as it extends either above or below. Few persons have the courage to approach the side of this bridge. Those who do are instantly seized with horror. They involuntarily fall to the ground, cling to a stone, or tree, look down on the frightful abyss below, and gaze with astonishment at the massy walls, the deep winding valley, the rushing stream, and the distant hills. To persons below, a prospect not less awful and grand is presented. Men view the towering arch, its strong foundations, and the distant sky; and adore that *God who spake, and it was done; who commanded, and it stands fast.*

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I take the liberty to send you the subjoined copy of an epistle to the bard of Caledonia. Should you think it deserving a place in your elegant Miscellany I shall consider your approbation as a sure pledge of its favourable reception by the celebrated author to whom it was addressed. As it is the production of one whose reading has been much confined, should any resemblance to the lines of others be discovered, the author trusts that candour will attribute them to a casual coincidence of sentiment; not to an intention of passing on the public as his own, what is in fact the property of another.

Though highly sensible to the mediocrity of his talents, he would disdain to pilfer from any, and there are few from whom he would condescend to borrow.

TO WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

Nemo te lachrymis decoret, neque funera fletu
Faxit: cur? volitis vivu per ora virum.

In these uncultur'd, wild dominions,
Where avarice holds her tyrant sway,
And luxury in proud array,
Swells her long train with Fortune's minions;
Can aught inspire a bard to raise,
The tributary song of praise?
To pour the soul-enchanting lay,
And soaring wing his airy way
On fancy's rainbow-tinted pinions?
Alas, the lyre neglected lies,
And Genius proud, deserted dies:
Or forc'd with swelling heart to bow
To some unjoyous cold pursuit,
Which damps each fine romantic feeling;
The tuneful voice now hushed and mute;
The pallid cheek and frowning brow,
His inward high disdain revealing,
Down his wan cheek the big tear stealing,
I see him breathe an ardent vow,
And dash to earth his shattered lute.
Oppressed he leaves the muses' court,
His piercing eye and lofty port
But ill a broken heart concealing.

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Yes, Scott, such cruel fate attends,
In this rude clime, the Muses' friends:
Here all must bow to law and trade,
And humble homage must be paid
To Folly, if in wealth array'd.
Even Vice can purchase fair renown,
If Wealth her base exertions crown:
But talents languish in the shade:
While Poësy, enchanting maid,
And towering Genius here are born
To brook the world's malignant scorn:
Or sad retire to some wild mountain
And sigh beside the murmuring fountain.
Yet even in this unbless'd retreat,
The pensive poet still shall meet,
One guerdon to his soul most dear,
In woman's angel smile and tear.
Yes, lovely woman, thou shalt cheer,
With sweetest smile, his prospect drear;
And when his spirits sink beneath
A broken heart, and close in death,
Benignant thou shalt spread his pall,
Shalt kindly weep his early fall;
And Spring's first violets shall bloom,
Reared by thee around his tomb.
Sweet Minstrel, here, though care-infected
Too sure the poet's laurels die,
Though oft by such sad scenes dejected
Columbia's Genius heaves the sigh;
Think not thy border Muse, neglected,
Even here shall pass unhonoured by.
No, in thy praise one son of song,
Ere yet he leaves the vocal throng,
Though low his voice, unknown his name,
Among the favoured sons of fame,
Shall, trembling, strive to tune the lyre,
And catch one spark of heavenly fire.
Oh! could he sweep like thee the wire,
And notes of softest tune inspire,

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He'd boldly echo back again,
Thy feeling, wild romantic strain:
Then sounds so soft, so loud, and clear,
Should break on thy enraptured ear,
That thou should'st think the gales of even,
Came freighted with the songs of heaven.
And as he poured the deathless strain,
Self-kindling with a rapture holy,
He'd proud repel the cold disdain
Of wretches born to wealth and folly.
Yet though no bright, no dazzling ray
Of genius round his pencil play,
Still shall thy glowing strain impart
A joy to sooth his troubled heart.
When Fancy sees thy "champions proud,"
Meet like the "bursting thunder cloud."
Scarce can that heart restrain a sigh,
Amid the battle's storm to die.
And when in Cranstoun's noble mind,
He sees the "courtly Baron bold,"
By towering valour love-refined,
His Margaret's fond affection hold,
He sighs to think those days are o'er,
And knightly feats can charm no more.
When Clara's image blooming breaks
Upon his mind, and fondly wakes
His soul to scenes so deeply traced,
In colours ne'er to be effaced;
He'll think upon his early youth,
And his own Stella's matchless truth;
Who seven long years, besieged by fiends
In human shape, in guise of friends,
Though thick malignant scandal flew,
Still own'd her Henry just and true.
When victor in the evening fight,
Stands famed de Wilton's injured knight,
When vengeance raised the flaming brand
And scarce he stays his lifted hand,

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She'll see her Henry in the one
Who spared the guilty Marmion.
For joys like these, much honoured Scott,
Accept this strain, ah, scorn it not,
Accept the tribute of a youth,
Unskilled in flattery's art,
It bears, howe'er in sounds uncouth,
The homage of a feeling heart,
Traced in the sacred characters of truth.

HENRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ADDRESS TO ——.

The foreign plant—"*Forget me not*,"
Blossom'd in Autumn's sunny hour,
Transplanted to my native cot,
It bloom'd a parlour-window flow'r.
Its clust'ring buds their fragrance drew
From tender Friendship's fost'ring care,
And gem'd with Pity's sparkling dew,
The sweet exotic flourish'd fair.
When dark November's chilling show'r,
Deepen'd the forest's gloomy shade;
I saw the angry tempest low'r,
And, oh! I fear'd my plant would fade.
Oft as its verdant, glossy leaves,
With gentle hand, was lightly press'd;
The charm, that fairy-fancy weaves,
Clings to my vacant, aching breast.
The sun has left its parting beam,
And tipp'd with gold the distant hill:
Its roseate tints, but faintly gleam,
And all the Autumn gales are still.
The Muse, with timid, anxious eye,
Now, glances o'er her lov'd retreat;
And Hope exhales a trembling sigh,
From buds so frail, and bloom so sweet.

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Yet still shall I, those sweets inhale,
Which scent the ambient air for me;
And still shall kiss those blossoms pale,
Which gave their balmy breath to thee.
And when I twine around my cot,
The tendrils of my native bow'r;
The foreign plant—"forget me not,"
Shall be my parlour-window flow'r.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE *TRANSIT* OF THE EXOTIC—1809.

Stern winter reigns; the willows green
Which droop'd around my cottage-scene;
The pensive Autumn's fading flow'r,
And all that grac'd my Summer bow'r,
Each blushing bud, and odour sweet,
Which once adorn'd my sylvan seat,
Touch'd by the rigid hand of frost
Are all with icy gems emboss'd.
The tendrils from the vine are cleft:
Yet still my foreign plant was left;
My foreign plant, of beauty rare,
Was shielded from the piercing air;
And oft within my rustic cot,
The melting tone—"*forget me not*"—
Sweetly sooth'd my list'ning ear,
And touch'd the chord to mem'ry dear.
Yet, as the winged moments flew,
My fragile flow'ret chang'd its hue;
And mem'ry now unfolds a tale,
Attested by its blossoms pale;
Whispers soft, that Friendship's smile,
Sigh, and blush, and dang'rous wile;
And e'en the charm, that fancy weaves,
Linger'd long amidst its leaves.

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But, Fate's dark omen broke the spell,
The stars were veil'd; the snow-storm fell:
The drear North-East, with sudden blast,
On all my buds and blossoms past;
Struck by the with'ring hand of frost,
Flow'rs, foliage, fragrance, all are lost.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

To the liberal Public we now present the first number of our Miscellany. When it is remembered by Friendship and Candour that our final plan of arrangement was not settled until nearly the close of February, those generous Powers, to whom we have appealed, will promptly pardon the minor blemishes of what must be justly considered as a hasty composition. Our foreign correspondence is not yet fully arranged. Our domestic friends are not completely rouzed. In short, "The scambling and unquiet Time" has precluded the power of accomplishing anything like a complete miscellany. But this apology is merely occasional, and will not be repeated. At the entrance of the visto of success, we are, for a moment, in partial darkness and obscurity. But we see radiance as we advance, and enough of enchantment in the distance to tempt the perseverance of any adventurer. To change the metaphor, nothing is more common among men of refined taste in the pleasures of the table than to refuse their opinion of the character of the Port or Burgundy, they happen to be drinking, until they have swallowed at least six glasses. Among experienced Epicures it would argue a notable want of connoisseurship, to pronounce upon the merits or demerits of vine juice, after tasting only a thimble full. We hope the crusty critic will emulate the patience of the very honest and jovial Gentlemen, we have just described. After perusing *six* numbers of The Port Folio, and finding all of them either crude or mawkish, he will then have a

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right to pronounce the whole, vile trash, and refuse both his sanction and custom.

We recommend to the Gentlemen immediately concerned in furnishing papers for the Literary department, to attach to each essay certain cabalistical characters by which the property can be known and identified. The advantages of this practice must be obvious. The *suum cuique*, the generous maxim of the liberal Romans will be then appropriately ascribed, and more care will probably be employed upon a composition, than if this rule were rejected. In the Tatler, the Spectator, the Connoisseur, the World, and in many other periodical papers of celebrity, this is a settled custom.

We hope too, our occasional and foreign correspondents, will likewise adopt a system of appropriate signatures, in which Reason, Modesty, and Simplicity, should always have a place. Fantastic appellations, to flimsy essays, are equally injudicious and common. Not only our newspapers, but works of a more durable character, are often covered with such a strange set of uncouth figures, that we scarcely recognize our company. We have seen TIMOLEON, in the guise of a cobbler, and TULLIA, assuming the character of a vestal virgin. PHRYNE has vindicated the doctrines of Chastity, and PYM has defended the Church of England. ANACREON has written Odes more obscure and prolix, than those of PINDAR, and PINDAR, not to be deficient in propriety, has indited little songs, shorter and simpler than those of SHENSTONE.

All these absurdities should be avoided, by those, who aspire to correctness of thought, or felicity of expression. We hope this suggestion will have a salutary effect. It is likewise wished that one correspondent would never trespass upon the rights, by assuming the signature of another. This inevitably leads to inextricable confusion, and is, moreover, in the issue, injurious to both parties.

Those Gentlemen, who assist us with Scientific or Literary papers, are apprized distinctly of the absolute necessity of addressing them seasonably to our Publishers. It is expect-

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ed of each Member of the confederacy, that at least he should furnish one paper for each number of The Port Folio. This exaction, though it may seem onerous to the half-shut eye of Indolence, will, to the optics of a more active and generous Power, appear but a *reasonable service.*

For the sake of system, uniformity, expedition, and elegance, for the sake of relieving the Editor and the Publishers from all the perplexities of procrastination, it is hoped that every correspondent will send us his communication, at least 20 days before he anticipates its appearance in this Journal. Very remote residents, must address to us their letters on a still earlier day; and our friends in Philadelphia and its vicinity, will greatly oblige us by particularly attending to our limitation of time.

In the making up of their literary despatches, Gentlemen will please to address us in legible penmanship, carefully punctuated, and with the orthography modelled according to the standard of Dr. JOHNSON.

For the accommodation of city correspondents, and for those, whose modesty shrinks from an interview with the Proprietors, a letter-box is opened at No. 4, South Third Street. In this repository designed for the most useful purposes, we hope that no papers will be left, but such as will redound to the honour of the writers, and the benefit of the community.

Elegant Poetry, in all its delightful varieties, Essays in the manner either of Addison, Johnson, or Goldsmith, Sketches of American Biography, Instructive Narratives, whether in the class of fact, or fiction, Original Anecdotes, and Pieces of Humour, together with Shrewd and Sensible Criticism, will always be examined with the utmost avidity.

We look to the enlightened Agriculturist for Essays on topics of Rural Economy; to the Painter, Sculptor and Architect, for information respecting the advancement of the Fine Arts; to the ingenious Mechanist for a history of the progress of the Useful; to some of the *literary* box-lobby loungers for notices of the Drama. To the Gentlemen of

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the Bar, for reports of their Speeches, and to the Classical Scholars for illustrations of the fine authors of antiquity.

The History of any improvement in Liberal Art, or Useful Science, will be highly interesting to our friends and the public.

Accurate descriptions of the public edifices of Philadelphia, particularly of those, devoted to the most liberal and benevolent purposes, will not only contribute to the glory of the one, but essentially subserve the interests of the other. It is both for the Honour and Interest of the friends of every public Institution, to give the Editors all possible assistance in this behalf. This is not the first time this sort of service has been courteously sought. We hope it will be refused no longer.

In the cabinets of the curious, we know to a certainty many original letters of great value are reposited. We hope we shall be able to bring some of these treasures to light.

We trust it will not be unreasonably imagined by any of the most exacting subscribers, that a work upon such an extensive plan as The Port Folio, shall be entirely original. The character, situation, and habits of the country absolutely forbid the accomplishment of such a design. But in consequence of our connexion with the Publishers of this Journal, we have liberal access not only to a vast collection of standard authors, but to every new production of merit, published at home or abroad. So judicious are the arrangements of Messrs. Bradford and Inskeep, that we have long been in the habit, a habit, which is now fully confirmed, of perusing many of the most valuable periodical publications, nearly as soon as they are printed in France or England. Moreover, by the constant courtesy of the Librarian and Directors of the Philadelphia Library, a collection unrivalled in America, both for use and splendour, we have free permission, upon the most benignant terms, to consult invaluable volumes, either in the Loganian, the Prestonian, or the Miscellaneous alcoves. From these copious fountains of knowledge,

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we shall take care to draw off whatever is wholesome, and may fertilize the mind.

Although CLASSICAL LEARNING has been most undeservedly and ignominiously neglected, in some parts of the United States, yet in spite of the sneers of some, and the theories of others, there is a favourite few, who have successfully studied the fine authors of Greece and Rome. With certain brilliant characters of this class, the Editor has the honour of being in habits of frank intimacy. From men, who have thus wisely directed attention to whatever is perfect in thought, and exquisite in expression, he hopes to receive elegant translations, happy imitations, witty parodies, and accurate notices of the authors of the Augustan age of Roman Literature.

In the London Magazine, and many other respectable vehicles, although principally intended for the amusement of the lounging, the laughing, or the fashionable world, still the interest of solid science never was totally forgotten. Accordingly, a concise department has always been allotted to the propounding and to the solution of MATHEMATICAL QUESTIONS. We wish to offer the same opportunity to the American Philomath. Many Gentlemen in the country, are eminent for their skill in this science. We wish each Problem to be succinctly stated, each diagram to be distinctly drawn, and the demonstration to be as concise, and as elegant as possible. It must always be remembered, that this Miscellany is open to the Learned and the Studious, as well as to the Laugher and the Lounger.

Useful projects may be very successfully started in this Journal. America is a sort of *Canaan* for Projectors. We do not, by any means, intend to be understood, as expressing this sarcastically. We affirm, with confidence and truth, that America, her age considered, has been eminently distinguished for the multiplicity and utility of her inventions. Correct notices of this description of discoveries will always be cheerfully inserted, and with auxiliar suggestions, or adroit ma-

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nagement we may hope to elicit Genius from undeserved obscurity.

It has been remarked, we hope unjustly, that the national character is phlegmatic, and that the Powers of Merriment, Wit, and Humour, are strangled, by the iron hand of Care, or at least checked by the severity of business. We think we could cite some shining examples to the contrary. Our fellow labourers in New-England, the classical Editors of the MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY, a work which we rejoice to behold regularly appearing with new radiance, are conspicuous afar by the scintillations of Wit, as well as by the torch of Science. The sneering and sarcastic caterers of SALMAGUNDI, a poignant dish, which has delighted many a literary Epicure, proved that with them there was no lack of attic salt; and we often read in some American repository many a pleasant paragraph and poem, of which ARBUTHNOT or a SWIFT might not have been ashamed. Of this class of contributions, so vital to the success of a Literary Journal, we hope to obtain such an abundance as to prove, that even in America, a Rabelais, a Sterne, or a Gay might be found.

From this gay department the transition is easy to one still more airy. We allude to the province of song writing, which although exquisitely beautiful and alluring, has been, with few exceptions, strangely neglected in America. The poets of the continent and of Great Britain, have indulged themselves in the composition of the lighter lyric, devoted to the celebration of the joys either of love, of wine, or of the chase. Some of the most agreeable compositions of the conciser character, that were ever indited, are to be found in the collections of the French, English, and German songs. In this country, the themes for the ballad-measure are innumerable. In every grove, in every field, in every hamlet, we may find materials. We wish to excite the workmen. Songs, patriotic, nautical, jovial, or amatory, will, if inspired by Genius, always be hearkened to with delight. If we be so fortunate as to obtain these lighter effusions of the playful Muse, we promise that Music shall suitably greet her sister Poetry.

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A lover of Latinity and votary of Virgil has thrown together at Petersburg in Virginia, some critical remarks upon the versification of that poet, which are entitled *Notationes in Virgilium*, and are inscribed, in the form of a dedication, to Mr. Girardin, an emigrant Frenchman, and respectable scholar, concerned in the government of the college of William and Mary. These notes appear to us to be little more than a translation of the usual critical remarks, prefixed to the works of Virgil, in the common editions, with an *English* version. In Davidson's, for example, some of the parallel passages may be found. But as our annotator has, in some instances, broken the shackles of servility, and thought for himself, and as, in many of his citations and commendations he appears to feel something of the enthusiasm of the poet, we were inclined to preserve his communication, especially as it is addressed to a gentleman of various and respectable attainments, who justly holds an illustrious rank in the first seminary of Virginia. But, unfortunately, we have lost the manuscript in question, and nothing remains but to offer this little tribute by way of atonement to our ingenious commentator.

The hand-writing of our old correspondent, J. D. we have just again recognized, without the yawn of lassitude or the contempt of criticism. We have always been inclined to think favourably of this young man's talents, and have often regretted that they were not more frequently and judiciously employed. If he thought proper, he might become a celebrated votary of the miscellaneous Muse. His genius is naturally inclined to the gay and sportive, and though he may not soar like the Theban Swan, he does not waddle and creep like the goose of Cibber. It appears to us, after a very careful scrutiny of his powers, that he has studied, with attention, admires with enthusiasm, and may copy with neatness the sweet and cheerful style of OLIVER GOLDSMITH. Our sometime correspondent, we know, has some of the capricious feelings of the *irritabile genus*. As whim inspired, he has sometimes

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been prodigal of his praise, and sometimes lavish of his lampoons. But *in all his humours, whether grave or mellow*, we have never been so provoked by his petulance, as to refuse justice to his abilities. Let him peruse this article with that docility, which is so delightful a feature in the character of Addison and many other eminent authors, who justly aspired to a noble distinction. Let him weigh his strength. Let him calculate his resources, and then, if in conformity to our opinion, he can emulate the gayer style of the Essayists, let him *come out*, and remember that the exercise of writing twelve concise papers in a year is no very terrific task; that as there is no fear that Dulness will cause him to stumble at the threshold, there is a willing presumption that Time and Talents will conduct him through the Temple.

We have not forgotten the works, or the pretensions of the late Hon. FISHER AMES. We knew and have listened to the orator.

> Persuasion's self was seated on his tongue:
> So soft, so sweetly soothing flow'd his words,
> And left their sting in the consenting heart.

The animated lyrics with the *honoured* signature of MANTO, who has displayed a generous enthusiasm and splendid talents in favour of the glorious struggle of the Spanish cavaliers, we perused with approbation and delight. This favourite writer is requested to repress diffidence and reject reserve. There is no occasion for either. The Editor long since cherished the hope of a personal interview with the author. On this, as on many other occasions of agreeable anticipation he has been disappointed. But, as the parties cannot at present converse, it is sincerely wished that they may correspond with one another. In scrutinizing our friend's verses, in company with an associate, warmed with poetic fire, and guided by all the light of criticism, so far from discovering anything to reprehend, it was mutually agreed, that the various spirited invocations, beginning 'Fair Valencia'

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together with the admirable allusion to a Queen of Spain, who sold her jewels to enable COLUMBUS to effectuate the discovery of America was more than Poetry.

The poetical description of the Natural Bridge, a stupendous curiosity in the state of Virginia, is a favourable specimen of the author's powers. We have taken the liberty to alter a word. In his third stanza the Poet exclaims,

> Then Fancy, from the pile above,
> Would gaze with rapture, bending o'er;
> And, charmed, behold the streamlet rove,
> While Echo mock'd its feeble roar.

We object to the epithet *feeble*. Whether a *streamlet*, a runnel, a small fountain of water ever *roars* is a question. But at any rate, the association of a *feeble* roar reminds us of the most *forcible Feeble* of Sir John Falstaff, or the roaring like any *sucking dove*, the roaring like any nightingale, so happily undertaken by Mr. Nicholas Bottom Weaver. We have, therefore, substituted the epithet sullen, and refer the author to Milton, describing his *far off curfew*,

> Over some wide watered shore,
> Swinging slow with *sullen roar*.

With this solitary exception, suggested by the sharp-sightedness of verbal criticism, we think the poem a very meritorious production.

THE LITERARY WORLD.

The Booksellers of Philadelphia having long contemplated the publication of the most celebrated Histories of England, it was deemed by the Editor no impertinent service to the cause of elegant letters concisely to state the pretensions, and modestly to vindicate the reputation of HUME and SMOLLET.

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Without impertinently discoursing upon the utility of Historical narrative, a topic, which must be obvious to every reflecting reader, we may be permitted to remark that the name of HUME is an ample passport to celebrity. Whatever may be thought of his demerits by the scrupulous, or the pious, as an author, unhappily inclining to the side of Infidelity, his talents, as an Historian and Politician, cannot be too strenuously applauded. Although nearly half a century has elapsed, since the commencement of his literary career, his fame is still augmenting. Among the Scotch, even in the opinion of those, who are acrimoniously disposed towards him as a sceptic, he is considered as the Prince of Modern Historians. Nor does the jealousy of South Britain dispute his precedency. GIBBON, a competent judge, and himself a skilful artificer of language, thus nobly compliments his illustrious predecessor: "The old reproach that no British altars had been raised to the Muse of History, was recently disproved by the first performances of Robertson and HUME, the Histories of Scotland and of the Stuarts. I will assume the presumption of saying, that I was not unworthy to read them: nor will I disguise my different feelings in the repeated perusals. The perfect composition, the nervous language, the well-tuned periods of Dr. Robertson, enflamed me to the ambitious hope that I might one day tread in his footsteps: the calm philosophy, the careless inimitable beauties of his friend and rival, often forced me to close the volume with a mixed sensation of delight and despair."

DR. JOHNSON, a high and commanding authority, objects to the Gallicisms, which, he avers, sometimes pollute the page of Mr. Hume. As this opinion of a mighty critic has been generally credited, both abroad and at home, the writer of this article hopes that he shall not be taxed with arrogant presumption, if he modestly attempt to vindicate the purity of the style of a favourite writer.

Long before the arrival of the literary manhood of our historian, oppressed by Indigence, and mortified by Neglect, he had, in a sort of despair, abandoned his own country, and

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sequestered himself for three years in a provincial town in France. At subsequent periods, he passed much of his time on the continent, and as he was a passionate admirer both of the literature and the character of the Parisians, it is by no means wonderful that his style should occasionally be slightly tinged with the peculiarities of a foreign idiom. Accordingly, in the first editions of his invaluable History, we may discover, on a strict scrutiny, a few phrases which are corrupted by a French infusion. Dr. PRIESTLEY, in his ingenious Grammar, one of the most instructive books he ever published, was, after the usual procession of the periodical critics, the first to discover and indicate these Gallicisms. But though he searched for them with all the perspicacity of a Philologer, his Zeal and Industry could detect but a few, and these of trivial importance. All this criticism is now perfectly nugatory, or worse. It must be remembered that Hume's History has run through repeated editions; that after its celebrity was sufficiently diffused, the industrious author resided, for periods of long duration, in the Capital, where, from the example of the purest writers and speakers, he could not fail to adjust the accuracy of his diction. Moreover, it is notorious to all, who have the slightest acquaintance with Polite Literature, that the History of England as it now appears, is perfectly English. The author, an ambitious aspirant after literary renown, whose ruling passion was the love of fame, to whom study was the greatest source of enjoyment, and who "regarded every object as contemptible, except the improvement of his talents as a writer," would not and could not fail, after repeated revisions of his work, so to prepare his pages as to defy all the assaults of verbal criticism. In fact HUME is now justly considered as an English classic, and his narrative as a fine model of composition. The beauties in his history are innumerable. He commands all our attention. He has a claim for all our applause, whether he describes the projects of the Duke of Normandy, or the battle of Hastings, the glories of the house of Plantagenet, or the tyranny of the Tudors, the insolence of Becket,

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or the pageantry of Wolsey, the primitive simplicity of Latimer, or the archiepiscopal dignity of Laud, the loyalty of Falkland, the wisdom of Strafford, the spirit of Derby, the fidelity of Clarendon, or the murder of Charles.

Let an ambitious Student, imprint on his memory, Mr. Hume's narrative of the Martial Maid of Orleans, the Battle of Agincourt, the approach of the Armada, the cruelties of Mary, the execution of Lady Gray, the fanaticism of the Covenanters, the habitual hypocrisy of Cromwell, and the gross credulity of his Roundheads, and he will scarcely find his mind stored with finer passages by any Historian.

In a spirit of false and malignant Criticism, certain carpers among the French, have rashly pronounced SMOLLET "but an *indifferent writer!*" They have audaciously averred that he is both partial and passionate, and makes no atonement for these faults by the elegance of his style. They ignominiously brand him as a dry writer, who touches neither the imagination nor the heart. Just admiration of an accomplished Scotchman, urges us to inform these French Critics, that their opinion of his literary pretensions, is utterly destitute of a shadow of foundation. It is partial, unjust, and absurd. His History though avowedly written in haste, and sometimes in the spirit of a partizan, is full of vivacity and vigour. It is never dull, monotonous, or fatiguing. It abounds in reflections. Its tones are various, and harmonious; and by the energy of some passages, and the eloquence of others, it affects both the imagination, and the heart. A critic must be wholly destitute of discernment, as well as of candour, who pronounces the style of Smollet devoid of energy and grace. Few are more gloriously distinguished than this nervous and fluent writer.

The Price of The Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum.

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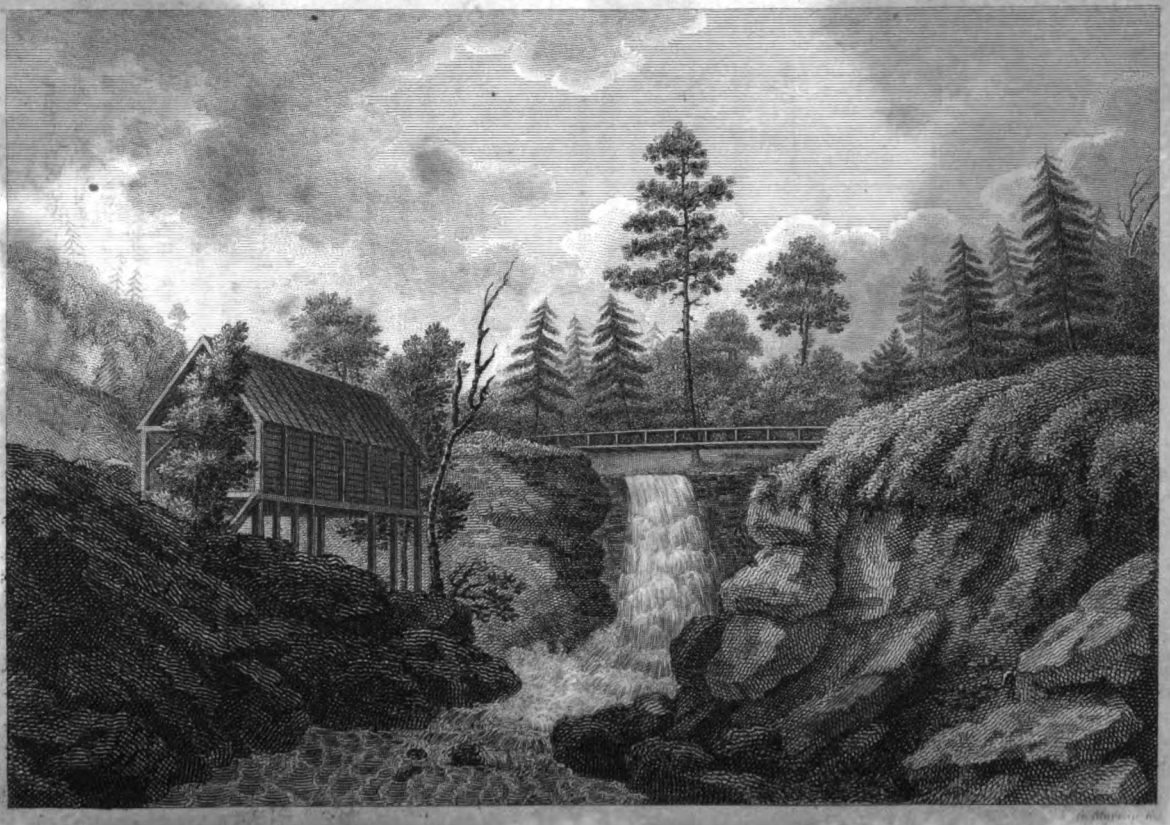

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THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. I. FEBRUARY, 1809. No. 2.

SKETCHES OF AMERICAN SCENERY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

It is our intention to devote a plate in each number of The Port Folio to the description of American Scenery. To the pencil our country affords an inexhaustible abundance, which, for picturesque effect, cannot be surpassed in any part of the old world. We invite the artist and the amateur to furnish us with Sketches, and accompanying descriptions.

BUTTERMILK-FALLS CREEK, in Luzerne county, Pennsylvania, is a tributary stream of the Susquehanna river. Its springs are between the branches of the Lawahanock, (pronounced by the settlers Lackawany,) and the Tunkanock. Uniting its different branches near the river, it falls into the Susquehanna, on the east side, about twenty miles above the town of Wilkesbarre. The land on it is, principally, timbered with oak; the soil is, in general, of an inferior quality. This stream abounds with fine situations for mills, and other water works, having, in its course, several considerable falls, from a supposed resemblance in colour to the foam of which, it derives its homely name. The sketch, given with this, is of the lower fall, near the river.

It is to be observed, that in this country, we apply the name of creek in a manner different from its signification in England. There, it means an arm of the sea, or inlet; with us, it denotes such a stream as in our mother country would be called a rivulet, or river. But she can find among her streams no parallel to the majesty of our rivers, to whose

"dread expanse,
"Continuous depth, and wondrous length of course,
"*Her* floods are rills."

R. H. R.

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RHETORIC——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

This title has the strongest claims upon the regard of our rising republic. In monarchies, in aristocracies, and even in despotism itself, Eloquence is *most potent* to confound Guilt and to vindicate Innocence; but, in every commonwealth, from that of Athens to this of America, Oratory is a sort of governing Genius, moulding the mind of man. In our own country, the proofs of this assertion are innumerable. Under the old government, and under the new, our public speakers have not only been signally conspicuous, but, with magic art, have displayed all the power of Shakspeare's *Prospero* over the people. Hence, whatever contributes, after the manner of Quintilian and Cicero, to the formation of an accomplished orator, deserves, not only in a liberal, but even in a mercenary view, the attention of every aspirant to fame and fortune.

Strongly impressed with the truth of these sentiments, we commence the ensuing article with singular satisfaction. The Rev. Dr. JAMES ABERCROMBIE, whose care in the education of youth is familiar to the applauding public, has twice delivered in the Philadelphia Academy a course of Lectures upon the Arts of Reading and Public Speaking. The following is the introductory Discourse, and fully unfolds the judicious plan of its accomplished author.

Although *much* of the matter of which these Lectures are composed is *original*, yet a considerable portion has been selected from the most popular authors on the important subject of Elocution. In the winter of 1806, at the request of some young gentlemen, who, with a few exceptions, were shaping their education with a view to the Bar, elementary instruction on the cardinal topics of Rhetoric was desired. Our Lecturer accordingly composed the following course, which, we understand, he intends in future to repeat, with the necessary exemplifications, during the winter season, for the benefit of such gentlemen as may wish to receive instruction in those important arts. Dr. A. has obviously, and we think successfully, endeavoured to obtain a comprehensive command of his subject, by diligently studying, carefully comparing, and elegantly epitomizing the sentiments and precepts of the great masters, from Aristotle, Quintilian, and Cicero, down to Rollin, Campbell, and Enfield. After the multiplied labours both of the sequestered student and the powerful orator, it would argue either presumption, or impertinence in any author, who arrogantly professed to exhibit a system entirely new. On the contrary, the most popular didactic writers have framed their volumes in the form of a *Digest*, and satisfied themselves with the collation, rather than the invention of the topics of oratory. In support of this opinion, it is remembered that the elegant biographer of Blair, the learned and accomplished Dr. Hill, fully justifies the practice, and thus successfully quotes his author:

"As he did not pique himself upon the depth of his Lectures, so neither did he boast of their originality. Upon every subject treated of, he tells us that

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he had thought for himself, but that he had availed himself, occasionally, of the ideas of others. He felt it his duty to convey to his pupils all the knowledge that could improve them. By borrowing from others, he understood that he not only enlarged the mass, but gave a value to the parts of it, of which they might otherwise have been destitute."

We cannot terminate this introduction without insisting, with all our emphasis, upon the utility, beauty, and power of the arts, in charmful confederacy, of Reading, Speaking, and Conversing.

He who is master of either one or all of these liberal accomplishments, is, under whatever government, or whatever fortune, a sort of potentate in the realms of mind. He governs, he fascinates, he instructs, he delights his contemporaries. *An eloquent man*, as we read in the Scriptures, *is known far and near.* In the sublime and beautiful language of the impassioned Job, Unto him men give ear and wait, and keep silence at his counsel. The young men see him, and hide themselves, and the aged arise, and stand up. When the ear hears him, it blesses him, and when the eye sees him, it is a witness of his glory. We ardently hope that the generous youth of America will survey, with the highest enthusiasm, the elegant figure of Eloquence, and prefer her before sceptres and thrones, and *esteem riches nothing in comparison to her*. Ed.

INTRODUCTORY LECTURE

ON

THE ARTS OF READING AND PUBLIC SPEAKING,

DELIVERED IN THE PHILADELPHIA ACADEMY, NOV. 17, 1806, AND IN THE HALL OF THE UNIVERSITY, NOV. 16, 1807.

GENTLEMEN,

IMPROVEMENT in the important arts of *Reading* and of *Public Speaking*, being the object of the Lectures I propose to deliver to you, I shall, in the course of them, endeavour to explain the great principles upon which those arts are founded; by the knowledge and strict observance of which principles *alone*, correctness of enunciation, gracefulness of delivery, and that impressive communication of thought which arrests the attention and captivates the heart, are to be obtained.

The correct and graceful reader or speaker, possesses a power little short of that ascribed to necromancers and magicians, of fascinating and enchaining the fancy, imagination, and affections of the persons they address, and thus "leading them captive at their will."

——qui pectus inaniter angit
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet
Ut magus.

Hor. Ep.

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He gives a skilful trial of his art,
With passions not my own who warms my heart;
Who with unreal terrors fills my breast,
As with a magic influence possessed.

FRANCIS.

This, however, is not to be done, but by those who are regularly instructed in the principles, and initiated into the arts and mysteries, by which these wonderful effects are produced.

Various frequently are the avenues which lead to, and different the modes of access adopted in order to accomplish, the possession of the desired object. Many learned, elaborate, and judicious treatises upon both the arts now under consideration have been given to the world by accomplished orators and finished scholars; but, *theory* alone, though flowing from the animated pen of a Cicero, a Quintilian, a Sheridan, a Walker, a Massillon, or a Burke, and enforced by the most luminous *written* exemplifications, will never form either a correct reader, or a graceful and pleasing orator. It is information *exemplified* and enforced by *practice* which can give effectual instruction either in the art of reading or that of public speaking. This combination of precept and example is the object of my present undertaking; and in the execution of it, the investigation and development of the two subjects will consist more of *practical* than of elaborate and minute *theoretical* discussion; such being the speediest and most effectual mode of acquiring a competent knowledge of both. Of course, the necessity of delivering a regular didactic discourse at *every* meeting will be obviated; and instruction conveyed more agreeably, because less formally, in occasional remarks and familiar observations.

There are, however, some leading and essential principles in both the arts, which must be methodically arranged, systematically communicated in *written* language, and carefully committed to memory, in order to form a proper basis for proficiency in the oral communication of sentiment, whether by reading or by recitation. These, of course, will constitute the subjects of my future Lectures, with an analysis of which I shall conclude the present, after suggesting a few preliminary observations upon the *general* principles of *both* the arts. At the same time premising, that many of the precepts and remarks throughout the course will be extracted from the most judicious and popular writers on the subjects before us; little remaining to be added upon topics which have been so recently and so minutely discussed by a Blair, a Beattie, a Barron, a Campbell, and a Home. He, however, who judiciously combines and condenses the elaborate dictates of such high authorities will, perhaps, more effectually promote the interests of science, and the dissemination of useful knowledge, than by vainly attempt-

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ing to diversify, and thereby to improve, merely by a change of language, the instruction already so copiously, so happily conveyed: although the *chain of connexion*, with some *original* supplementary observations and elucidations, may be introduced with advantage, and prove an interesting and valuable contribution to the general stock of Polite Literature.

First then—*Of the Art of Reading.*

By the Art of Reading, I mean the art of correct and articulate pronunciation; or, of intelligibly, emphatically, and impressively repeating what is *written* in any language: or, in other words, the Art of Reading *well*, consists in pronouncing the thoughts of others, or our own, exhibited in visible characters, as if the same had their full and proper operation on our minds, and were the result of our own immediate conception. He, therefore, who would acquire a just and forcible pronunciation in reading, must not only fully comprehend the sense or meaning, but enter into the *spirit* of his author: for he can never *convey* the force and fullness of the author's ideas to another, unless he *feels* them himself: and the voice will naturally vary, according to the impression made upon the mind, or the passion excited. In common conversation, we speak in a natural voice with proper accent, emphasis, and tone; yet when we read or recite the sentiments of others, we too frequently assume a stiff, lifeless, or unnatural manner. The reason is, that in the one case we *feel* what we express, and instinctively commit the expression of it to *Nature* alone, who, if unrestrained, will always give just and forcible expression to sentiment: whereas, in the other case, as we do not *feel*, though we may fully comprehend and understand the meaning of an author, we cannot possibly commit the expression of the sentiment to the agency of *Nature* alone, animated as she invariably is, by the pure operation of mind upon the organs of sense.

A mere audible recital of the words of any author, as it may be made by a person who does not understand, and what is more, who does not *feel* what he says, so it may be made also in such a manner as not to be understood by those who hear him; or, if not totally unintelligible, be at least but *imperfectly* or obscurely understood; whereas the art of reading *well*, consists in conveying to the *hearer* the *whole meaning of the writer*. *Socrates* has truly observed, that all men are eloquent on those subjects which they perfectly understand: and *Cicero* remarks, with equal truth, though with less acuteness, that no man can speak well on those topics which he has not studied. To this end, it is evidently necessary that the reader should himself *understand* and *feel* what he reads, before he can possibly repeat it intelligibly and effectually to others.

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Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi: tunc tua me infortunia lædent.
Telephe, vel Peleu, male si mandata loqueris,
Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo.

Hor. Ar. Po. 102.

If you would have me weep, begin the strain,
Then I shall feel your sorrows, feel your pain;
But if your heroes act not what they say,
I sleep or laugh the lifeless scene away.

Francis.

Men will not suppose that we are affected by a subject, if they do not observe in the delivery of our language the marks of emotion in our souls. Commiseration will never be excited by a smiling countenance. To *draw* a tear, you must *feel* enough to *shed* one. And it is for this reason your language must carry the marks of the passions you wish to communicate.

This is the first and indisputable qualification of a good reader, without which, the clearest and most articulate pronunciation, with all the aid of tone, look, and gesture, will avail nothing, or only serve to *mislead* the hearer: the orator, actor, and reader, though each has his distinct province in the art of public recitation or pronunciation, being all understood to *say* what they appear to *mean*, rather than what they literally utter.

As a proof of this might be quoted a number of passages, literally harmless and inoffensive, which may, nevertheless, be so spoken as to inflame the hearer with the most sudden and impetuous resentment, or some other violent passion. For instance—in that admirable Tragedy of Shakspeare, Othello, in which the passion of jealousy is so fully, so forcibly portrayed, the first question by which Iago attempts to excite it, if pronounced in a calm, unimpassioned manner, would appear to be nothing more than a simple interrogative, proposed merely for the sake of information, as

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?

But if expressed with its proper emphasis and concomitant expression of countenance, whereby some deep and mysterious meaning is indicated, attention and suspicion in the person to whom it is addressed are naturally awakened, as

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?

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Accordingly we find that its proper effect was by that means immediately produced in the mind of Othello, who after giving the information, "he did from first to last," adds, "Why dost thou ask?" Iago replies,

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.
Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?
Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with it.
Oth. O, yes; and went between us very oft.
Iago. Indeed?
Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed:—Discern'st thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?
Iago. Honest, my lord?
Oth. Honest? Ay, honest?
Iago. My lord, for aught I know.
Oth. What dost thou think?
Iago. Think, my lord?
Oth. Think, my lord!
By heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost mean something:
I heard thee say but now,—Thou lik'dst not that,
When Cassio left my wife; What did'st not like?
And, when I told thee—he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou cryd'st, *Indeed?*
And did'st contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then had'st shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: If thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought.
Iago. My lord, you know I love you.
Oth. I think, thou dost;
And,—for I know thou art full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,—
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:
For such things, in a false, disloyal knave,
Are tricks of custom; but, in a man that's just,
They are close denotements, working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.
Iago. For Michael Cassio—
I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest.
Oth. I think so too.
Iago. Men should be what they seem;
Or, those that be not, 'would they might seem none!
Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

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Iago. Why then,
I think that Cassio is an honest man.
Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this;
I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.
Iago. Good my lord, pardon me;
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts? Why, say, they are vile and false,—
As where's that palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets, and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful?
Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.
Iago. I do beseech you.—
Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuse; and, oft, my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not;—I entreat you then,
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
You'd take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance:—
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.
Oth. What dost thou mean?
Iago. Good name, in man, and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.
Oth. By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts.
Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.
Oth. Ha!
Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth make
The meat it feeds on: That cuckold lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;

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~~But O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,~~ . . . . . .
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves!
Oth. O misery!

Othello, Act III, sc. iii.

During the whole of this interesting Dialogue, though no positive declaration is made by Iago, the most powerful effects are produced upon Othello, merely by tones, emphases, and looks, by which the passion of jealousy is excited to a degree bordering upon frenzy.

Again—What can seem to be more unimportant, or unaffecting than to designate an individual by his proper name? Yet, how irresistibly impressive is the conclusion of Alonzo's address to Pizarro, when uttered with proper emphasis and tone?

"I go to death—many shall bless, and none will curse my memory. "Thou still wilt live, and still wilt be—PI-ZAR-RO." Act III, Sc. iii.

Such are universally the wonderful, yet *natural* effects of correct expression.

There are many persons of most excellent understanding, who perfectly comprehend what they read, and yet are incapable of justly conveying to others, the meaning they so fully comprehend; and this, not from any ignorance of the language, not from any defect in their faculties, or organs of speech; but from want of having properly cultivated them by a careful and studious attention to the essential principles of the art of reading, applied and exemplified by a judicious instructor.

As the Art of Reading does not consist, like that of acting, in really adopting the words and sentiments of the writer, it is sufficient that the reader recite what is written in such a manner, that the auditors at the time of hearing, may conceive it then *first* spoken by the person reciting, or at least in such a manner, as the person first speaking it would naturally have uttered it.

Now, this art hath been hitherto so generally neglected, or superficially treated, that few writers have advanced anything satisfactory on the subject, or laid down a system of rules professedly with the view here pointed out. General precepts enough have been given to make public speakers acquainted with the *theory*, and *elementary* principles of pronunciation, but this is only presenting the *massy, inanimate* substance of Elocution, devoid of that Promethean fire, which alone can communicate expression, vigour, energy, and beauty to that substance. The principal object of those who have hitherto written upon the subject appears to have been, that of marking the several points of punctuation with an equability of pauses, pointing out the emphatic word,

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and, in fact, labouring to make the reader uniformly *accurate*, while the Spirit and Animation of Elocution are entirely neglected.

To supply this deficiency, or rather to attempt what has hitherto (at least in *this* city) been disregarded as unnecessary, or despaired of as impracticable, is my intention, in the course of the Lectures I have now undertaken, and the *practical* instructions which will result from them; as a certain series of reading and recitation must be undertaken by every member of the class in rotation, subject to corrections and criticisms, and regulated by the principles laid down in the Lectures.

This, though perhaps a novel, is, I conceive, the most effectual mode of obtaining the desired end; and as the exercises will be entirely confined to the class, and of course must be considered of a *private* nature, I doubt not the gentlemen will readily conform to the method I have adopted. Without this, though correctness with respect to pronunciation may be obtained, the proper portion of *animation* and *expression*, which belongs to each author, cannot. For there is a certain glow and spirit of expression, to be found in almost all literary productions, which, being kept alive in the delivery, will thereby impress the sentiment upon the mind with irresistible effect: but, if neglected, every word which is uttered will sound frigidly inanimate. And though correctness of pronunciation, with respect to accent, emphasis, and pause be strictly attended to, all will seem dull, tame, and insipid. The body indeed, or words, may be seen or heard, nay, perhaps the meaning of the author may appear, but it will be cold and lifeless.

Gray justly remarks, there are "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn"—a tame and lifeless pronunciation strangles these breathing thoughts, quenches these burning words: the former expire in the frigid bosom; and the latter, void of animation, hang like icicles on the palsied lip.

That the student should have a knowledge of some of those leading precepts and principles, which are dictated by nature and reason, cannot be denied, but these alone will never make him a master of the art. He will find from experience that an emphatic *pause*, accompanied by a suitable *look*, and *inflexion of tone*, at certain places, either attended to or neglected, will give a captivating expression to a sentence, or completely destroy its proper effect, if not its meaning: and that the greatest beauties in the delivery of a sentence depend so much upon such simple graces of expression, of tone, and countenance, as will at once convince him of the impossibility of their being gained by any *written* system whatever. The subject must first operate upon the reader or speaker, before *he* can properly operate upon the subject.

"Ardeat, qui vult incendere."

CICERO.

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"The orator's breast must glow with the passion he describes, before he can excite its flame in the breasts of others."

"Prius afficiamur ipsi, ut alios afficiamus."

QUINTILIAN.

"We must be affected ourselves, before we can affect others."

The following passage from Milton's Paradise Lost, containing the address of the Almighty, to the heavenly powers, on the subject of man's redemption, should exemplify variety of tone, and force of emphasis:

Say, heav'nly Pow'rs, where shall we find such love?
Which of ye will be mortal to redeem
Man's mortal crime, and just th' unjust to save?
Dwells in all Heaven charity so dear?
He ask'd, but all the heav'nly quire stood mute,
And silence was in Heav'n: on Man's behalf
Patron or intercessor none appear'd,
Much less that durst upon his own head draw
The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.
And now without redemption all mankind
Must have been lost, adjudg'd to Death and Hell
By doom severe, had not the Son of God
In whom the fulness dwells of love divine,
His dearest mediation thus renew'd.
Father, thy word is past, Man shall find grace;
And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,
The speediest of thy winged messengers,
To visit all thy creatures, and to all
Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unsought?
Happy for Man, so coming; he her aid
Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost;
Atonement for himself or offering meet,
Indebted and undone, hath none to bring.
Behold me then; me for him, life for life
I offer; on me let thine anger fall;
Account me Man; I for his sake will leave
Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee
Freely put off, and for him lastly die
Well pleas'd; on me let Death wreck all his rage;
Under his gloomy pow'r I shall not long
Lie vanquish'd; thou hast giv'n me to possess
Life in myself forever; by thee I live,

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Though now to Death I yield, and am his due
All that of me can die; yet that debt paid,
Thou will not leave me in the loathsome grave
His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul
Forever with corruption there to dwell;
But I shall rise victorious, and subdue
My vanquisher, spoil'd of his vaunted spoil;
Death his death's wound shall then receive, and stoop
Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd.
I through the ample air in triumph high
Shall lead Hell captive maugre Hell, and show
The Pow'rs of darkness bound. Thou at the sight
Pleas'd, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile;
While by thee rais'd I ruin all my foes,
Death last, and with his carcase glut the grave:
Then with the multitude of my redeem'd
Shall enter Heav'n long absent, and return,
Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud
Of anger shall remain, but peace assur'd
And reconcilement; wrath shall be no more
Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire.
His words here ended, but his meek aspect
Silent yet spake, and breath'd immortal love
To mortal men, above which only shone
Filial obedience: as a sacrifice
Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will
Of his great Father. Admiration seiz'd
All Heav'n, what this might mean, and whither tend
Wond'ring.

The following passage from Dr. Young's Night Thoughts, very forcibly exhibits both the emphatic and sentential pauses:

The bell strikes One! We take no note of time
But from its loss: to give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours.
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands despatch:
How much is to be done! My hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? A fathomless abyss!
A dread eternity! how surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me,

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Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?
How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
How passing wonder HE who made him such!
Who center'd in our make such strange extremes!
From diff'rent natures, marvellously mix'd,
Connexion exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguish'd link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, sully'd and absorpt!
Tho' sully'd and dishonour'd, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god!—I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost. At home, a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surpris'd, aghast,
And wond'ring at her own. How reason reels!
O what a miracle to man is man,
Triumphantly distress'd! what joy! what dread!
Alternately transported and alarm'd!
What can preserve my life? or what destroy?
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

(*To be continued.*)

POLITE LITERATURE——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Among the literary publications of Paris, the Journal de l'Empire has deservedly a conspicuous place. Formerly, the Journal des Debats, it assumed, about four years since, its present title, when the change in the government left no longer any debates to report, and is now, though a daily newspaper, chiefly devoted to letters. The editor, Julien-Louis Geoffroy, an ancient abbot, of elegant education and acquirements, is assisted by many men of science; but the department peculiarly his own, is that of Polite Literature. In this, he is distinguished by a sound, classical, independent judgment, and a style of arch and careless raillery, which his enemies (for he is a critic) say is sometimes too ill-natured. The Journal de l'Empire, however, guides the public sentiment of Paris on subjects of taste, and resembles, perhaps more than any French Journal since his time, the Mercure of Marmon-

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tel. We shall have frequent occasion to enrich the pages of The Port Folio from this brilliant Miscellany. The article this day selected is one of considerable interest, as it announces the results of an honourable projet to extend the limits of human knowledge. The flattering auspices under which it commenced excited very high expectations; but the friends of science have to regret that by the loss of the most distinguished persons on the expedition, the care of it devolved on its younger members. We are happy to find, however, that they have acquitted themselves so well, and that science has much to expect from their zeal and industry. The Review is written by Mr. Malte Brun, the author in conjunction with Mentel, of an extensive geographical work, and if we remember aright, a Dane by birth, but long since naturalized in French literature.

A Voyage of Discovery to Australasia, performed by order of H. M. the Emperor and King, during the years 1800—4, *published by an Imperial decree, by Mr. Peron, the Historical Atlas by Messrs. Lesueur and Petit, under the direction of Mr. Melbert. The Geographical Atlas by Mr. Freycinet.* 2 *vols. in* 4*to. and Atlas.* 72 *France.*

ALTHOUGH of this great work there has as yet appeared only the first volume of the account and the corresponding part of the Atlas, the friendship with which we are honoured by the editors enables us to give to the public a general and complete idea of this immortal monument of the courage of the French travellers and of Imperial munificence. Nine years since, Napoleon, after having reestablished public affairs, and laid the first foundations of a solid government, expressed the noble desire of seeing his reign marked by the completion of that long series of geographical discoveries which have made us acquainted with almost all the shores of the habitable world. On the proposal of the Institute, an expedition to New Holland and the Australasian countries in its neighbourhood, was resolved on, to obtain information with regard to those vast regions, which, by the right of prior discovery, belonged to the allies of France, the Dutch and the Spaniards—that part of the world where the Carterets, the Walles, and the Cooks, were ordered to seek a new Peru for the tyrants of the ocean, and in the bosom of which a flourishing colony established at an enormous expense already announced the pretensions and the hopes of England. To complete the discovery of these countries, to verify the observations of preceding travellers, and to become acquainted with all the physical and political advantages of this new world, the wisest plans were traced, the most luminous and precise instructions given, geographers and naturalists of the greatest zeal and talents were chosen and provided with ships, provisions, instruments, with every thing in short necessary

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to fulfil their glorious mission. Peaceable deputies from a great civilized nation to savage tribes, they carried to these deserted children of nature, the most useful presents. The common interest of all European nations in the sciences disarmed the enemies of France, and England opened to these travellers a free passage across her squadrons. All these circumstances seemed to promise to the expedition success the most brilliant and the most useful to science. But alas! the spirit of little personal intrigue, that malignant spirit born amid the ancient civil discords of France, strengthened under the influence of weak and corrupted courts, and become omnipotent under the reign of pretended liberty, that spirit which retards so many great and useful projects, had obtained a fatal ascendancy in the choice of the commander of this expedition. If we believe the authors of this account, these interesting travellers, who, at the call of Glory, rushed into a career so perilous, were confided to the folly of a chief who neglected all his instructions, who ran directly against the obstacles he was directed to avoid, who did not know how to take advantage of winds or currents, who even prevented the researches he ought to have favoured, and to complete the evil, sacrificed to a sordid avarice, or a guilty want of foresight, the health and the lives of all his companions. We are frightened at the picture drawn by the compiler of the voyage, of the sufferings which he shared with the other members of the expedition, sometimes struggling in feeble vessels against the fury of the elements to which the chief abandoned them, sometimes in a slower but more fatal contest with hunger, and thirst, and disease. While Captain Cook made the tour of the world without losing more than a single man, out of the twenty-three scientific travellers who composed the expedition to Australasia, only three have returned. The public believed almost generally that this voyage would produce no acquisition to science, when a Report to the Institute apprized them that (thanks to the indefatigable zeal of Messrs. Peron, Lesueur, Bailly, Freycinet, and some others) the harvest of discoveries in natural history and geography would be infinitely more abundant and interesting than circumstances permitted them to hope, and even that it would much surpass those produced by the most famous English travels. Soon after, from the midst of camps and the snows of Germany, the Emperor ordered the publication of a work which might preserve to posterity the fruits of this great enterprise. In the Imperial decree the name of the chief who had so badly conducted the expedition was not mentioned, nor is it in the whole course of the relation of the voyage. The work when complete will comprise, 1. The Historical Account of the Voyage by Mr. Peron, in 2 vols. in 4to., of which we have the first before us, and we know that the printing of the second is far advanced. 2. The History of the People of Australasia by the same author, which is an al-

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most inseparable continuation of the Historical Account. 3. An Historical Atlas, of which the greater part has appeared, and which is designed by Messrs. Lesueur and Petit, engraved by Messrs. Nee, Roger, Fortier, and other artists of the first rank. 4. An Hydrographical and Geographical Atlas, with explanatory memorials, by Mr. Freycinet, of these we have seen some Charts surveyed and drawn up with admirable care, and which for richness of detail, and exactness of method, leave far behind the best works of the English. 5. A collection of meteorological observations and others, relative to the temperature of the sea. 6. The scientific description of all the objects of Natural History, collected in the voyage.

It is impossible for us to state in a single article all the important results of this great work. However, we believe that till we can in subsequent articles, follow the travellers step by step, the public will learn with pleasure what are the principal fruits of so many labours.

The Eastern and Southern coasts of Van Diemen's Land have been examined and surveyed with the greatest detail. The discoveries of former navigators, partially or imperfectly known, have been connected together, corrected and completed. In this Island, which commands the entrance of the Great Pacific Ocean, they have discovered several canals and ports capable of becoming the seats of very important Colonies.

The question whether New Holland is a single mass of land, or a collection of great Island, has been decided. The part of the Southern coast connecting Nuytsland, with New South Wales, has been discovered, and received the name of Napoleon Land. That vast country presents two gulfs, one called Bonaparte, and the other honoured with the name of Josephine, but neither of these gulfs opens the entrance of that Mediterranean Sea, which some had supposed in the centre of New Holland. The Peninsula Cambaceres, and the Islands Decres and King have been surveyed with great detail. There does not appear to be any great river on this coast.

The West and Northwest coast so much dreaded by navigators have been also examined in detail. Shark's Bay is found to be much more extensive than it appears in former charts. The Archipelago Bonaparte, the Islands Lacepede and Forestier, and a multitude of shoals and rocks border these inhospitable shores, where little salt rivers flow across stony and sandy soils. There is nothing which indicates an opening in this extent of coast. On the other side Captain Flinders has examined anew the gulf of Carpentaria, and all the Eastern coast without being able to penetrate anywhere into the interior of the country. It seems then decided, that New Holland is at least on the coasts, a vast desert without rivers, or straits to facilitate access to the

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interior. Even on the coast, however, there are fertile spots where the vegetation is often very rich, but fresh water is extremely rare. On whatever side you approach this great island, or this continent, you feel a burning wind which seems to rise from the centre of this vast country, and spread itself equally to all the coasts. From this phenomenon, we would be tempted to suppose, that New-Holland is full of sandy deserts, like those of Sahara in Africa: though how to reconcile this dryness and heat, with the extreme height of the mountains, which have resisted all the attempts of the English to cross them, is still a great question to resolve.

Although the island of Timor has been often mentioned by others, the interesting researches made there by our travellers may be considered as equal to a second discovery. Even on the Canary Islands, the beaten track of all voyages, Mr. Peron has found means to be original. The judicious observations of Mr. Bailly refute all the imaginary systems on the island Atlantis.

The interviews which they had with the savages of the different countries are related by Mr. Peron in a manner extremely engaging and instructive. His experiments on the physical force of the individuals of different races of men destroy the opinion entertained of the superiority of savages: in this point of view, the picture of the English colonies he will draw, in the second volume, will excite the liveliest interest in the political world.*

We shall now advert to the observations made by our travellers on the moral and physical character of the savages they visited. The philosophers of Greece saw in savage life only a degradation of the human race, and to make the wandering hordes of the forest submit to the mild yoke of civilization, to exchange their acorns and water for the use of grain, the vine, and the olive, were the exploits which tradition ascribed to the gods themselves. The gratitude of nations raised altars to the inventors of the early arts of social life, and to the legislators, who, by the wisdom of their institutions, enchained the natural ferocity of man. That temple is still standing which the Athenians dedicated to the manes of Theseus, the hero whose victorious arm destroyed, on their rocks and in their caverns, the remains of an incorrigible race, who, in the bosom of rising civilization, wished still to enjoy the unjust advantages which the savage state ensures to force and violence. The ancient historians never so far violated truth as to represent the sa-

* It was understood, before this work was published, that these experiments proved the superior physical strength of the English; a result, to publish which, must have required a sacrifice of national partiality very honourable to Mr. Peron. Σ.

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vage life as enviable. When they describe the Celts immolating every stranger who had fallen into their hands, the Geloni dressing themselves in the skins of the enemies they had slain, the Tibarenians precipitating from rocks their old men, that they might no longer be obliged to support them, the Hyrcanians throwing to the vultures the dead bodies of their fathers, they certainly did not mean to praise the mildness or the humanity of these hordes. But if the savage state, properly so called, present only a disgusting picture, it is not so with that middle state, between barbarism and civilization, which may be termed the spring of social life. Those heroic efforts of an infant nation fighting for its altars and its firesides, that amiable familiarity which assembles in the same temple, and at the same festival, the Prince and the people, high-minded Poverty and modest Wealth, that frank and simple love of country which warms every heart, strengthens every arm, and directs every action: that sweet ingenuousness which pervades the morals and the manners of every class from the throne to the cottage, that character of interest, and even of wonder, that attaches itself to the smallest enterprizes, the most petty wars, or the shortest journies; in short, all that characterizes growing civilization offers a certain bloom of youth, of freshness, and of grace, which ceases with the maturity of civilized life, and above all, is lost in the melancholy old age of nations and empires. It is there that some ardent gloomy spirit, some Tacitus or Rousseau, indignant at the corruption which surrounds them, shocked at the sight of all the vices, perhaps too, secretly weary of the monotony of long civilized society, look around with an unquiet glance, to seek in some region of time or space, the reality of that better world whose image they feel in their own hearts: they believe they have found it in past ages and in distant countries, since distance embellishes everything, while the light and shade of antiquity in displaying only the beauty of the masses conceal whatever might be less agreeable in the details. Those philosophers, however, who, to much imagination, unite a certain degree of firmness and justice, do not seek their ideal world beyond the beauties of civilization—they do not go back to the hapless of mankind, nor the fables of the golden age; they stop at the ages of Homer and of Suidas, of Achilles and of Leonidas, the brilliant adolescence of a few nations privileged by heaven. But the haughty sophists, the ignorant phrasemakers, the political dreamers, all those, in short, who have too often usurped the name of philosophers are not content with these beautiful but simple pictures presented by this happy era of growing refinement. No—it is in the cave of the Cyclops, the bloody forest of the Druids, in the midst of the cannibals of Africa and America, that they seek the models of those portraits by which they would persuade us that the sa-

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vage state is the most natural, the happiest, and the noblest to which man can aspire. Then come the travellers, either full of childish vanity and pretensions to what fools call genius, or else delivering their pompous accounts to be published by self-stiled men of letters, who know nothing but their own language. These little rhetoricians cooly repeat, as so many facts, all the fictions of philosophers and the falsehoods of sophists in favour of savages; and, on their word, good-natured readers consider it all as incontestible truth. Thus it is, that the prejudices in favour of savage life arise, and strengthen, and spread, prejudices which the vulgar deem highly philosophical, though precisely the reverse.

Mr. Peron and his companions had the advantage of living in the midst of these children of nature so much admired by our academicians and romance writers. Alas! these travellers can scarcely boast of the reception they had from the children of nature. In return for the benefits offered to them they acted with the blackest perfidy, and a ferocity without bounds. Mr. Peron thus represents one of the tribes, the least intractable, that which inhabits the island of Maria:

"The physiognomy of these savages is very expressive, the passions display themselves with force and succeed each other with rapidity—variable as their affections, the features of the face follow and are moulded by them—frightful and wild in menace—in suspicion uneasy and treacherous—in laughter of foolish and almost convulsive gayety—among the old, the countenance is sad, hard, and gloomy, and in all persons, generally, at whatever moment they are seen, their look has always something wicked and ferocious which cannot escape an attentive observer, and which but too well corresponds with their character." Neither the presents made to them, nor the amusements they were permitted to enjoy, seemed to inspire them with the the least sentiment of good will. They regarded them only as the tribute offered by weakness, and endeavoured to plunder our travellers by force of all that they carried with them. More than once they threatened to pierce with their *sagais* the author whose account we follow.

"I had scarcely escaped," says he, "from this danger when I found myself exposed in a manner if not as perilous, at least very disagreeable. One of the gold rings I had in my ears excited the wishes of another savage, who, without saying anything, slipped behind me, put his finger slyly into the ring, and pulled it with such force that he would certainly have torn my ear if the ring had not opened. When it is remembered that these were men on whom we had heaped presents, whom we had, if I may so express myself, loaded with looking-glasses, knives, handkerchiefs, snuff-boxes, &c. that I had stripped myself of almost all the buttons of my coat, which, being of gilt brass,

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seemed from their shining to be particularly valuable, that we had yielded to all their caprices and wishes without asking any return for all our presents, it may be seen how perfidious and unjust was their conduct towards us. I might even positively assert, that without Mr. Rouget and his means of frightening them, Mr. Petit and myself would have fallen victims to these wild men. I ought frankly to declare, that all their actions bore the stamp of a perfidy and ferocity, shocking to myself and my comrades, and on comparing what we saw with what had previously happened in the canal to several of our companions, we concluded, that no one should visit these people without sufficient force to restrain their violence or repel their attacks." This opinion of Mr. Peron is, unfortunately, applicable to all savage nations, as may be seen in the accounts of travellers. Even in places where the inhabitants are most praised for their gentleness, Europeans, when alone, or too weak, have run great risks, and very often been the victims of their confidence and generosity. What particularly characterises savage life is the slavery of the women, as, at the other end of the chain, the too great influence of the fair sex announces the corruption of civilized society. The women in Australasia are considered as mere beasts of burden destined to the hardest and most servile labours.

We will finish this sketch by asserting, according to Mr. Cuvier, that all the English travels together have not produced so great a number of discoveries in Natural History. Mr. Leschenault, who left the expedition at Timor, and since travelled into the interior of Java, will give very extensive and valuable information on the botanical part of the voyage. The mineralogy of that part of the world resembles much that of the rest of the globe. Mr. Bailly will, however, inform us of many interesting subjects of physical geography. Zoology is the brilliant part of the voyage. The collection of specimens in this science amounts to more than one hundred thousand pieces, and it is believed contains some thousands of new species. They are principally small quadrupeds, amphibious animals, and the genera mollusca, and zoophyta, to which two last classes chiefly belong the most beautiful discoveries of Mr. Peron, and the most elegant designs of his friend and coadjutor.

Men of letters, who declaim so absurdly against what they call the spirit of minutiæ, that is, the essential spirit of every solid science, will do well to cast a glance on the plates representing the most rare of these animals. They will then, perhaps, permit the judicious part of the public to believe that there are no studies more interesting, more noble, more worthy of man than those which have for their object the wonders which an all-powerful hand has scattered over the whole surface of the globe, from the summits of the Alps and the Andes to the bosom of the earth and the abyss of the seas.

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TRAVELS——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE,

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

LETTER LXII.

In the parts of Paris we are now speaking of, the streets are narrow and dirty, and crowded with carts and carriages, and persons on foot, who all seem intent on some business or other:—the houses are nearly of one appearance, and there are now and then small shops and stalls, with broken victuals for sale, and of sorts which suppose very humble appetites and very great poverty, in those who can be purchasers of them. Beggars are to be met in every part of the city; some of them keep changing to and from different parts of a street, while others have their stations, which they take as regularly as a sentinel mounts guard; stories are told of their meetings of an evening, and of their carousals, but I generally considered such relations as evasions by which an uncharitable disposition conceals itself. How these beggars really subsist is a mystery, for whatever private charity there may be, there is no place on earth where charity shows itself less in public, or where the government is less solicitous about the maintenance of the poor. There are many other distressing objects in the streets who are seen raking in obscure corners for rags and scraps of paper, and bones and pieces of broken glass, which they sell by weight at certain manufactories; they are generally women and frequently advanced in life; I have seen one put a piece of bread into her mouth which she had uncovered in the collected sweepings of the street, and receive a few sous which were put into her hand with all the gratitude of a mind that felt the merciful interference of Providence to protect her from starving. Our present course will conduct us, if you follow the thread, to the head of the Rue de la Monnoie, which leads up from the Pont Neuf, where the Rue Betizi enters it at right angles; it was in this street, and two doors from the north corner, where it joins the Rue de la Monnoie, that Admiral Coligny resided at the time of the St. Barthelemy. To judge from what the present inhabitants assert, and indeed from the appearance of the house, not the least alteration

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has taken place there. I entered the court yard, and stood under what had been the admiral's chamber window, and probably on the spot on which this gallant gentleman once lay extended: he was a man of exalted merit, a stranger in a very corrupt age to every base and selfish motive, and having embraced the protestant religion, which others made a pretext of, from reflection and conviction, he was determined to adhere to it at every risk; in times of peace his mind was fertile in expedients for the good of the people, nor was he less distinguished in war. Above all the commanders of his time he could rise terrible to his enemies after a defeat; he knew how to preserve an army unbroken, though defeated, and could infuse his own unconquerable courage into the breasts of others. It is melancholy that the genius and spirit of this distinguished character should have found their principal employment in the horrors of a civil war, and that the remains of such a hero should have been treated with indignity by such a man as the Duke of Guise, who was himself one of the most distinguished characters of the age he lived in; men like those two with about half a dozen of their friends and followers united, might have fixed the prosperity of their country upon a basis not easily to be shaken. The president, Henault, whom I have made great use of in all I have said to you about France, observes, that we are apt to complain of the dearth of great men, and to regret those times when a number of illustrious names were conspicuous at the same period; great and important events prepared with genius, promoted by all the arts of human ingenuity, and executed with courage, are sure to attract our attention most powerfully; but it frequently happens that the people are far from being rendered happier by a circumstance so agreeable to our imagination. When several individuals, men of high abilities and of great power lay claim at the same time to an equal share in the administration of the government, they generally begin by weakening and by subverting the supreme authority. The Duke of Guise supported by his four aspiring brothers, all equally valiant with himself and possessing the greatest influence by means of their splendid connexions, bore down everything before him. There are many interesting anecdotes related of those times to be found only in books which are very little read, that might amuse you; but I have already too often wandered from my purpose, and must conduct you down the

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Rue de la Monnoie to the extremity of the Pont Neuf, where the torrent of human life seems rolling along without intermission. Hundreds are to be seen here moving in all directions, and amid a constant noise of carriages; there are pedlers offering sometimes a variety of little articles at the same price for each, and hawkers holding out the last bulletin for sale, or reading it to a large circle, and sellers of oranges, and of ready made clothes, and of articles to eat all hot from the frying-pan, and of old books, or of pieces of carpeting, or of prints, strung upon a twine, and there are signs very neatly painted in which you are told that the citizen such a one is ready to run of a message for you, and that he or his wife will shear a lap-dog, or crop his ears, or cure him of the mange; and to make up the group there are beggars at their stands, and the keepers of movable gaming-tables, and musicians, conjurers, and mountebanks selling physic, and lemonadiers, and fortune-tellers. The lemonadier is a man very neatly and rather fantastically dressed, who has a large urn upon his back, from which he offers liquorice and water, and sometimes lemonade to all that pass. Some of these highway musicians perform upon a variety of instruments at the same time, but I could not perceive that they made anything. As the celebrated Elvion of the Feydeau Theatre was passing here once with his wife, they were struck with the distress of a poor musician who was doing his best to attract attention upon an ordinary piano forte, which he accompanied with his voice, and determined both of them to indulge [redacted] frolic of doing a good action. Elvion sat down to the piano and played some favourite air; the lady held a hat out, and half a dozen louis were soon collected for one who perhaps hardly in his life before had ever seen so much money. It must have been some anecdote of this sort that gave rise to what we are told by the poets, of the powers of the celebrated Amphion, who was able by the sounds of his harp to move stocks and stones at the building of Thebes. I have been more than once amused in the midst of all this uproar without confusion, to perceive the grave and silent demeanor of the soldier upon guard, who sometimes interferes with a monosyllable as he walks backwards and forwards upon the pavement, but who is generally as calm and as serene as the angel in Addison's famous simile; by the way I cannot help thinking my application of this figure a better one than the poet's, the

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hero of the campaign was certainly a very great man, but with all his genius for war, his courage and experience, he is said never to have heard the whistling of a cannon ball without dodging. I have walked frequently for half an hour together in the neighbourhood of the Pont Neuf, and have always observed that the fortune-tellers seemed most attended to. Their usual mode of proceeding is by a pack of cards, which they shuffle, and then gravely examine, revealing as they happen to be paid, no doubt, and from a glimpse of the truth which they are expert in catching, the future intentions and dispensation of Providence: I have seen some well-looking young women listening with attention to these seers, and heard one of them tell a young man, in whose countenance there was a great deal of anxiety expressed, the nine of hearts shows me that you have been extremely agitated of late, but I see by the ace of spades that you are about to take a little journey, which will set all to rights again. It is said by those who know Paris, that there are at least fifty fortune-tellers upon the Boulevards between the Vieille rue du Temple and the rue St. Honore; some have tables before them covered with hieroglyphics and magical figures, and frequently a wheel with different compartments; the person who consults, having mentioned his question, accepts a piece of paper to appearance blank, and places it in a compartment of the wheel, a whirl is then given to the wheel, and the slip of paper is drawn out with a sentence written on it, which the consultor applies as he can to his own circumstances, and the object of his curiosity: a little chymical knowledge and some acquaintance with mankind enables the fortune teller to have by him a great variety of what may serve as answers, written with a composition which requires the addition of a certain powder to render the characters that are formed by it legible; and this powder is, as you may suppose, communicated in the wheel. Robberies were formerly committed at night on the Pont Neuf and there was a time when a passenger who crossed the Pont de Change after dark was in danger of being thrown into the river; but the police first set on foot by Louis XIV, and since so materially improved, has long ago put an end to such acts of violence. It protects the meanest as well as the greatest individual, he is safe from everything but the government, but their inferior agents are sometimes capricious as well as their great master, and know how to convert

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an idle and accidental expression, or a ludicrous epigram into an outrage upon the dignity of the sovereign: in those cases the public know nothing about the mode of proceeding, or degree of punishment, which is frequently extended to banishment, sometimes to a remote part of France, and at others to Cayenne, and in certain cases even to death itself. The individual disappears and is no more spoken of. In proceeding along the key as you must now suppose yourself, you have the gallery of the Louvre, and afterwards that of the Thuilleries on the right and the river on the left. On the opposite side at the corner of the rue de Beaune and the Key Voltaire stands the house once the Marquis de Villette's, and where Voltaire resided on his last visit to Paris; it was there and at the theatre that he enjoyed more of that adoration which is sometimes paid to the illustrious dead, than was ever paid to any man living. He had chosen his apartment in an upper story, and Monsieur de Villette to save him the fatigue of the ascent, had contrived a chair to be raised by a pulley, which conveyed him to it at pleasure, while the adjoining room, which served him as a parlour, was decorated and furnished in imitation of a flower-garden. I am convinced, that the return to Paris after so long an exile of this great patriarch of literature, this apostle of infidelity, and the triumph of his party contributed extremely to that fermentation of the mind which ended in the revolution; one of his favourites was Condorcet, who, with all the distinction that wit and science could give him, was yet desirous but a year or two before the revolution of being thought a marquis; and of being one of the teachers of the dauphin. He is the same Condorcet whose speeches against the privileged orders and against that very dauphin were afterwards so bitter: but his end was such as must still excite compassion. At the fall of the Girondist party he had been able to conceal himself for six months in Paris, but fearful at length of being discovered, and perhaps tired of confinement he left the city, but was not able to pass the guards, who were posted a little beyond the suburbs, and yet afraid to return: thus situated, he wandered about the adjoining fields, till absolute want of nourishment drove him to enter a public house, where he was immediately suspected, seized, and sent to prison, and as the magistrates who committed him, were mechanics, new to their office, and who had other cares, he was forgotten in the dungeon for twice four-and-twenty hours, and died of hunger. The houses immediately preceding that, once

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Monsieur de Villette's, are principally the shops of booksellers, but they are much less frequented than formerly, for people never read so little, I am told, as they do at present. The whole key takes its name from Voltaire, it was formerly the Key Mulagnest. It was somewhere in this neighbourhood that I first saw a stereotype printing-office; this mode of printing is costly in the first instance, but in the case of books which are likely to command a permanent sale, it is by far the cheapest in the end; the process is simple and very easily explained—a leaf having been printed in the usual way, it is carefully examined and every fault corrected in the arrangement of the letters from which it was struck off: and these letters thus arranged are then made use of for forming a cast of the whole page—and the pages of a book may be afterwards printed so as to form any number of editions at a very small expense of manual labour. I was glad to see Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield among the stereotype editions, and I was told that there are several other English books, for one solitary vestige of republicanism in France is a fondness for the language spoken by the English and Americans. I have mentioned something in a former letter of the continued improvements and embellishments which are going on in Paris, and nowhere does the good sense which directs them appear more conspicuously than along the united galleries of the Louvre and the Thuilleries, which have been pierced in a variety of places, so as to open a communication for carriages with the rue St Honore and the environs of the Palais Royale. The Emperor indeed seems desirous of conciliating the affections, as well as of commanding the admiration of his good people of Paris; he pays them the sort of compliment which Alexander did the Athenians; his efforts are all however, I believe to no purpose. I have mixed with the people upon great occasions, when their partiality in his favour, if it had existed, must certainly have shown itself, and I saw nothing of it; they admire his good fortune, and think highly of his talents, but they have not even the affectation of attachment to his person; this is contrary to what usually characterizes the Parisians, and can only be attributed to the number of poor and obscure individuals whom he has raised to be princes and rich men over them. But we will return to this subject hereafter, and continue our walk homewards through the Thuilleries. If the accounts which I have seen of these gardens before the revolution be true, the Parisians who are so devoted to walking are under obligations to

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the present government; they are kept in perfect order and not the smallest indecorum is permitted. It was here and in the midst of the convention, assembled at a respectful distance round his person, that Robespierre solemnized the festival he had proposed in honour of the Supreme Being: an immense multitude had crowded the gardens, and the hope was, that a new order of things would take place, and the cruel operation of the guillotine be suspended; but the tyrant who might upon these terms, and with a victorious army at his orders, have established himself in power for life perhaps, was impelled by his sanguinary temper to disclose further views of destruction, nor did he sufficiently conceal upon this, as he had done upon former occasions, the extent of his ambition—he acted as high priest in the ridiculous ceremony, and suffered a considerable space to intervene as he walked in the procession between himself and the rest of the convention. There are always chairs to be hired in the gardens, with the newspapers of the day, and I have often rested myself in this manner after a walk of several miles through very obscure places, which seemed as remote from the splendour of the surrounding scene at the Thuilleries, as the grossness of the middle ages was from the refinement of the present day. A French newspaper is in general less worth reading than you can possibly imagine. The criticisms it contains are influenced by the only species of party spirit which dares show itself. The accounts of public events are such as the agent of the police approves, and when the editor is left a little more to himself, as in speaking of America for instance, his information is very far from correct. His ignorance of our laws and manners, and his misconception of our public proceedings, leads him into the most ridiculous mistakes. The report of a committee, for instance, is frequently given as a law, and a motion in congress for regulating and putting an end to the slave-trade, is represented to the world as a bill for the emancipation of negroes—That the editor of a newspaper who is so circumscribed in point of time, and obliged frequently to employ very ignorant people, should be led into such mistakes and misrepresentations, does not surprise me;—but I am astonished that a man of Volney's literary celebrity should have known us so little, or should have had so little respect for himself, as to lend his name to the foolish and scandalous observations which disgrace his otherwise accurate account of the United States: we

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are, according to him, a lazy, avaricious, corrupt, rude, ignorant, and tea-drinking set of barbarians.* Our meals, which are confined to one or two coarse ingredients, are rendered still more unwholesome by bad cookery. Our attachment to the laws and constitution of our country, in all those at least who are called federalists, is mere pretence, the secret object in view is to reestablish the British empire in America, or some monarchy of our own, and if we are preserved from such evils, it can only be (God help us) by the friendship of France, and the virtues of Mr. J———. From having scarcely any newspapers, the French nation passed suddenly at one period of the revolution to the opposite extreme, and had too many. Every leader of a party either conducted a paper or had one in his pay, and the tyrant of the day whatever his measures might be, was sure of seeing them applauded every morning in twenty or thirty different papers, which were sent all over the republic. It was by these means that the public credulity and good faith were abused and imposed upon; that which should have been the food of the human understanding, was converted into poison, and one of the best of God's good gifts most villainously abused. A file of the Moniteurs might afford an interesting chapter in the history of the human mind. It would exhibit the same people, and with very short intervening intervals, in very different points of view; holding out one day the expressions of a grateful nation to the Supreme Being for the safety of Robespierre, and committing him the next to the execration of future ages, as the greatest, bloodiest, and meanest of all tyrants. Of the effect of these daily productions upon the language and literature of France we will speak hereafter; they were very much restrained under the directory, and the subsequent change of government has entirely restored them to their former insipidity. They are now tameness itself in all political discussions, except where their exertions are animated by a sentiment of hatred against Russia or Sweden, and particularly against England, which is the great obstacle to every project of ambition, and consequently the great mark for the arrows of invective. This is a

* A Journalist of some reputation expresses his surprize in a review of Volney's book, that Congress had not employed French bakers to travel into the different States in order to instruct the Americans in the art of making bread.

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miserable sort of warfare, and fit only for a set of hirelings: but the Emperor himself disdains not, in imitation of his great predecessor Commodus, to put on occasionally the armour of a common gladiator, and to descend into the arena. He either dictates or contributes to whatever is most bitter and malignant in the Moniteur; and were he not known by that circumstance, he might yet be easily distinguished by his style, for singular as it may appear, though he speaks it pretty well, he has never learnt to write correctly the language of the people among whom he was brought up, and over whom he reigns.

BIOGRAPHY.

It has been observed that one of the greatest advantages in Biography is the display of the formation and progress of character. This exhibition is, perhaps, still more useful in professional, than in general subjects. The young divine, physician, counsellor, lawyer, merchant, and soldier, though he may receive entertainment, information and instruction from the history of men, in all conditions, yet will derive lessons more beneficial to him from viewing him in such a state and circumstances as he is himself likely to be.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF JOHN BLAIR LINN.

(*Continued from page 29.*)

The succeeding two years of his life passed in diligent and successful application to the duties of his pastoral office. The increasing infirmities of his venerable colleague made these duties in no small degree heavy to a young man, who was just beginning his career, and who, as yet, had not acquired the benefits of preparation and experience. Heavy though they were, and punctual and meritorious as was his diligence in their performance, his active spirit found leisure to compose two poems, the last of which was of considerable length, during this interval.

The first was a poem on the death of Washington, written in imitation of the style of Ossian, whom Mr. Linn held in higher estimation than any other poet. This performance was a happy specimen of this style, and the author's success was the more remarkable, on account of the disparity between the theme he had

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chosen, and those topics to which the Caledonian poet had consecrated his song.

His second attempt was more grave and arduous. It was a didactic essay on those powers from which poetry itself derives its spirit and existence. The subject of this poem is explained by its title, "The Powers of Genius." It is a rapid and pleasing descant upon the nature and operations of genius, and a general view of its origin and progress. It is accompanied with notes, by which doubtful passages are explained, and the reasonings of the poet amplified, confirmed, and illustrated, by new and apposite examples.

Mr. Linn has justified himself, in bestowing some of his leisure on subjects of this kind, by observing, in his preface to this work, that "literature, next to religion, is the fountain of our greatest consolation and delight. Though it be a solemn truth that the deepest erudition, disconnected with religion, cannot enlighten the regions beyond the grave, or afford consolation on the bed of death, yet, when united with religion, literature renders men more eminently useful, opens wider their intellect to the reception of divine light, banishes religious superstition, and bows the knee, with purer adoration, before the throne of God. Literature on the rugged journey of life scatters flowers, it overshadows the path of the weary, and refreshes the desert with its streams. He who is prone to sensual pursuits may seek his joy in the acquirement of silver and gold, and bury his affections with the treasure in his coffers. The nobler soul, enlightened by genius and taste, looks far above these possessions. His riches are the bounty of knowledge, his joys are those which wealth cannot purchase. He contemplates Nature in her endless forms, and finds companions, where men of different pursuits would experience the deepest solitude."

Those phantoms which genius produces, and taste embellishes, had a powerful influence over the imagination of Mr. Linn. External objects were habitually viewed by him through a poetical medium, and seldom through any other. Their attractions, in his eyes, and their merit, consisted almost wholly in their power to inspire emotion, and exalt the fancy. The deductions of pure science, whether mathematical, physical, or moral, he held in very slender estimation: their simplicity was to him naked and insipid, dreary and cold. His natural temper, and all his habits of meditation, eminently fitted him for a poet; the subject of this work had been fa-

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miliar to his earliest conceptions; and he expatiated in this element as in one most congenial to his nature.

After describing genius, and fixing on invention as its most suitable criterion, he proceeds to show the alliance between genius and fancy, judgment and sympathy. He then, in a rapid manner, describes the progress of genius, and illustrates the independence of rules, which it sometimes manifests, by the example of Shakspeare, Ossian, Ariosto, and Burns.

The influence of culture on genius naturally calls to the poet's mind the image of Edwin, and the various forms of excellence which genius is qualified to uphold leads him into an enumeration of celebrated names, in various departmens of prose and verse.

Some of the moral stimulants and effects of genius are next displayed; narrative is called in to the aid of precept, and the poem closes with a concise view of the progress of genius in different countries; Egypt, Greece, Italy, Britain, and America. To his native country the poet is patriotically partial, and not only predicts her future eminence in literature, but deems the progress she has already made by no means contemptible.

The merit of this performance has received the best testimony of which merit of this kind is susceptible, in the approbation of the public. The work, in a few months after its first appearance, demanded a new edition, and it has been published in a very splendid style in Europe.

Several smaller pieces were published in the same volume with this poem, some of which have merit considerably above mediocrity, and manifest a genius in the writer which only wanted the habits of reflection and revision to entitle him to a high rank in the fraternity of poets.

Mr. Linn's temperament was sanguine, and his health at all times extremely variable. From his earliest infancy, he was liable to fits of severe indisposition, which, to one of his peculiar temper, were of far more importance than they would have proved to another. There was a powerful sympathy between his body and mind. All disorders in the former produced confusion and despondency in the latter. He was always prone to portend an unfavourable issue to his disease, and being deeply impressed with the belief that he was doomed to an early grave, every sickness was considered as the messenger appointed to fulfil his destiny.

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It was not, however, till the year 1802 that his constitution received any lasting or material injury. In the summer of this year, he set out on a journey to New-York. The weather being extremely hot, and the chaise affording no effectual protection from the rays of a burning sun, he was suddenly thrown into a swoon, which was followed by an ardent fever. This accident occurred near Woodbridge, in New-Jersey, and he was carried from the road, by some passengers, to the hospitable roof of Dr. Rowe, a clergyman of that place.

From this attack he recovered sufficiently in a few days, to enable him to return home; but from that period to his death, every day's experience evinced that this accident had done his constitution an irreparable mischief. His nervous system appeared, for sometime, to have been chiefly affected, and in a way particularly distressful and deplorable, since it interfered with his duty as a preacher. In attempting to speak, his brain was frequently seized with a torpor and dizziness, which made it difficult for him to keep himself from falling. The same affection sometimes attended him while walking or sitting. Its visits were capricious and uncertain. It would sometimes afford him a respite of days or weeks. Its returns were sudden and unlooked for, and it always brought in its train a heavy dejection of mind, and equally unfitted him for the performance of his public duties, and for obtaining relief from any solitary occupation or social amusement.

No one could struggle with his infirmity more strenuously than Mr. Linn. His family can bear witness to his efforts to fulfil his public duties, notwithstanding this secret enemy. So successful were these efforts, that he often preached with his usual energy and eloquence, when nothing but the rails of his pulpit supported him, and when a deadly sickness pervaded his whole frame.

That his powers of reasoning and reflection were unimpaired by this accident, he very soon afforded an incontestible proof, in the spirit with which he carried on a short controversy, during this year, with Dr. Priestley.

Dr. Priestley, who acquired so much celebrity in Europe, had, a few years before this, taken up his abode in the United States. His zeal for knowledge was by no means diminished by the circumstances which occasioned his exile, and his attachment to the controversial mode of advancing knowledge was as ardent as

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ever. His numerous publications, however, during the early years of his residence among us, were chiefly confined to politics and chymistry. His moral and theological effusions failed to waken the spirit of controversy, till the publication of a short treatise on the merits of Socrates, in the year 1802. In this performance, Dr. Priestley drew a comparison between Jesus Christ and Socrates, in which the former was degraded, agreeably to the socinian system, to the level of mere humanity, while the merits of the latter were exalted to a higher pitch than, in the opinion of Mr. Linn, strict justice allowed.

This comparison was instituted between the two persons, in relation to their moral qualities only, and Priestley's design was to maintain the superiority of Jesus, even admitting the most favourable suppositions that have been formed with regard to the character of Socrates, and the least favourable ones with regard to Christ. In both these points, however, he was deemed by some to be highly blamable, inasmuch as he admitted and argued upon suppositions erroneous and unjust in both cases.

The great fame and veteran skill of Priestley, and the consciousness of his own youth and inexperience, did not intimidate Mr. Linn from stepping forth in a cause in which religion and morality were deeply interested. Those points in the conduct of the Athenian sage, which had been hastily admitted as authentic by Dr. Priestley, underwent an impartial and rigid scrutiny from his young opponent; the dreams of traditional credulity were subjected to a critical investigation; and while the character of Socrates was degraded to its proper point in the scale, the transcendent merits of Christ, both in his human and divine capacity, were urged with unusual eloquence.

The true nature and office of Christ could not fail of coming strongly into view on this occasion, and a second reply, to a second publication of Mr. Linn, was the last and dying effort of Priestley on this sublunary stage, in favour of the socinian doctrines.

The merits of Mr. Linn in this controversy seem to be generally acknowledged, both by the friends and enemies of the cause which he espoused. The latter withheld not their admiration from the knowledge and genius displayed in these productions, and which, while they would do credit to any age, were peculiarly honourable and meritorious in so youthful an advocate.

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If he has treated his venerable adversary with undue asperity, as some of Dr Priestley's adherents are disposed to believe, his youth, and the importance of the tenets he supported, will abundantly plead his excuse with impartial minds. Instead of deserving blame for that degree of warmth which he displayed, he is rather entitled to eminent praise, for preserving his warmth within such rigid limits. Those who are acquainted with the spirit of religious disputes will only be surprised at the moderation which so ardent and impetuous a mind was able to maintain, in so delicate a controversy, and of which it is difficult to find another example.

There was no one, however, who regarded these asperities with less indulgence than himself. For Dr. Priestley's attainments in the physical sciences, he entertained a high veneration, and abhorred that spirit of animosity and rancour, with which literary controversies are generally managed. His own conduct in this respect, though so little culpable, gave him regrets, which the death of his opponent contributed to augment.

During this period, he likewise indulged himself in putting together the materials of a poem, to which he intended to entrust his future fame, as a poet. The scheme was somewhat of an epic nature, but he did not intend to restrict himself by any technical rules or canons. He merely aspired to produce a narrative in verse, which should possess the qualities which render verse delightful, and make a narrative interesting and instructive.

The poem which he left behind him, and which his friends have deemed it but justice to his memory to publish, is, in some respects, sufficiently entire for the press, but is, in fact, only a fragment of a plan, copious and comprehensive. It is contained in the present volume, and will come before the public tribunal with many silent apologies for its defects. The writer is disabled from revising and correcting his own labours, and sacred modesty forbids a surviving friend to prune or to retrench, without any warrant but his own frail judgment. It may be said to be, like its author, called to its account burthened with those imperfections, which a longer preparation and probation might have lessened or removed.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

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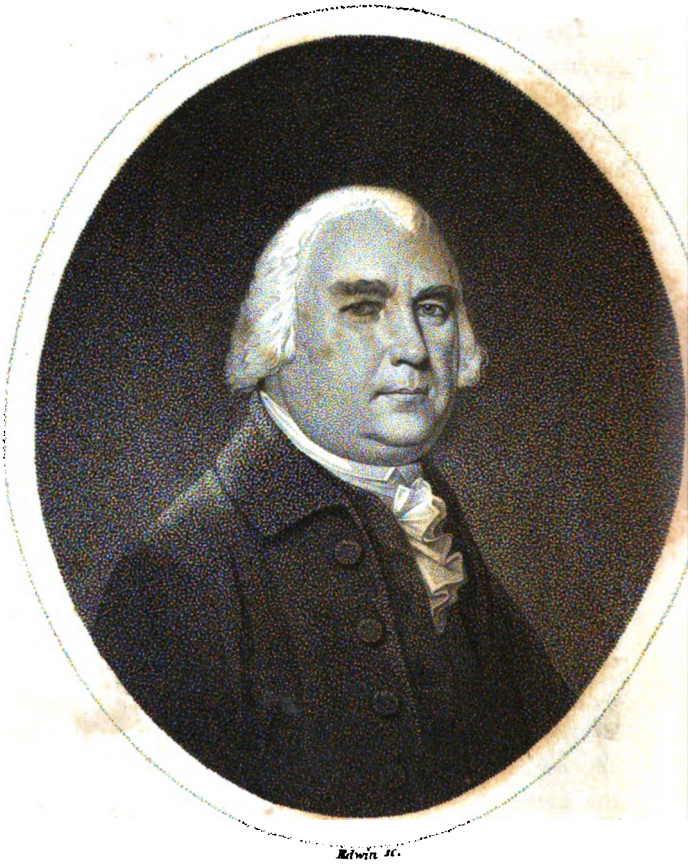

Edwin sc.

Isaac Smith Esq.r Ætat 56.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF ISAAC SMITH, ESQ.

THE gentleman, who is the subject of the ensuing very brief, imperfect, and slight sketch, was liberally educated at the seminary of Princeton, in the State of New-Jersey. He graduated in the year 1755. In the interval which elapsed between the taking of his Bachelor's and his Master's degree, he exercised the honourable office of Tutor in that celebrated College. Emancipated, at length, from the shackles of Academical Discipline, he commenced the practice of Physic; and many a grateful patient still remembers the tenderness, the attention, the assiduity, and all the *lenient* arts of the benevolent SMITH. The fair character of this gentleman merits the particular notice of the American Biographer. From the commencement of our troubles with Great Britain, he was eminently distinguished for his patriotic services in the cause of his country. In an arduous, and ever memorable struggle, like another Lucullus, associating valour with discretion, he displayed the spirit of a Soldier, and the sagacity of a Statesman. In the year 1776, he commanded a regiment; and, during that dark period of danger and dismay, his conduct was distinguished by fortitude, and perseverance. Soon after this eventful epoch, he was appointed one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of New-Jersey; and, for the space of eighteen years, discharged, with the greatest dignity and fidelity, the important duties of that arduous and responsible office. About this time, he was elected by the suffrages of the State, to the honourable station of a Member in the Lower House of Congress, where his high character for political wisdom, and decided integrity, were accurately known and justly valued by all his political friends; and in particular, by that illustrious pair of Patriots, WASHINGTON and ADAMS, with whom he was in habits of the closest intimacy. Endowed with fine talents, blessed with bright and just perceptions, and enjoying the glorious privileges of Classical Education, he united in delightful and honourable assemblage, the characters of a Christian, a Scholar, a Soldier, and a Gentleman.

We are indebted to the courtesy of a liberal friend for the ensuing inscription upon the tomb of Judge Smith. Of this tribute to departed

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worth we are ignorant of the author; but we should be cold to another, and unjust to ourselves, if we did not describe this Epitaph as a successful specimen of the *Lapidary style.*

In Memory
of
ISAAC SMITH, Esqr.
Who departed this life August 29, 1807,
In the 68th year of his age.
With Integrity, and Honest Intentions,
As a Physician and Judge,
To the best of his Ability,
He distributed Health and Justice,
To his Fellow Men,
And died
In Hopes of Mercy,
Through A REDEEMER.

THE DRAMA——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Dread o'er the scene, the ghost of Hamlet stalks;
Othello rages, poor Monimia mourns;
And Belvidera pours her soul in love:
Terror alarms the breast; the comely tear
Steals o'er the cheek; or else the Comic Muse
Holds to the world a picture of itself,
And raises sly the fair impartial laugh;
Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes
Of beauteous life; whate'er can deck mankind
Or charm the heart in generous Bevil show'd.—THOMSON.

UNDER this title we shall not at present examine the merits or demerits of ancient tragedy or comedy. To many of the readers of a miscellany like this, it is of little consequence whether Euripides wrote more sweetly than Æschylus; or whether the wit of Plautus or the merriment of Terence more highly gratify the laughter-loving disciple of the classic school. We shall according to the rule of rhetoric place an interesting subject, as a strong argument, in the beginning, to invite favourable attention to future lucubrations; and chivalric in our writings as our temper we shall not deviate from the practice of knight-errantry, but send forth a favourite champion to conciliate the affections and win the smiles of the crowded theatre. With a lance then of unbending strength, a shield, dazzling, yet full of beauties, emblazoned with every variety of colours, yet all glowing and inimitable, and a countenance beaming with courteous smiles, Shakspeare com-

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mences the tournament. And as a single view can embrace but a small portion of his varying merits we now present him only in the garb of the Thane of Cawdor.

Macbeth, if not the best of Shakspeare's plays, is excelled by few of the productions of him who is justly described as the "truest painter that ever dipped his pencil in the cup of human life." The strength, the richness, the harmony and the splendor of its language, the finely depicted passions in its different scenes, the exhibition of a new world on the stage, which no mortal had presumed to touch upon before, are all acknowledged proofs of the hand of a master. But while all agree in admiring these features of the tragedy, sentiment is by no means united with regard to the hero of the piece. In pursuance of the *brille* of some critic Pope the favourite opinion seems to be, that Macbeth when first introduced is a virtuous character; brave, manly and honourable; but that seduced by the *prophetic greetings* of the weird sisters which open to his contemplation, *imaginings* before unknown, and afterwards led on by the instigations of his wicked wife, he becomes the bloody tyrant which the latter acts exhibit him. With deference and respect for the father commentator, we shall undertake to show that the Thane of Glamis, as well as King and Cawdor is deficient at the period when our acquaintance with him commences both in the principles of virtue and of true heroism: that uninvited by temptation he had passed the former part of his life, free from any atrocious crime, but that he had only wanted opportunity and inducement to commit any villainy: and that, although able at times to exhibit a show of courage, it was but the faint shadow of real heroism, and that he was by constitution and character, little short of a coward.

At the commencement of the play two characters are presented to our view formed in different moulds. One of them is evidently pure and virtuous, without fear and without reproach. By a comparison with him then, we may be enabled to form an estimate of the merits of the other. Banquo is a gallant soldier and a virtuous man; his conduct is that of purity itself; in proportion then as the demeanor of his "noble partner" differs from his own, it varies from the line of virtue. The different effects produced on their minds by the prophecies cannot be mistaken. Macbeth at once "starts and looks pale." Banquo neither begs nor fears their favours nor their hate." In the former the workings of a vicious mind display

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themselves at once in his agitated manner. When the witches vanish he dwells with heavy thought upon their *great predictions*, and utters a fervent wish that *they had staid*. Banquo though promised honours not much less than his, considers them as bubbles of the earth and thinks no more of them.

On the arrival of the royal messengers the two characters are perhaps fully displayed. Banquo, ever on his guard against the seductions of vice, cautions his partner against their influence, who yields entirely to all his *supernatural solicitings*, which he knows *cannot be good*. He acknowledges a *suggestion of horrid image*, a *thought of murder*; and then conceals his feelings and hypocritically dissembles the load that presses on his heart. Afterwards at the palace his guilt shows itself in the following lines:

"——Stars, hide your fires.
" Let not light see my *black* and *deep* desires:
" The eye wink at the hand! yet let *that be*,
" Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see."

Thus far, it must be remembered, he proceeds without having seen his wife; the *thought*, the *suggestion*, and the *horrible imaginings* are all exclusively his own. His mind does not exhibit merely a spark of guilt, latent, and feeble, which may be excited by instigation or ambition, by the wily arts of wicked woman, or the tempting seductions of envy or avarice: it is already a flame enkindled and nourished by the violence of his own passions, and threatening to consume him. I should blush for human nature if I could suppose that even the majority of men were base enough to feel as he felt, and to be led away by so precarious and uncertain a hope as could be excited by the promise of *earthly bubbles*, or at best of airy phantasies, whatever might be his confidence in their power or efficiency. If it be said his expressions were but the momentary effusions of a harassed mind, and that they would have led to no wicked deed, I answer " the golden mind stoops not to shows of dross."

The character given of her Thane by Lady Macbeth, has been considered a true description of his merits and disposition. If a comparison with her be the just criterion of his purity, he was pure indeed; for a demon is an angel of light compared with such a woman. To her he seemed virtuous because she had gone far beyond him in guilt; she was therefore incapable of judging of vir-

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tue, a quality that had no existence in her mind. But even she describes him as rather *fearing to do, than wishing to have undone*, as wicked enough to do a deed of shame, but shrinking from the perpetration. When his wife first converses with him on the subject of the murder, he does not revolt from the idea as if new to him, but entertains the project as if long familiar: he agrees at once to "look like the innocent flower, and be the serpent under it," and only wishes to *confer further on the business*. When alone, he has full opportunity to reflect on the enormity of the contemplated crime, and to repent of his wicked determination; and he does for a moment relinquish the idea. Not because conscience tells him it is wrong; her voice is never heard: not because he anticipates punishment hereafter; he disregards futurity: but because the assassination, which he considers nothing, will not trammel up the consequence. What consequence? the judgment *here*, "but here, upon this bank and shoal of time:" and though he advances as auxiliary arguments, the rights of hospitality, and the meek virtues of *this Duncan*, yet they are merely brought in with a *besides*, after his mind has been operated on by its childish fears. On his informing Lady Macbeth that he will proceed no farther, she declares it to be his own project, which he first broke to her: and when assured that they cannot fail, he becomes immediately settled to the bloody deed.

Could a mind of innocence or virtue be actuated by feelings and so readily prompted to deeds like these? a moment of unbridled passion whether of love or hatred, may sometimes be the season of the greatest crime; but when passion ceases, remorse ensues. Not so with Macbeth. His fears of discovery are the only torments he endures. If ambition be his excuse it was an ambition founded in corruption, not in virtue, and the superstition of his nature which induced him to believe the prediction of royalty might have rendered him satisfied to wait patiently until fate should crown him. This very superstition then forms an argument against his former virtue rather than in its favour. It is occasions that try men, and if no inducement had been offered to commit a crime, Macbeth would gain no credit by remaining to all appearance virtuous; it is in the resistance of temptation that merit appears triumphant.

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The ensuing murders, and the various acts of unnecessary cruelty that his reign exhibited, may be considered the natural results of his regicide. I shall not therefore dwell upon them as evidences of the depravity of his mind, but proceed to the other part of his character—his want of courage.

Macbeth has often been compared with Richard: and as the portraits were both executed by the same master it is but reasonable to collect an opinion of one, by a comparison with the other. But *quantum distat ab illo*. Richard is respectable in the midst of crimes; Macbeth is contemptible even on the throne. The one acts the tyrant, but he does it boldly; the other trembles under the weight of his dearly purchased crown. Surrounded by the trappings of royalty, he is in perpetual fear. A brave man it is said is never cruel, but when cruelty is necessary to promote his ambitious views: such appears to have been the idea of Shakspeare, for every step of Richard's was calculated to reach the *golden crown*, or to preserve it securely *on his brow;* but the massacres of women and children, are but the disgraceful evidences of an irresolute as well as a wicked heart. Macbeth is never for a moment at rest until assured that "none of woman born shall harm him." Then, and not until then, *pale-hearted fear* is lulled to rest and slumbers only while his delusion lasts: As long he is invulnerable he has nothing to fear and of consequence fears nothing: but the moment he resumes an equality with other men, "then comes his fit again." He is ready to fly, his *better part of man is cow'd*, and fame and honour are sacrificed at the shrine of fear.

It was a rule of the ancient drama that actions and events exhibited on the stage should rather be impossible, if they approach to probability, than that they should be possible, if without the limits of probability. In the tragedy of Macbeth, the author has preserved this rule. Reason shows the scenes to be impossible, yet as to a vulgar mind they do not appear unnatural or altogether improbable, there is nothing abhorrent in their representation. The ghosts and witches are a pleasing machinery; they are the exuberant productions of a fertile mind. We forget their nature and admit them as familiar companions in the play.

I.

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MISCELLANY——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

I'll range the plenteous intellectual field,
And gather every thought of sovereign power
To chase the moral maladies of man.—Dr. YOUNG.

Mr. Oldschool,

Unfortunately for me, I am not blessed with any extraordinary placidity of temper. Trifles provoke me. But when vexations of more importance excite the tempest of my passion, I must give it vent; as I now do by uttering my complaints to you. I was sitting a few evenings ago, in a room-full of company, at the side of a charming girl, enjoying the delightful hilarity of soul, produced by my situation, and interchanging opinions with her on various interesting topics; when our attention was suddenly arrested by a pair of scrutinizing eyes most intently fixed on us, and apparently endeavouring to read the inmost thoughts of our souls. My fair companion immediately deserted her seat, and I was left like a disappointed Tantalus, enraged to see the delicious fruits snatched from my very lips. I muttered a half-formed oath, flew to my desk to prevent my blood-vessels from breaking, and now most generously bestow the ebullitions of my rage on you.

Now in truth, good Sir, nothing more completely deprives me of all patience, than the officiousness of certain busy, intermeddling people, who eternally pester society with their conjectural remarks, and significant shrugs to the dreadful annoyance of all honest beings, who, like myself, follow the dictates of their inclination, instead of consulting the sometimes absurd etiquettes of the world. You will be surprised, Mr. Oldschool, when I tell you, that there are very many of these prying animals, even in the most polished circles of this courtly metropolis. But it is a melancholy fact: in our most splendid ball-rooms, where youth and beauty trip it "on the light fantastic toe of fancy," or at a pleasant *converzatione*,* where sympathetic souls indulge in the social converse, these dampers of pleasure abound, and poison all our enjoyments. They resemble the little buzzing Summer-fly that intrudes upon our moments of repose, and by its incessant humming, destroys the possibility of rest. And let me tell these gentry, I should not condescend to take notice of them, were it not for the restraint they impose on society, and that Vice, when reflected in a faithful mirror, is sometimes frightened at its own deformity. It seems to be the business of their lives to pry into the secrets of others; and when

* Vulgarly called, a scald—or still more emphatically, a tea-fight.

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their ingenuity has discovered, or invented anything unknown to the rest of the world, they open cry, and like yelping curs, proclaim it to every fool that will lend an attentive ear.

This disposition is not confined to either sex: but is as prevalent among the men, as among the fair beings of the softer mould. It is the mode of amusement resorted to by old bachelors, soured by disappointment: by young fops without brain enough to converse on rational subjects, their ideas never extending beyond the cut of a new coat, or the polish of the shining liquid blacking: and by indolent loungers, too lazy, or too ignorant to contribute to the entertainment of others. We find it very prevalent among coquettes of ancient date, who by dint of coquetry, have coquetted themselves out of all chance of a husband: among belles of declining fame, exercised towards the rising generation: and among pert misses, toward those women whose accomplishments of mind and manners have obtained them that distinguished rank of which their more youthful competitors would fain deprive them. These are the most prominent characters of the sect, but there are others of all ages, sizes, sorts, and descriptions, who occasionally indulge in this idle habit. Old people, more particularly, direct their remarks to the youthful and gay; and prove extremely troublesome to the lad of spirit, who sometimes sips the "flowing bowl" at "midnight's 'witching hour," or occasionally throws by the musty pages of Coke, for the more fair and legible characters stamped by the hand of divinity on the face of woman. They always remind me of my grandmother—good old soul—who, when I would come down to the breakfast table, at half past nine or ten, would boast that she had been up ever since six o'clock. Now, heaven knows, the old lady could not have slept one moment longer, had the state of the weather, or the fate of the nation depended upon it. But the memory after long service becomes weaker, and the maturity of age destroys the recollection of youthful feelings.

But a still more serious consequence results from the conduct I reprobate—the diminution of marriages. The ladies of Philadelphia are conspicuously gifted with beauty, both of person and mind; they are a very superior race of beings; uniting the vivacity of the French, with the excellent habits of the English. Their manners polished; their minds richly cultivated; in beauty unrivalled; possessing those indescribable graces which are only known by their effects; taking the judgment prisoner, and making their way direct to the heart; not devoid of those whims and caprices of their sex, which enhance their charms; increasing the brilliancy of the diamond, by adding to its points; and which have been well compared to "shrubs which we would not plant in laying out an improvement, but which it would be want of taste to root out, when fixed there by the hand of Nature."

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Such are the fair sex of our city. The young men are as numerous, and generally as accomplished, as those of any other metropolis. Yet, with so many circumstances inviting to domestic life, the temple of Hymen is almost deserted. Now and then, a solitary pair kneel at his shrine, and their extraordinary piety, is as much the subject of wonder, as a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, or a voyage to the Moon. Nor need we look far for the cause. The delicacy of a female shrinks from observation; and cannot bear the inquiring gaze, even of the insignificant being she may despise. The most amiable light in which we can view a lovely woman, is that of retiring modesty; how base then the conduct, which would put such modesty to the blush. Yet, we often see the bosom of youthful innocence, sensitive as the shorn lamb to the bleak and wintry wind, wounded by the remarks of unfeeling Impertinence. Should an ardent admirer attempt to whisper his soft tale of passion, the fair one must render her heart callous to the voice of humanity and love, or submit to feel her virgin cheek empurpled with the burning blush of indignation, excited by the most cruel observations.

Then come the congratulations of her dear good friends, the allusions and attempts at wit of her companions, and all the routine of smiling, shrugging, nodding, winking, and divers other modes of displaying superior wisdom; till the poor girl is fairly obliged to hate the man who adores her, and whom she could have tenderly loved, had she been permitted to follow the dictates of her own heart. Thus are nipped in the bud, a thousand incipient loves, that would crown each circling year with joy, give enchantment irresistible to the blooming cheek of beauty, and confer the blessings of domestic harmony on many, who are now condemned to the maddening glooms of celibacy.

ORIN.

TRANSLATED FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LEIPSIC FAIR.

THE late Fair has proved that the war has not relaxed the activity of the German writers. It has only diverted their attention, in part, from objects of science to political and military events. There is no end to the books and pamphlets on Prussia; of which the catalogue of the Fair contains upwards of a hundred. Among them, the most distinguished are, the "Observations on the Campaign," by Colonel Massenbach, and an anonymous pamphlet, entitled "The Prussians at Dantzic." There is a swarm too of political projects, and even

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"Prophecies for the year 1808," the publisher of which has not miscalculated, at least in his project of making money by them. A celebrated novel-writer, Mr. Richster, known by the name of John Paul, has endeavoured to put an end to these discussions by his "Sermon of Pacification." The politics of the day, have given currency to some Historical and Geographical works. England has been singularly praised in the "Relation" of Mr. Gæde, of which the second edition has appeared. Anderson's voyage to Zealand, translated from the English, is not of much importance. Two translations have appeared of the Voyage to Australasia, and of that of Olivier in Persia. The superb work of Soloyns, on the Hindoos, is already in part translated. There is also an Asiatic Collection of the Letters on Indostan, by Mr. Best, and a crowd of Philosophical Considerations, or Historical Compilations on the Religion, Manners, and Commerce of India. But we should distinguish, as a prodigy of erudition, the Geography of Indostan, by Wahl, of which the second volume has been published: it is to be regretted, however, that the manner of its execution, renders it scarcely legible; for attached to the text, there are frequently notes of ten, twenty, or even fifty pages, full of Arabian, Persian, or Sanscrit words. The introduction of the French code into several states of the German confederation, has given rise to more than thirty attempts at translations and commentaries. But it is expected that they will be all eclipsed by the system of French law, publishing by Mr. Erhard, a celebrated Jurist and Aulic Assessor. Dr. Kern has written a sort of General Philosophy of the new French law, under the title of the "Spirit of Napoleonism."

In the midst of political changes, the peaceful altars of the Greek, Latin, and German Muses, are not deserted. There have appeared editions of Euripedes, Plautus, Persius, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Vitruvius, and some other classics. A translation of Sophocles, and two which are begun of Æschylus, have not given great satisfaction; but that of the Greek Pastoral Poetry, by Voss, and of Cicero's Letters, by Wieland, gain universal approbation. There are a great number of Novels, and Collections of Poetry. The "New Proteus," by Mr. Linde, is much spoken of, and is said to be a ludicrous comedy between a drama and a farce. Mr. Ælenslæger, a Dane, has published a Poem, called "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp," which is divided into two connected Dramas; and is the work of the greatest reputation this year. Nor has the Muse of Kotzebue been idle, that indefatigable writer enriches his Journal, "The Sincere," with several little novels and moral tales.

With regard to the natural sciences we will now speak only of Cookery. Six or seven new Elementary works on that science, have appeared at the same time at Hamburgh, Hanover, and even in small

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provincial towns, where a man fond of good living would run a risk of starving. The honour of a translation has been given to Mr. Viard, an officer of the Kitchen, and author of the "Imperial Cook," which the Germans prefer to Mr. Grimod himself. To conclude, the 28th edition of the "Vienna Cook" has been published, and suffices to show the taste of the Booksellers for cookery.

Among the odd titles of this year, is remarked, that of a Satirist, who calls his collection, "Stones thrown from the Moon," and that of a sort of politico-sentimental traveller, who accompanied the Prussian army in its retreat, and who gives to his account the title of "Pieces of of Amber picked up on the Borders of the Baltic, during my stay at Memel."

EXTRACT OF A PRIVATE LETTER.

Leipsic, August 14th, 1808.

THE interval between the two Fairs of Easter and Michaelmas, is always the barren season for bookselling in Germany. There then appear very few important works, for the authors and printers are preparing in silence the volumes which they are to bring to the next literary diet. During this interregnum, the newspapers govern with an unlimited authority, but yet an authority divided among so many rivals, that it resembles not a little the most complete anarchy, or if you please, the old constitution of the "Holy Roman Empire of the German nation."

We have, in the first place, three "Universal Gazettes of Science and Literature," published at Halle, Jena, and this place. Their object is to announce and analyze all works printed in Germany, but so vast a plan is necessarily incomplete in some parts. The difference of opinions between these three Gazettes, is as remarkable, as the similarity in their appearance, but notwithstanding their division of sentiment, their style is pacific and serious, as is also that of the "Literary and Scientific Herald," published by the Academy of Gottinguen.

This is not, however, the case with the Journals merely literary. They have brought to perfection the art of bitter criticism. It is true they do not abound in delicate and acute pleasantry; but it is perhaps still more mortifying for an author to hear his judge prove by a subtle argument, that he has failed in his object, that he has drawn characters badly, that he has mistaken the rules of his art so much as to render it doubtful, whether he has any genius, any talent, or merely good sense. His Excellency the Privy Councellor Goethe, has lately been made the object of an ironical piece, in which he is exclusively praised, to the tune of one of the church hymns, by one of those innumerable poetasters, who imitate awkwardly his manner, and who

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introduce religion and the ceremonies of the church into their dramas and novels. Old Wieland has been severely criticised for his verbose and weak translation of Cicero's Letters. It is not the case here as in France. The Journals being published in cities often very distant from each other; it is difficult for even the most intriguing author to procure a unanimity of suffrages. Berlin, Leipsic, Weimar, and lately Vienna are the four cities from which literary decisions come, often the most opposite to each other. In the empire of the sciences, Gottinguen, Jena, Halle, and Leipsic have each their different opinions directing each its Journal.

Among the Collections and Journals most circulated at present, are the "Sincere," or more properly translated "The Free Speaker," published at Berlin by Mr. Kuhn. The "Gazette of the Polite World," printed here; the "Morning Paper" of Stutgard; the "Journal of Luxury and Fashion," which appears at Weimar, as does also "The Mercury of Germany." Among these Journals "The Morning Paper" is remarkable for its merciless criticism. It lately reprimanded severely the greater part of the Professors of the University of Heidelberg. The University in a body published its justification in another Journal. None of the Journals I have mentioned, are confined to analysis or criticism; but combine little Novels and Tales, Literary and Historical Disquisitions, Anecdotes and Poetry. Some of them have a number of engravings, and are almost all printed better than any French Journal.

There are besides a multitude of Periodical Collections: one for Natural History by Mr. Voigt; another for the Physical Sciences in general, by Mr. Gilbert; two or three for Mineralogy; two Geographical Journals, and two Periodical Collections of Travels, and a very interesting "Journal of Manufactures and Commerce." They have been able to support for sometime a Periodical work devoted exclusively to Greek and Latin Literature, and translations from the ancients. We are overrun with a sort of work, which the Germans call *Miscellen*, that is Periodical Miscellanies, some of them are for France, others for England, Russia, the North, Italy, and Spain, in short, they pretend to inform us of all that is passing in the Literary or Scientific way, throughout Europe.

I do not mention our political Journals; for though some hundreds in number, they are with three or four exceptions, as insignificant as our Literary ones are interesting.

Journal de l'Empire.

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A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF THE LATE

LORD LYTTLETON,

[In the American Daily Advertiser of the tenth of August last, was inserted an extract, from the Charleston Courier respecting the Vision and Death of Lord Lyttleton. Having since seen, says the Editor, several manuscript accounts of the same events differing materially from the publication, but which appeared to be very incorrectly copied, we have sought for and obtained, the original writing from which they had been transcribed, and present a faithful copy of it to our readers. The original (at present in our possession) is in the hand writing of Mrs. M——, K——, a lady distinguished in the literary world for her piety and her learning, and for her dispute with the celebrated Dr. Johnson, on the right of private judgment in matters of religion. Admiral Woolsey was with Lyttleton when these extraordinary events occurred, verbally narrated them to Mrs. K——, who wrote them down, in his presence, for Mr. W—— S—— of the city of New-York, who was in England in the year 1798.]

SOMETIME about sixteen or eighteen years since (dates not just recollected) Lord Lyttleton, on the fifth day of the week, came down to breakfast with his family, consisting of the widow Flood and three young women his cousins, all of them of doubtful character. He said he had, that night, a very frightful dream or vision; that a lady had appeared to him; that she opened the curtains of his bed, and bid him prepare himself for death. He started up in terror, incoherently saying, What, shall I not live three days? to which she replied, "No, you will not live above three days," and vanished. This awful account frightened the women, who fell a crying; he, though secretly agitated, pretended to disregard the matter, laughing at their credulous folly, and professing to have no sort of belief or apprehension about it. Soon after Admiral Woolsey and a gentleman his cousin, of the name of Fortescue came in, and he related, jocosely, what he told as above;—they listened, but pondered it in their minds—so did his attendant valet.

However, the subject changed: he proposed going with his ladies on seventh day (that is the last day of the visionary prediction) to his country seat at Pitt's place, near Epsom, and offered the two gentlemen his chariot to follow them to dinner there on that day; they agreed to the proposal; went there accordingly, and joined in great, real, or at least affected jollity at the festive board; Lyttleton being more than usually loquacious and desultory in his conversation; reciting the probable remarks that would of course be made whenever the news of his death should be announced. Among his gayeties, per-

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ceiving the women to be languid and gloomy, he took one of them and danced a minuet with her; then taking out his watch, and going up to the window, "Look you here, it is now nine o'clock, according to the vision I have but three hours to live; but don't you mind this Madam Flood; never fear; we'll jockey the ghost, I warrant you."

Still continuing in this seeming gayety till eleven, he called for candles to go to bed; an hour unusually early with him, as he used to sit up as long as he could keep his companions about him; but his pretence to retire was, because he had planned for the party to ride to breakfast early, at Epsom, and spend the day riding to survey the adjacent country. Soon after his retreat, the women took their candles, and went off; the two gentlemen were determined to sit in the parlour till the three predicted days were fully over, and got some negus to comfort themselves. In about half an hour after eleven, they received the sudden shock of a loud scream, from the stair-case, uttering these words—"He's dead! Oh, my lord is dead!" Instantly running up stairs, they found him in bed, fallen back and struggling; the Admiral put his hand to him, which the dying man grasped with such vehemence that it was painful to endure; but he spake no more. His eyes were turned up and fixed. They pierced the jugular vein, but no blood issued, and he was totally dead about one quarter of an hour before midnight.

The Admiral, in this account, gave me the following remarkable particulars: That at the distance of thirty miles from Pitt's place, where this melancholy scene happened, there lived a gentleman, one of the libertine companions of Lord Lyttleton; and they had so settled, that whichever of them died first, the survivor should receive one thousand pounds. On this very night (being in bed and asleep previously) he rang his bell about one o'clock with great violence. His valet-de-chambre ran to him with all speed, and the following dialogue ensued, as nearly as can be recollected:

Servant. Dear Sir, what is the matter?

Master. [Sitting up in the bed, with a countenance full of horror] Oh John! Lord Lyttleton is dead!

Servant. How can that be? we have heard nothing but that he is alive and well.

Master. No, no; I awoke just now, on hearing the curtains undrawn, and at the foot of the bed stood Lord Lyttleton, as plain as ever I saw him in my life. He looked ghastly, and said, "All is over with me! You have won the thousand pounds," and instantly vanished! Get a horse and go this moment to Pitt's Place, you may perhaps get intelligence of him there.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE COLLEGE OF MEDICINE OF MARYLAND.

Extract from a letter from a literary friend in Baltimore.

"You, who regard the progress of science with so much interest, will no doubt join with me in rejoicing that this city, has at length roused from her supineness, and resolved no longer to confine her regards to commerce.

"At the last session of our Legislature, the zealous ambition of a few individuals obtained an act, incorporating an institution, under the name of the College of Medicine: and the several Professorships of Anatomy, Surgery, and Physiology, the Theory and Practice of Medicine, Chymistry, Materia Medica, and the Institutes of Medicine, were immediately filled. Dr. Davidge has delivered a complete course on Anatomy, and his associate, Dr. Cocke, some lectures on Physiology. Dr. Shaw delivered a part of a course on Chymistry, but he was interrupted by a severe illness last winter, and has not since been able to resume his lectures. Dr. Potter, formerly a pupil of Dr. Rush's, delivered his introductory lecture on the 6th inst. and as I had some curiosity to learn how these disciples of Apollo worship their tutelary power, I shut up old Coke, and repaired to the lecture-room, where the Doctor, who is the Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine, soon commenced his task.

"After some preliminary observations on the pursuits of mankind, and the necessity of a strict attention to health as the first of blessings, the Doctor proceeded to give a rapid sketch of the history of medical science in this country. He ably vindicated the honour of his country against the slavish opinion that all our medical knowledge was derived from the schools of Europe, an opinion, which, he said, was not less unphilosophical than derogatory to the character of American genius and industry. He said that the true causes of pestilence were first explored and discovered here: the first account of the connexion between meteorological phenomena and pestilential diseases, to be found in our own country, was given by three different historians: George's History of New-England, Hutchinson's of Massachusetts, and Purchas's Settlement of the Colonies. He took a brief review of our writers on Medicine, and described some of the most prominent improvements in that science, and the several Colleges with their Professors were also described.

"I was surprised to learn that until the year 1769 this State had not produced a single graduate. Dr. Parnham who defended a Thesis in Edinburgh in that year, was the first; Dr. Archer and Dr. War-

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field, also of this State, were the first gentlemen who received degrees from the College in Philadelphia.

"In describing the progress which has been made by the College to which he belongs, the Doctor paid a fair and liberal tribute to the genius of our mutual friend, Dr. SHAW,* who had "proceeded to the middle of a most brilliant and interesting course of Chymistry, when his progress was suddenly arrested by the attack of a severe pulmonary fever, which still deprives us of talents that unite the rare accompaniments of utility and splendour."

CRITICISM——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

"To mark how wide extends the mighty waste
"O'er the fair realms of Science, Learning, Taste,
"To drive and scatter all the brood of lies,
"And chase the varying falsehood as it flies.
"The long arrears of Ridicule to pay,
"And drag reluctant Dulness back to day."

Travels in America, performed in 1806, *for the purpose of exploring the Rivers Alleghany, Monongahela, Ohio, and Mississippi, and ascertaining the produce and condition of their banks and vicinity, in a Series of Letters. By Thomas Ashe, Esquire, London, printed—Newburyport, reprinted for William Sawyer & Co.* 1808.

EVER since the memorable period, when our "beloved country broke the thraldom of a cruel step mother," and assumed a station among the nations of the Earth, as "Free, Sovereign, and Independent States," she has been an object of eager curiosity, and unceasing attention to the people of Europe. Each subsequent year has thrown upon our shores, at least one foreigner, who after transiently surveying the mere superficies of some section of the country, and seizing with hurried observation, a few of its more prominent features, has, with this slight intelligence returned home, and gulled an inquisitive public with an account of his Travels.

* A man of genius, and an elegant poet, to whom we have been indebted for many beautiful verses, with the signature of ITHACUS, which have been very favourably received, both at home and abroad. ED.

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These publications, from whatever part of Europe they may have issued, as is more especially evinced by the flippant impertinence of Weld, the malicious falsehoods of Volney, and the equally gross misrepresentations of Bulow, have uniformly calumniated, reviled, and disparaged the country.

The work now before us is of this description, and even transcends all which have preceded it in the virulence of its abuse, and in its disregard of truth and decency.

It seems that previous to our Traveller's undertaking the "exploratory journey," which is the subject of his narrative, he had visited the whole of the Atlantic States. But deeming this portion of the Union altogether unworthy of his correspondent's regard, he dismisses it, at once from his view, with the following very brief and compendious summary, which really comprises all he has condescended to bestow upon i

"The States to the North East are indebted to nature, for but few gifts. They are better adapted for the business of grazing, than of corn. The climate is equally subject to the two extremes of burning heat, and excessive cold; and *bigotry*, *pride*, and a *malignant hatred to the mother-country*, *characterize the inhabitants*. The middle States are less contemptible. They produce grain for exportation; but which requires much labour, and is liable to blast on the sea-shore. The national features here are not strong, and those of different emigrants have not yet composed a face of *local deformity*. We still see the liberal Englishman, the ostentatious Scotch, the warm-hearted Irish, the penurious Dutch, the proud German, the solemn Spaniard, the gaudy Italian, and the profligate French. What kind of character is hereafter to arise from an amalgamation of such discordant materials, I am at a loss to conjecture.

"For the Southern States, nature has done much, but man little. Society is here in a shameful degeneracy; an additional proof of the pernicious tendency of those detestable principles of political licentiousness, which are not only adverse to the enjoyment of practical liberty, and to the existence of regular authority, but destructive also of comfort and security, in every class of society: doctrines here found by experience to make men *turbulent citizens*, *abandoned Christians*, *inconstant husbands*, *unnatural fathers*, and *treacherous friends*. I shun the humiliating delineation, and turn my thoughts to happier regions which afford contemplation without disgust, and where mankind scattered in small associations, are not *totally depraved*, or *finally corrupt*.

"Under such impressions, I shall write to you with pleasure and regularity, trusting to your belief that my propensity to the cultivation of literature has not been encouraged in a country, where *sordid speculators* alone succeed, where *classic fame* is held in derision, where *grace* and *taste* are unknown, and where the *ornaments of style* are *contemned*, or forgotten."

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Determined, therefore, to quit the Atlantic States, in which Mr. Ashe declares he could discover nothing except to excite his aversion, or disgust, he purchases a horse, at Philadelphia, which cost him only "Forty Dollars," and thus equipped, he proceeds to the "wilderness of the West," where he meets with adventures as numerous as those of the "Knight of the Woful Countenance," and hardly less miraculous than those of the most renowned Baron Munchausen.

LANCASTER, is the first place he notices on his route. The town is described as large, clean, and well built, but in spite of these attractions, I went off, says he, the next morning by sunrise. "Never was Dr. Johnson more solicitous to leave Scotland, than I was to be out of the *Atlantic States*." Next, he visits Carlisle, "which has a College, and the reputation of a place of learning." This may be so, he observes,

"But I have the misfortune to dispute it. For, though, indeed, I saw an old *brick building*, called the *University*, in which the scholars had not left a *whole pane* of glass, I did not meet a man of decent literature in the town. I found a few who had learning enough to be *pedantic and imprudent* in the *society of the vulgar*, but none who had arrived at that degree of science, which could *delight* and *instruct* the *intelligent*."

Pursuing his journey, Mr. Ashe gets in the close of the evening to the tavern, "where he meant to repose." Finding, however, on entering the house, that the "fire and all the seats were occupied, and the *land-lord drunk*," he half resolves not to remain, but a little reflection convinces him that there was no alternative, as his "horse was tired, the *wolves* were *out*, and the roads were impassable in the dark." But, from this pitiable plight, he is soon relieved by the appearance of the *servant maid*, whose entrance, he more poetically describes "as a meteor flitting across the room."

By the magical influence of this "little arch sorceress," the situation which seemed to him the moment before so dreary and comfortless, is converted into a scene of enchantment. At the usual hour, they repair together to a chamber, "clean and warm," and he proceeds to question her on *local subjects*, &c.

Deserting in the morning the "fair Eleanor," for this is the name "of the interesting creature," not, however, without giving her a token of remembrance, we find Mr. Ashe the ensuing night on the summit of the Alleghany, "having wasted much of the day

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in visionary speculations," plunged once more, into the saddest dilemma. If, says he, I attempted to advance "a sudden and rapid death, was unavoidable from the frightful precipices, which bounded the road, and all around me were wolves, panthers, and tiger cats ready to devour me." Such apprehensions occupied his mind, he confesses, "till an object of inexpressible sublimity," gave a different direction to his thoughts.

"The heavenly vault which had awfully maintained an unvaried gloom suddenly appeared to him *all on fire;* not exhibiting the stream or character of the Aurora Borealis, but an immensity vivid and clear, through which the stars detached from the firmament traversed in eccentric directions, followed by trains of light, of diversified magnitude and brightness. Many meteors rose majestically out of the horizon; and having gradually attained an elevation of thirty degrees suddenly burst, and descended to the earth in a shower of brilliant sparks, or glittering gems. This splendid phenomenon was succeeded by a multitude of shooting stars, and balls, and columns of fire, which after assuming a variety of forms, vertical, spiral, and circular, vanished in light flashes of lightning, and left the sky in its usual appearance and serenity. *Nature stood checked* during this exhibition! All was"

"A death-like silence, and a dread repose."

But this profound tranquillity is quickly disturbed by the din of the "demons of the woods." He says,

"Clouds of owls rose out of the valleys and flitted screaming about my head. The howlings of the wolves were reverberated from mountain to mountain, or carried through the windings of the vales, and returned to the ear an unexpected wonder. Nor was the panther idle, though he is never heard till in the act of springing on his victim, when he utters a horrid cry. The intervals between these roarings were filled with the noise of millions of other little beings. Every *tree*, *shrub*, *plant*, and *vegetable*, harboured some thousands of inhabitants endowed with the faculty of expressing their passions, wants, and appetites, in different tones and varied modulations. The moon by this time had sunk into the horizon, which was the signal for multitudes of lighting flies to rise amidst the trees, and shed a new species of radiance round."

Escaping from this lair of wild beasts, and galaxy of horrors, he reaches early the next day an inn, with which he is delighted, because "it was neat, the landlady civil, and her husband sober," three very unusual circumstances, we must confess, in the interior of Pennsylvania!

After eating his breakfast, consisting of "wild pigeons and coffee made of peas," he continues his progress towards Pittsburg, where in a short time he arrives.

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Of this place, he is not sparing of commendations. "The position of the town is the finest in the world, the houses well built, and the inhabitants are industrious, polite, hospitable, and intelligent." Now what has given to this village such superior advantages? Why, truly, there are *three Irishmen* residing in it, "who have hindered by their influence, the vitious propensities of the *genuine American character* from establishing here, the *horrid dominion* which they have assumed over the Atlantic States." But even with Pittsburg he is not altogether satisfied. Its "scholastic establishment," particularly receives his censure. He informs us,

"There is of a public nature but one which is called an academy, and is supported by the voluntary munificence of the citizens. It is under the direction of a number of Trustees, who employ themselves so much in altercation when they meet, that they have not yet had time to come to any mutual understanding on its concerns. There is, however, a master appointed, who instructs about twenty boys in a sort of *transatlantic Greek and Latin*, something in the nature of what the French call *patois*, but which serves the purpose of the pupils as well as if their teacher were a disciple of Demosthenes or Cicero."

By the perusal of this passage we had excited in our minds a mixed emotion of surprise and regret, that the good people of Pittsburg who have derived such inestimable benefits from the "three Irishmen," above described, have not hitherto discerned the importance of placing one or all of them in the direction of their "scholastic establishment," as from the acknowledged meekness of the Hibernian dispositions, so often, and conspicuously displayed, especially in our own country, those jars and bickerings among the trustees which have proved so baneful to the vital interests of the "Academy," would probably be harmonized or suppressed, and as by this arrangement they might also reform the "transatlantic" corruptions of classick purity, with which they are charged, by substituting the sweet enunciation of the true brogue of Erin.*

* We trust, it will be understood, that we are neither so silly, nor illiberal as to mean, by these observations, to convey a general and indiscriminate censure on the Irish nation. On the contrary, no one has a more exalted respect than the writer of this article for a people, whom he deliberately considers as among the most brave, generous, honourable, and high-minded of Europe. He never can forget *whom* she has *produced*, and what she has

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Before our traveller embarks for New-Orleans, he resolves, very wisely, to endeavour to sell his horse, "which had now become useless to him." As to money, not a dollar could be got for him. Whether this difficulty arose from the scarcity of specie, or the peculiar properties of the "creature," seems to us somewhat doubtful. All the offers, we are told, were *in kind*, and the various articles proposed in exchange are very pompously enumerated. *Poor* Rosinante is, however, ultimately *swapped* away for "salt pans," but how many does not exactly appear.

Relieved from the incumbrance of the horse, he prepares without delay to descend the Ohio, and accordingly buys a boat for "Forty Dollars," a sum which he seems never to exceed, and procures a servant of the name of Cuffe, "a fellow without any other character than that he knew something of the waters, was a good shot, and well acquainted with the haunts of wild turkies, game, and *wild beasts*," but who, we shall see in the sequel, nevertheless makes a very conspicuous figure.

They land a few days after their embarkation on a small island to which they are attracted by the singular beauty of its appearance. Leaving poor Cuffe, "very patiently to catch fish," he sets off to explore this "little insular world." Here he meets with a family in the bosom of retirement, by whom he is "taken for a robber." At this very natural mistake he is amazed, and "waxes warm." The fears, however, which he engendered, are instantly removed by the assurance that he was not a *Kentucky man*. With the family, in despite of the recent affront, Mr. Ashe, after this *eclaircisement*, becomes "very sociable," and, prompted by the liberal curiosity which so eminently distinguishes him, he prys minutely into their history. We single out as by no means the least important incident which he records, "that the old man had sometime before bought a male and female pig, which had multiplied prodigiously!"

As the evening advances, our adventurous knight, by that lack of firmness to which the most heroic are sometimes subject, is

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achieved under circumstances too, the least auspicious to the development of genius, and the exertions of enterprize. The real, and indeed the obvious import of our remarks, is, to repel the harsh and unmanly reflections of a *spurious* Irishman, and in doing which, we have had occasion playfully to allude to some of those peculiarities which are confessedly incident to the national character.

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filled with fears "at the prospect of sleeping in the open air." His imagination groups before him all the horrors of "wild beasts," and Cuffe, "a fellow without character," very wickedly augments his apprehensions by reciting "stories of accidents happening on the waters, of murders committed, robberies perpetrated, of whirlpools, cataracts, and rapid falls," &c. But these dismal narratives were productive, by his own confession, of one excellent effect. They *awoke* in his mind the remembrance of his obligations to heaven, &c.

Notwithstanding, however, all these anxieties and alarms, our traveller some days after reaches Wheeling in perfect safety, "one of the most considerable towns on the western waters." Of the state of society and manners here, he speaks with the utmost detestation. Founded originally by renegadoes and "acquitted felons," he represents it at present to be in morals, even more flagitious and degenerate than Botany Bay! But upon this subject, we should do injustice to Mr. Ashe were we to employ any other language than his own.

To this place, he says, "all persons outlawed or escaping from justice *fled*, and resided, without the apprehension of punishment or the dread of contempt and reproach. They formed a species of nefarious republic, where equality of crime constituted a social bond. Of these materials, the society of the town is now formed."

Mr. Ashe very kindly offers a plan to cleanse this Augean stable. He proposes to one of the inhabitants, a "quaker of high respectability," to clear the town not only of its original race, but of every "profligate" whatsoever, and to deter others of a similar description from coming into it. We should think this very salutary advice, only, that were it to be adopted, the town would be thereby depopulated, if the preceding account of the character of its inhabitants be correct, and that, peradventure, it might operate sometimes very inconveniently on those "strangers who wander in the west." We cannot help suspecting indeed, had such a harsh and restrictive regulation existed, that our traveller himself would have experienced some small difficulty in gaining admission into this "wicked place!"

Forty miles below Wheeling, Mr. Ashe is again exposed to the terrors of "a night scene." Being somewhat intimidated by

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the "majestic appearance" of the river, he prudently lands, and encamps till the morning. The spot selected was under the "lengthened gloom of a large walnut tree." At first, "a silence almost terrific, and certainly awful, reigned through the woods. The hour was too early for *beasts to prowl*, and too late for *birds to sing*." This state of quietude is abruptly interrupted by Cuffe, who, to the great alarm of his master, begins to *howl like a wolf*. But upon being convinced there is no danger from "wild beasts," where there is a fire, he permits Cuffe to proceed, who resumes, we are told with "a solo, so exquisite in judgment, so correct in expression, and so natural in cadence, that the very demons of the woods awake and join him in horrid chorus."

With this specimen of *ululation*, Mr. Ashe is charmed to ecstasy. He calls upon Cuffe to exert his whole imitative faculties, previously however taking refuge in the boat, which is hauled into the stream as a place of *perfect safety*.

Despairing of being able to convey anything like an adequate idea of this extraordinary performance, we shall cite the description given of it, though we are sensible that we have dealt already too liberally in extracts.

"I must," exclaims our author "do Cuffe the justice to acknowledge that never was a man more perfect, more inimitable in his profession, this *science*, for which the world yet want a name. He passed through all the varied modulations between infancy and old age; between a fawn and an Elk; between a young calf, and a Buffalo Bull. The beasts of the forest were deceived. Much commotion ensued. The stir and agitation approached. Savage must that breast have been, into which such cries did not strike fear. From the malignant yell of the tiger cat, up to the Panther's bloody roar; the wolf's howl, and the bear's rugged voice; all were heard, and all gave alarm. He ceased. A universal cry was uttered through the woods, which struck the Virginia shore, beat against the opposite hills, and at length died in the distant windings of the water."

After this wonderful exhibition, the master's opinion of the servant is entirely changed. I begin to think him, says he, "a great acquisition, and shall afford him every possible opportunity of following his propensity, and of *improving his voice*." With his usual discernment, Mr. Ashe at once perceives that this talent may be directed to useful employments. Henceforward, therefore, Cuffe is ordered to "crow in the morning like a cock to *rouse all hands*." By *all hands*, we presume Mr. Ashe meant his *own two*

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hands, for he and Cuffe, it appears, were the only persons of the party!

In this manner our Traveller "descends the river," occasionally stopping at some village, which he never leaves without pouring forth the severest invective against its inhabitants, or encamping on the "desert shore," where he is certain to encounter a host of terrors from wild beasts, and the "elementary conflicts of nature," or what, in more homely and familiar phraseology, is commonly called a *thunder gust*. During one of these tempests, he confesses that he stood *appalled*, and thought the gates of Chaos, *Hell*, and confusion, were opened wide *above* him."

This was at the moment when, the "lightning which before flashed in fine lambent flames, and intermittent flakes now took eccentric, hostile, and zigzag shapes, which perpetually traversed and opposed each other, or else formed *balls of fire*, which shot in all directions through the air, *rolled* along the ground, or *hissed* over the surface of the water: and the thunder which commenced by single peals continued with constant and dreadful clamour. The explosions never dying, and the reverberations appearing to vie with them in impetuosity and power."

At length, Mr. Ashe, penetrates into Kentucky, and visits Lexington, and the other principal towns of the State.

Lexington, he tells us, is well built, even having some pretensions to European elegance. The churches, however, which are four in number, and were never finished, "have all the glass struck out by boys in the day, and the inside torn up by *rogues* and *prostitutes*, who frequent them at night!" The prevailing amusements of the citizens are drinking, and gambling at billiards and cards. The women are represented as vastly superior to the men, but still they are only "*rude beauties*, having none of that chaste and elegant form of person and countenance, which distinguish those of England." This is ascribed to their "distance from improved society, and the savage taste, and vulgarity of the men." Leaving "all meaner things," Mr. Ashe now turns Philosopher, and the residue of his work is crowded with speculations the most refined and original. The objection, commonly alleged, against theorists, that they are prone to raise their hypotheses upon very slender foundations, and without sufficient regard to data, can hardly be applied to those we are to review. Mr. Ashe, with the happiest success collects indiscriminately from every person he meets in the course of his rambles, from the Chief Justice of the

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State, to Jack the Ostler, at "a true Kentucky Inn," some striking circumstance to illustrate his reasonings, or to enforce his deductions. But we have been struck with some few exceptions, where our Philosopher, departing from his usual caution and circumspection, draws *very broad conclusions*, from what, we apprehend will be deemed *very narrow premises*. Thus, for example, he learns of "a gentleman living close by Cincinnati, and who has built an excellent brick house," that in digging a well, he found sixty feet below the surface of the earth *a stump of a tree, which had been cut down with an axe*. "The incisions of the axe were perfectly visible, and the chips made by its action lay scattered about its roots."

Now, Mr. Ashe infers from the preceding *fact* no less than,

1. "That the tree was *undoubtedly antediluvian*.
2. "That the river called the Ohio, did not exist *anterior to the deluge*, inasmuch, as the remains of the tree, were found firmly rooted in their original position, several feet below the bed of the river.
3. "That America was *peopled before the flood*, as appears from the *action* of the axe, and the *cutting down* of the tree.
4. "That the *Antediluvian* Americans were acquainted with the use and properties of iron, of the advantage and knowledge of which the flood deprived their descendants, and from which it would appear that the same flood swept off every individual, from whom that knowledge might be derived."

That the continent of America was once inhabited by a race of people, who at a very remote era, but subsequent to the deluge, had made so small advancement in the arts of civilization, is another very favourite and predominent notion with Mr. Ashe, and to substantiate it, he calls all his industry into requisition, and sometimes too, if we be not much deceived, tasks the utmost exertion of his *inventive powers*.

In support of this position, he displays a series of "ancient relics," brought to light for the most part by his own patient and laborious researches. Indeed, the praise of original and peculiar discovery belongs eminently to Mr. Ashe. We doubt whether his pretensions in this respect will ever be denied. As yet, we have heard of no one, who has even been so successful as to see *any one of the objects which he has described*, much less to dispute his claim to its discovery.

Dispersed throughout the Western States, and particularly in Kentucky, he traced, he says, with exactness, the remains of

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"Fortified Camps," which bear evidence of having been constructed with the skill and science of a Vauban or a Carnot; and of their remote antiquity, he alleges, there can be no doubt, as trees of an enormous size, some exceeding sixteen feet in circumference, have since grown up within them.

Near to Lexington, he also found "the vestiges of an old Indian town, which must have been of *great extent*, and *magnificence*, as is fully evinced by the wide range of its *circumvallatory walls*, &c."

Of the ruins of this Western Palmyra, that which struck us with the most astonishment is a catacomb of *masterly workmanship*, and *stupendous dimensions*.

We wish for the sake of those of our readers, whose "gloomy habits of soul," might relish these sepulchral *Tales*, that our limits would allow us to extract the description of "this deep and ample repository of the dead."

In the "whole State of Kentucky" there is only one *catatomb* to be seen. But *mounds*, *barrows*, *mausolea*, and *tumuli*, all of the "olden time," and of the same matured style of architecture, he finds in every direction:

"Thick as the autumnal leaves that strew the brooks in Vallambrosa."

In the vicinity of Marietta, he had the further good fortune to dig out of the earth, the "visible remains of the stone abutments of a bridge," which in ancient times undoubtedly extended across the adjoining creek.

We have, moreover, *mention made* of two "curious relics," which Mr. Ashe never saw, but heard described by a "learned Doctor," in whom he reposed implicit confidence.

The *first*, is "a green spherical stone, twelve inches in every diameter, divided into twelve sides, each side into twelve equal parts, and each part distinguished by characteristic engravings."

The nature and uses of the stone, he tells us, defied the conjectures of the most profound and ingenious. Nor could he get any certain information of what "had become of this beautiful object so *interesting to science, and the history of former times*." Report placed it in the *Cabinet* of Arts in Philadelphia. Suspecting that this might be the *Philosopher's Stone*, and therefore *never to be found*, we have been deterred from all inquiries respecting it.

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The *second*, is an "Ivory Image elegantly executed, denoting a Female Figure in the act of pressing a child to her naked bosom."

Unhappily before Mr. Ashe arrived at the place where the image was found, "though he hurried with perturbation and anxiety," it had been forwarded to Mr. Jefferson. The disappointment, however, he the less regrets, as he has "no doubt that a communication on the subject will be speedily made to the *American Philosophical Society*."

After appropriating a few weeks, thus actively, to the investigation of *American Antiquities*, in which short interval, it must be confessed, that he *saw*, and *did* more, than all the people of the country from its earliest settlement to the present hour, our Traveller reembarks for New Orleans, the ultimate point of his destination. There is little in the subsequent part of his work which, in any respect, deserves to be noticed. He glides rapidly down the stream, hardly pausing long enough to tell even an *amusing story*.

We have, it is true, an account of a cavern on the banks of the Ohio, which at different periods has been used as the refuge of a *tribe of Indians*, from the persecutions of the whites, and as the abode of a Banditti, who robbed and murdered with indiscriminate violence all whom they met in their fell career, concealing their carcasses in its dark recesses. Notwithstanding the care and labour bestowed on the description of this cave, we still feel no disposition to *copy it*, as we are persuaded that most of our readers are familiar with the *fancy* paintings of the same subject of another *school* which, with a *closer adherence* to *truth* and *nature*, have far more brightness of colouring, and vigour of delineation.

We omit, nearly for the same reason, the particulars of what is said of the "clouds of musketoes which *literally darkened the air*, and of the hosts of alligators, that *roared like thunder*," neither story being quite new, nor half so miraculous as those about the same animals, in the travels of Weld and Bartram! Indeed, we discern, most manifestly, that the imagination of our traveller flags from the moment of his quitting Kentucky. It seems to have been exhausted on "American Antiquities." For his soul he cannot get up a "Tale of Wonder." The highest efforts of his creative powers, is "a whirlpool in the Mississippi, where boats are swallowed, and then vomited up again;" and a "land

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Terrapin of sixty pounds weight, whose *snapping* might be heard *a hundred yards.*"

We cannot take leave of Mr. Ashe, without expressing our entire contempt both of himself and his book. He appears to us, and we speak on no slender authority, to be one of those European *malecontents*, who either to escape from the wholesome discipline of their government, or allured by the love of change, and the prospect of successful adventure, emigrate to us with the most delusive expectations, which being disappointed, return home to redeem their patriotism, and assuage their mortification by the most illiberal, rancorous, and malignant abuse of our country, and its institutions.

The work contains nothing to instruct, and little to amuse any description of readers, and that little is produced at the expense of the author's candour and veracity. C.

THE SCRIBBLER, NO. II.——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THOSE who write without affording any pleasure except to themselves may be aptly distinguished by the name of Scribblers, but what name shall we confer on those who read with the same limited effects; without being inclined or enabled by their reading to please or benefit others?

Between those who trifle with books and those who trifle with the pen there is, indeed, an intimate connexion: some laborious or frivolous readers are generally extremely prone to commit the fruits of their studies to paper. If they cannot add anything absolutely new to the stock of knowledge, they imagine that they can, at least, bestow a more agreeable, intelligible, and convenient form on what is current. Whatever suggests itself originally, and by the force of our own reflections to our minds, strikes us with peculiar force and vividness, and we cannot help fancying that we do injustice to the world in withholding from them these luminous and happy views which have so much delighted ourselves. As to the intrinsic value of the subject, or the interest which it is likely to excite, we cannot admit that any topic is frivolous which engages our own attention, and that others may not reasonably and laudably be pleased with what pleases us. There are some indeed who are not seduced by this error, and whom a just acquaintance with mankind enables to perceive that the source of our interest in any intellectual inquiry or pursuit, has no connexion with its genuine importance or

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utility; but the number of such dispassionate readers, of those who despise while they love, and undervalue while they seek, is, I am afraid, very small. Very few, indeed, are those who would not write on what they read, if their own slender resources, or the superior caution of printers, did not prevent them. They will not write, if they have no opportunity of publishing their lucubrations.

I am not sure that the state of public curiosity among ourselves which affords no encouragement to anything but political scribbling, be a good or an evil. The surest sign of a scribbler, or of a frivolous or narrow-minded student, is an alacrity in bestowing those names upon others. There are many kinds of reading and branches of study which excite no interest in me, and appear dull or trivial, but I am sure that my favourite walk, would be equally thorny, dreary, and irksome, to some others, as theirs is to me. The pleasures of study are at least more innocent; they lead us less into temptation; are less liable to immoral abuses than any other pleasures: and we shall find that whatever difference there may be in the usefulness, or native grandeur of different sciences, our attachment to our favourite one, originated in some casual, blind, involuntary association, and maintains its power merely through the influence of unconscious habit. It is not quite reasonable or just, therefore, in any man, to censure or regret that state of a nation which affords encouragement to every class of writers, however trivial or worthless they may appear in his eyes, by supplying them with readers whose tastes and inclinations coincide with theirs.

It is a curious subject of inquiry, How far the pleasures arising from different studies may differ in their nature and degree. This inquiry might seem, at first, to be not only curious but useful, since, if the superior usefulness of any pursuit has no effect in gaining votaries to its shrines, and converts to its worship, yet it may be supposed that men will hearken to recommendations built on its superior power of giving pleasure. This, however, is a fallacy. Men, by nature or habit are formed to receive pleasure from different objects. The pleasure which one derives from his pursuit may be purer, higher, and more durable than another is able to glean from his field, but the fullest conviction of this, does not endow the latter with a capacity for feasting like the former. One wants the senses, the organs of the other. His neighbour's hands are longer than his, and he therefore plucks the ripest, which are always the highest grapes. The difference between them is radical and incurable, and the discovery, if it be of any consequence, is rather hurtful than beneficial, since it must produce nothing but repining.

But is there any difference, in truth, between the pleasures of different pursuits? The freaks of Archimedes, when he found out a solution for his famous problem, are well known. Kepler, when he suddenly perceived the relative agreement between the squares of the periodic

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times of the planets, with the cubes of their distances, no doubt experienced inexpressible pleasure.' No less exultation must Newton have felt when he found that this analogy exactly tallied with conclusions from his theory of gravity, or Herschel when he perceived that his little star was verily and truly a solar planet, or Linneus when he found the sexual system to be universal.

Were the pleasurable sensations of these men more refined and intense than those of Hartley when he first caught a glimpse of his vibratory system, or Lavoisier when his gun-barrel showed him that fire was water, or Franklin when he saw the electrical flame dancing down his kite-string, or Solomon, when he discovered that nothing remained to be discovered?

Let these pleasures be compared with those of the learned Zeindorf, in discovering, after a month's search, that the third wife of the sixth Count of Hartsberg, actually died on the 3d of March, when the whole learned world, before his time, had fixed that event on the 4th of April; of Dr. Hager when he lighted on a new and convincing proof that the Seres of the ancients were the Chineze of the moderns; or Dr. Robertson when he fancied that he found the Palibothra of Megasthenes to be the Allahabad of Major Rennel; or of that indefatigable searcher among musty archives and defaced rolls, who discovered that the great Arthur was buried at Glastonbury; or of him who ascertained that Henry the third kept his fourth Christmas after his accession, not, as several historians had erroneously recorded, at Etham, but at the palace of Westminster.

All these ingenious persons evidently found pleasure in the happy result of their inquiries, but as there are no alembics in which mere sensations can be fixed so as to be handled and weighed, we shall never know their comparative value. In spite of all abstruse or metaphysical reasoning on the subject, each one will continue to prize the pursuit which constitution or habit has endeared to him beyond all others. We cannot reasonably require him to renounce his literary passion and adopt our own. All we are entitled to, is, his respect; his acknowledgment that our pursuits are as meritorious as his own. Even thus much he will be not easily induced to allow us, and more than this it would be equally absurd and unreasonable to expect from him.

There are some who, while they allow the favourite studies of their neighbour to be as intrinsically useful as their own, are, nevertheless, sometimes greatly at a loss to account for their neighbour's attachment to his study. He who is bewitched with the study of Nature,

> Awhile in her enchanting maze
> Lost, but anon, delighted more to trace
> The footsteps of Linnean guide, and out

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Of her sweet prison wind him, by the clue
Spun by Upsalian hands conducted safe,

can never sufficiently wonder what it is that can delight the laborious dealer in obsolete or barbarous lexicons; who voluntarily spends months in comparing Ethiopic, Coptic, and Armenian vocabularies, and in exploring the elements and etymologies of languages without books and sometimes without alphabets. The linguist, on the other hand, who exults in discovering Mongal nouns and adjectives in the obsolete roots and indeclinable particles of the Greek, cannot conceive what charm can be found in the smutty crucibles, and unsavoury acids of the chymist. The chymist is no less at a loss to discover the inducements which lead men to investigate the Dynasties of Bactria and the Revolutions of Osrhoene. Each one eagerly seizes the button-hole, and detains the ear of a luckless companion, while he expatiates upon the rare and marvellous secrets which his indefatigable curiosity has found out. He proposes to inform the complaisant hearer of something highly *curious* and *important*, and if his information does not lighten up the eyes, and animate the features of his friend, his modesty and good sense may possibly prevent him from despising, but nothing can restrain him from pitying and wondering at the insensibility of the listener.

It would be easy to explain by what happy colouring of the Fancy, what delicate links and associations every object of human inquiry acquires dignity and value in our eyes, and awakens our interest and curiosity. By what means every scribbler of volumes that are never read, and every dreamer over musty and antiquated tomes, can conjure up perseverance and zeal in a composition or pursuit which, to every observer, that has not come within the influence of the same spell, and which, even to himself before the date of his own enchantment, appeared stale, tedious, and unprofitable as the *Beldame's twice told tale:* but my reader, I doubt not, will be best pleased to have it left to his own ingenuity.

INSANITY: A FRAGMENT.

— He is an unfortunate kinsman of ours (said Mrs. Ellen) who has been, for some years, a lunatic. She related his story, on my manifesting a curiosity to know the particulars, at some length. This was the substance of it.

Archibald was a youth of very lively parts. His sensibility had become diseased by an assiduous study of those romancers and poets who make love the basis of their fictions. He had scarcely grown up when he contracted a passion for a woman whose chief merit consisted in her

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beauty. A new object quickly succeeded. Though he loved for a time, with every appearance of ardour, it was perceived that his affections were easily transferred to a new object, and easily dissolved by absence. Love, however, was his element. He could not exist without it. To sigh, to muse, to frame elegies, was the business of his life. Provided there were some object to receive his amorous devoirs, it seemed nearly indifferent what the real qualifications of the object were. His friends prevailed upon him to put himself under the care of a merchant in Ireland. His situation required that he should qualify himself for some profession, and that of a merchant was chosen by him as liable to the fewest objections. After some time, however, he was brought back to his friends a maniac. A phrenzy at first furious and terrible, subsided into a melancholy harmless to others, but gloomy, silent, and motionless. With scarcely a change of attitude, without opening his lips except to converse on his own misfortunes, on the events that caused his despair, he has remained for some years an example of the fatal effects of addicting the undisciplined mind to books in which nature is so fantastically and egregiously belied. These were the circumstances that produced an effect so mournful.

He had scarcely been settled in his new abode at Cork, when he became attached to a daughter of a wealthy family between which and that in which he resided, a rivalship and enmity had long subsisted. His suit was rejected by the parents, whose interest had been engaged for another, but accepted, as usual, by the daughter, who naturally imagined that this was a question on which no one had a right to decide but herself. The parents supplied the place of argument with force. All access to the lady was denied. Commands and menaces proving of no avail, she was condemned to a rigorous confinement. The lover was persuaded by his friends to make a voyage to the West-Indies. There being no room to hope for a change in the determinations of the lady's family, this expedient was chosen as likely to dissolve a connexion, which, while it lasted, could be productive only of mutual distress. The lady's constancy, however, was heroic. She reserved herself for better times, and while she yielded to personal restraints that could not be resisted, she maintained the freedom of her mind. She was insensible to menaces and persuasions; denied every personal claim on her obedience; and ridiculed the obligations of filial duty. She vindicated the propriety of her choice, and asserted her independence as a reasonable being. Her family having exhausted the obvious expedients, resorted to more atrocious ones: A plan was devised of decoying the lady into an opinion that her lover was false, that he had made his address to a lady in the island to which he had gone, and was on the point of marriage. Her sagacity was equal to her fortitude, but the craft with which she had to contend, was consummate. She was accordingly deceived,

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and her courage forsook her, but the resolutions she now formed were evidently different from those which her family expected as the fruit of their schemes. Misfortune had changed a character of no common excellence. It is the property of injustice to propagate itself, to render those who suffer by it vitious as well as miserable. The lady condescended to artifice, and pretended a cheerful compliance with the wishes of her family. Preparations were making for the nuptial rite. The morning of the important day arrived—when she was found dead in her bed.

It is remarkable that an event which the lady's parents had imposed upon their child without believing it themselves, had really taken place. Absence had produced the usual effect upon the lover. He had seen a new object, that had quickly supplanted the old. His ingenuity furnished an opiate to his conscience. He laid his heart at the feet of his new mistress; the present was accepted, and she gave her own in return, and no very distant day was fixed for ratifying the exchange at the altar. Before it arrived, however, tidings reached him, by what means I shall not mention, of the fate of the Irish lady; of her voluntary death in consequence of the belief of his inconstancy. Of the mistaken grounds of this belief, of the means by which it had been produced he was wholly ignorant. As his inconstancy was real, he supposed that she was apprized of no more than the truth. The effect of this information may be easily conceived. He broke off his present connexion, and immediately embarked for Europe, and having arrived at Cork, proceeded without delay to procure an interview with the lady's family. His purpose was to obtain their assent to a proposal sufficiently singular. It was no other than that the vault in which the lady had been interred, should be opened, and he himself be permitted to take a last view of the corpse. He urged his demand with the energy of phrenzy, and at length succeeded.

The solemn period of midnight was selected; the vault was opened in presence of the desperate lover and some of the family of the deceased. They descended the stair-case, and I almost shudder to describe the object that saluted their sight. They beheld the lady, not decently reposing in her coffin and shrouded with a snow-white mantle, but naked: ghastly, stretched on the floor at the foot of the stair-case, with indubitable tokens of having died a second time, a victim to terror and famine. It is not to be wondered at, that a spectacle like this, plunged the unhappy lover into phrenzy the most outrageous. He was torn from the spot, and speedily delivered to the care of his friends.

This story was told by Mrs. E. circumstantially: and of course with much greater minuteness than it is here related.

And is this all, said I? What is his present condition?

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Mr. Ellen took up the tale. Such, said he, are the events which are related by the sufferer. These were the topics of his ravings, and this the eternal theme of his more coherent eloquence, when the first paroxysms of his phrenzy had subsided. Such I say, is his own narrative; but I hardly expect to be believed, when I add, that the whole existed only in his own imagination: that not one of those circumstances which my wife has related ever took place: that the whole is a dream, regarded by him indeed as unquestionable reality, but having not the slightest foundation in truth. The period which he imagines to be filled with those events, was passed by him in performing the duties of his new profession: to which, however, he entertained great disrelish; and in wandering at times of leisure among the wildernesses of a romantick conntry, attended only by some favourite author, or delivering himself up to the reveries of his fancy. On his return from one of those excursions, which had been longer than usual, the first tokens of insanity were observed. The symptoms rapidly increased, and the consequences were such as have been related.

Indeed, said I, you have good reason for doubting the assent of your hearers to the truth of such a story. Romeo, who seems to resemble your Archibald in some things, was, I thought, the best specimen of an amorous madman that could be produced, but your enthusiast outstrips Romeo's extravagance by many degrees. Besides, my dear Madam, you seem to assign a strange cause for your kinsman's insanity. I cannot perceive how any course of reading could possibly lead any mind so far astray.

There, William, said Mr. Ellen, I agree with you. I think Sally was wrong in imagining that books of any sort tended in the least to give its peculiar shape to her cousin's insanity.

Well, said the lady, I may be wrong in my *theory*, but of my *facts* I had too many opportunities to know the truth concerning my poor cousin, to have any doubts about *them*.

CORRESPONDENCE——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I read with delight the Poem in your Magazine inscribed to Mr. Scott. The publication of this effusion, elevated in its expression, and indignant at the homage exacted by Mammon, while the Muses are beheld with an averted eye of cold indifference, constitutes an era in

American Literature. Were I allowed to touch the hallowed altar of this inspired Bard, I would read

And Spring's first violets shall bloom,
Rear'd by thy hands around his tomb.

This beautiful production does not suffer by a comparison with Moore's Epistle to my Lord Strangford.

Yours,

J. D.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

With due deference and respect to Paracelsus, I wish for the sake of accurate knowledge to ascertain, whether he be correct in his analysis of atmospheric air. I had conceived that the air of our atmosphere, was composed of 72 parts of azotic, 27 of pure air, and *one of carbonic acid gas.*

I am, Sir, &c.

ATTICUS.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Much as I admire the Biography of Mr. Linn, I cannot admit one position of its author: I cannot suppose that by any enchantment "the filth and unwholesome exhalations of a city" can be delightful to the youthful heart. Neither Addison, nor Akenside could reconcile these things to the pleasures of the imagination.

I am, Sir, &c.

ATTICUS.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

They who take an interest in the education of our youth will be thankful to Dr. Abercrombie for his edition of Lindley Murray's Grammar. Experience in the respectable profession of teaching had pointed out to that gentleman the want of some supplementary rules; and he has supplied the deficiencies of the original work, with the acuteness of the grammarian, and the erudition of the scholar. It would be uncandid not to acknowledge that, while his additions to the Syntax facilitate the science of parsing, his etymological explanations confer significance on the grammatical terms: without such elucidations the technical words of an art are mere arbitrary sounds.

As I write anonymously I cannot be suspected of having any design to flatter the Director of the Philadelphia Academy. I shall, therefore, not scruple to affirm, that he has both adorned and strengthened the original edifice of Murray; and that those teachers who

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value the time and correct progress of their pupils, will do well to appreciate the labours of Dr. Abercrombie, and make his edition of Lindley Murray's Grammar supersede every other edition that is published in the United States.

I am, Sir, &c.

ATTICUS.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

THE following passage from Homer was pronounced by Dr. Johnson (vide Boswell) the noblest advice ever given by a father to a son:

——— καὶ ὑπείροχον ἔμμεναι ἄλλων.

The English of this I take to be "transcend others." But ἔμμεναι is not in the imperative, but obviously the infinitive mood. A solution is requested from some of your Greek Correspondents.

I am, &c. X. Y.

VARIETY——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Ipse VARIETATE tentamus efficere, ut alia aliis; quædam fortasse omnibus placeant.
PLIN. EPIST.

MADAME DE GENLIS.

Madame de Genlis, who is certainly an agreeable and ready writer, has lately been uncommonly industrious; and though in her haste to increase the quantity, she has been too unmindful of the quality of her performances, we still meet with something to admire in her works. Among the latest of her productions is *Les Souvenirs de Felicie L—*, published in Paris last year, in two volumes duodecimo. Under this title, our fair author has formed a very interesting miscellany of Historiettes, bon mots, jests, and anecdotes of Courts, which she had written at different times, and published without the sanction of her name. She has now claimed her right to those which she deemed worthy of being rescued from oblivion, and has presented to the world a volume of choice morsels that will be highly relished at least by the *beaux esprits* of Paris. From this collection we extract the following merry anecdote of a miser.

M. de C—, very rich, but blinded by a cataract formed on both his eyes, came to Paris from the remotest part of Languedoc, to consult a surgeon, who told him that it was time for him to perform the operation of couching, for the success of which he would be answerable. M. de C. inquired what would be the expense of the operation. Fifty guineas replied Granjean.

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M. de C. remonstrated grievously against the charge, and was disposed to make a bargain to lower the price; but Granjean was inflexible; and M. de C. had nothing left but patience, submission, and non-resistance. Some days afterward the surgeon performed the operation, when, having removed the cataract from the right eye, M. de C. exclaimed with transport, that his sight was perfectly restored. Come then, said Granjean, let us proceed to the other eye. Stay a moment, replied M. de C., you take fifty guineas for the whole operation, that is five and twenty for each eye: now, as I see quite as well as is necessary, and as I wish to see, I shall content myself with one eye; to recover the other would be a very useless luxury; there are your five and twenty guineas.

Madame de Genlis is very facetious with Gibbon, whom she stiles the *Gross Monsieur Gibbon*, when relating this spritely anecdote of him.

ANECDOTE OF GIBBON.

I hear from Lausanne that Mr. Gibbon has been settled there for some time, and is extremely well received. He is, they tell me, grown so prodigiously fat, that he walks with great difficulty: yet with this figure, and his strange face, Mr. Gibbon is infinitely gallant, and is fallen in love with a beautiful woman, Madame de Crouzas. One day finding himself with her tête-à-tête for the first time, and desirous of availing himself of so favourable a moment, he fell suddenly on his knees, and made a declaration of his flame in the most passionate terms. Madame de Crouzas replied in a manner sufficiently repulsive to discourage every temptation to renew the scene, and Mr. Gibbon appeared very much embarrassed; but he nevertheless retained his prostrate attitude; and notwithstanding Madame's repeated invitation to reseat himself on his chair, he was motionless and silent. "But Sir," repeated Madame de Crouzas, "rise I beseech you." Alas, Madame," at length answered this unfortunate lover, "*I am not able.*" In truth, the corpulency of his person totally impeded the possibility of his recovering his legs without assistance. Madame de C. then rang the bell, and desired the servant to help Mr. Gibbon to rise.

—

If Canning is the author of "My Pocket Book," he is admirably adapted to fill the easy chair of Rabelais.

—

Of Henry Kirke White, a Biography is expected from the anvil of Southey. A Monody, *secundum artem*, is ready.

— γουρις στοματτεσσι μελισδετο πανδημον ωδην.

Biographers share the destiny of those whose lives they commemorate. Currie is now as mute as Burns, and Sir William Forbes has followed Beattie to the habitation appointed for all.

—

Opie gave a degree of projection to his figures unattained since the time of Caravaggio. Of Caravaggio an affecting picture has been exhibited in the poetry of Dermody. *Ut pictura poesis.*

—

An edition of Junius, by the late Almon, will appear soon. It will supply all the newspaper and other articles which Junius answered,

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many passages of whose letters are obscure without them. I once contemplated a similar project in London, and in my researches discovered Modestus to be the *nom de guerre* of Cleland.

—

I was always much pleased with an observation of Swift, that, Amusement is the happiness of those who cannot think.

—

Genius is the first order of intellect; Talent calls it forth, and Taste assigns to it the place in which it appears to the most advantage.

—

Mr. John Wesley was of opinion that when a dog howled at a flute, the howling was not produced by displeasure, but intended as a vocal accompaniment.

—

Metron Ariston* is the production of Dr. Warner. It is to me conclusive. *Nunc fugit Galatea.*

—

Doctor Johnson's concluding sentence of the Life of Savage is imitated from Addison. Addison says, "Nothing can atone for the want of modesty and innocence; without which, beauty is ungraceful and quality contemptible."

—

Mac Cormick, a biographer of Burke, died lately so poor in London that in his last illness he was obliged to part with all his books to supply the necessities of the day.

—

I caught Ovid napping the other day, and *Indignor quandoque dormitat.* He tells us in one line that men lived on acorns, and in the next that the untilled fields brought forth abundant harvests.

—

It has been observed that for an old man to take a young wife is to practise the cruelty of Mezentius:

> Mortua quin etiam jungebat corpora vivis
> Complexu in misero.

—

A biographer of Schiller says he did not die rich, because he was not prosaic enough to scrape money together.

—

I am an enthusiast of the Greek language, and never hear a Professor quote Greek without standing up. I learn it, as I have learned French and Latin. I carry an elementary treatise in my pocket, and study it in the parlour, or the stage-coach. Dalzel is my manual, my

* It deserves to be called Πάντων μέτρον ἄριστον.

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oracle, my vade mecum. His latinity discovers the purity of Cicero, and the neatness of Paterculus. I shall ever love the Scotch nation because Dalzel was a Scotchman. Dalzel was born at Ratho, near Edinburgh, and breathed his last only a year ago.

—

Dalzel conferred a value on Chevalier's Description of the Plain of Troy, by translating and illustrating it. It was Chevalier who refuted the hypotheses of Bryant by proving that the modern issue of the Scamander is artificial.

—

The Αναλεκτα of Dalzel are now lying on my table. What a precious casket! Possessed of it, I am richer, in my own estimation, than a Bedford or a Beckford. The costly domes of lordly magnificence are vain, perishable, transitory; but Σοφία ἀθάνατος παραμένει. I lament that I did not encounter Dalzel sooner; I lament that my good genius did not bring me acquainted with him on my natal soil. "But," as Petrarch said, "the example of the elder Cato suggests some comfort and hope; since it was at the last period of age that he attained the knowledge of Greek literature."

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES

OF

THE PEMBERTONS OF PHILADELPHIA.

The venerable James Pemberton, who lately departed this life, by the decay of nature, in the eighty-sixth year of his age, was the last of the three brothers of that name, Israel, James, and John, so long celebrated, in the annals of philanthropy, as taking the lead in those benevolent associations, which distinguish the Citizens of Philadelphia.

Their grandfather, Phineas Pemberton, a member of the Society of Friends, came over from England, in the time of The Proprietor; and settled, with a number of his brethren, about the Falls of Delaware, where the Indians were then numerous.

His son, commonly called the first Israel Pemberton, established himself in Philadelphia; and by the tranquil operation of

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honest industry, and prudent thrift, laid the foundation of that good name, and ample patrimony, which he bequeathed, in the year 1754, to the worthy triumvirate, commonly called the Pembertons of Philadelphia.

His eldest son, the second ISRAEL, was a man whose natural eloquence, and habitual liberality early recommended him to public stations, which he occupied with integrity, and resigned without regret, devoting himself, in the latter part of his life, to the exercise of that benevolence to the poor, and hospitality to strangers, to which he had ever been inclined. The Indian natives were particular objects of his bounty, in remembrance of their hospitality to our ancestors, and their deputies on public business were often entertained by him at his ample mansion, at the corner of Chesnut and Third-Streets; where he died in 1779, aged sixty-three years. This house has been since taken down, and the Bank of the United States, and several other public and private buildings, now occupy the scite of its extensive gardens.

JOHN, the youngest of the three, was an eminent example of devotion, and self-denial, as a Gospel minister. He literally forsook all that he had, to follow HIM *that had not where to lay his head;* and this Christian pilgrim, who resided at home in affluence and ease, lies buried in a distant land (Pyrmont in Westphalia) where he laid down his life, with the meekness of a lamb, in consequence of a cold, caught by going many miles, on foot, through rain, in the sixty-seventh year of his age, to deliver a Gospel message to *a people of a strange speech, and of a hard language, whose words he could not understand* [Ezek. iii. 5, 6]. JAMES, the immediate subject of this brief memorial of departed worth, was one of the last members of his religious Society who sat in the Legislative bodies of their country, with the approbation of their brethren; who, after the long period of peaceful prosperity which had been enjoyed under their government had been interrupted by that called the French war (1754 to 1763) discouraged their members from accepting public stations, as having become incompatible with a strict adherence to their religious profession.

At a critical period of the late Revolution (September 1777) he was one of those, together with both his brothers, and about twenty more of the principal Friends of Philadelphia who reluctantly resigned their attachment to the mother country) that were imprisoned, under a general warrant, by the vigilant precaution

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of the then Executive Council; and, upon their refusal to confine themselves to their own houses, banished, without a hearing, notwithstanding their spirited remonstrances, (published in Town's Evening Post) to Winchester, in Virginia: whence they were finally liberated, without trial or accusation; and permitted to return to their homes (then in possession of the British army) without any other security than that of their well-known character for upright intention, and peaceable demeanour.

In 1790 he succeeded Dr. Franklin, as President of the Society for the Abolition of Slavery; a station which he relinquished in the year 1800; when he gradually withdrew from the various duties that he had so long performed, in Civil, as well as Religious Society: preparing, with cheerfulness, for that awful change, for which he, in his last moments, declared himself ready: as one who had nothing to do but to die; and, through the mercy of God in Christ, receive an admission into the mansions of rest.

His only son (Phineas) died unmarried, in the twenty-fifth year of his age, and this ancient Family is now nearly extinct, in the male line: but the name of PEMBERTON will ever be intermingled with the peaceful recollections of the golden age of Pennsylvania.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

OBITUARY NOTICE OF MR. RICHARD C. JONES.

We substitute, in the place of a brief Biographical Sketch, which we had prepared of the late MR. RICHARD C. JONES, the following Tribute of respect paid to his memory by the Welch Society of this city, at their late anniversary meeting.

In the active and faithful discharge of the duties of this benevolent Institution, the worth of our deceased Friend was conspicuously displayed; and the warmth of affection, with which they have recorded his merits, is an Eulogy at once honourable and decisive.

Extract from the Minutes of the Welch Society.

The Committee appointed for the purpose of preparing a Testimonial of the sense entertained by the Society, of the merits of their lately deceased Secretary, and of the regret excited by his death, beg leave to report the following remarks, and submit, that

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they be preserved on the Records, as an expression of the sentiments and feelings of the Society on this mournful occasion:

Since the last meeting of the Welch Society, its members have been called to mourn the departure of their beloved brother and highly valued Secretary, Richard C. Jones. To the present members of this association, it would be unnecessary to present a view of the character and worth of their deceased friend. They have witnessed his excellence, and they justly feel and lament his loss. But, to the future members of the Society it may be useful that a portion of our Records should be devoted to preserve the remembrance of one whose deportment presents so fair and favourable a model of capacity, fidelity, and zeal, as a member and officer of this institution.

At the revival of this Society, under its present arrangements, in the year 1798, Richard C. Jones became a member, and was one of the Stewards first appointed by the Society. The uniform conduct of Mr. Jones, from the day of his admission, as a member, to his death, indicates, with certainty, that his motives in joining the Society, were benevolent, and his principle of action a desire to relieve from suffering and distress. In accordance with this primary impulse, his career was run, with undeviating tenor; and an unfaultering course. He felt not the influence of coldness, or insensibility; but a genial warmth impelled his charities, and a sound prudence directed them to the proper objects.

As a member of the acting committee, he was called on various interesting occasions, to a zealous service in the cause of the distressed. One memorable instance, is within the recollection of many survivors; and cannot but be remembered, with feeling and interest, as long as the great objects of this association are dear to its members. On the occasion referred to, Mr. Jones bore a conspicuous part; and his indefatigable exertions, in concert with his associates of the committee, to alleviate the miseries of a numerous body of emigrants from Wales, were followed by effects upon his health; which he never entirely surmounted. The prevalence of a violent and infectious fever among these emigrants, caused them to be placed at the hospital on Schuylkill; and rendered extremely perilous the discharge of the offices of humanity towards them. Fearless of the danger, and regardless of fatigue, Mr. Jones devoted himself to an unre-

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mitting service, for the relief of these afflicted strangers from the multiplied distress, with which they were surrounded. Early and late, he attended the Hospital, administering to the wants of the necessitous, and imparting comfort and consolation to the distressed. The widow and the orphan, were peculiar objects of his solicitude and attention, and this numerous family of sick and comfortless strangers experienced that fellowship and humanity, which our association professes to promote. The exertions of Mr. Jones, amid this scene of sickness and distress, were followed by an attack of the fever, from which, after a painful illness, he recovered; but, as it is apprehended, with a constitution so impaired by its ravages, as never to regain its pristine vigour.

In consequence of the mortality, which prevailed among the Welch emigrants beforementioned, the appointment of an orphan committee became necessary, to accomplish the purposes of the Society. Mr. Jones was appointed on this committee, and discharged the duty with a fatherly and friendly care, congenial with the benevolence of his own heart, and in happy fulfilment of the charitable views of the Institution.

For upwards of six years, Mr. Jones filled, with perfect acceptation to all, the office of Secretary to the Society. His accuracy and fidelity as an officer, coupled with a lively interest in the concerns of the Institution, cause his loss to be felt and sincerely deplored.

In the social and joyous scenes of the Society, as well as in the severest path of duty, our friend was accustomed to display qualities, which endeared him to all, and which will ever be remembered by those who have witnessed his generosity of feeling and complacency of manners.

The last illness of Mr. Jones was short, and his career of usefulness closed, on the 9th of January, 1809. It is no detraction from living worth to say, that as an active and faithful officer, and as a zealous, and useful member of the Welch Society, Richard C. Jones has left behind him no superior.

[In the course of the evening of the anniversary of the Society, the following lines, written for the occasion, were sung to the plaintive air of "Burns's Adieu."]

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LINES

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. RICHARD C. JONES,

Late Secretary of the Welch Society,

STILL be the sounds of joy and mirth,
Effusions gay, and sportive jest;
The man, whose heart should give them birth,
Is gone to his eternal rest.

When last we met, he graced this board,
With frolic, wit, and glee elate;
This table with his humour roared,
Where, now, alas! we mourn his fate.

To Honour's dictates proudly true,
Of noble and exalted mind,
He practised all the good he knew,
And left a spotless name behind.

But, though, he low and silent lies,
And tells his jocund tale no more;
We'll pledge him still—in tears and sighs
Recount his virtues o'er and o'er.

And as the annual toast shall pass,
Departed worth will claim a tear;
The gem shall sparkle in the glass,
To JONES, to Truth, and Virtue dear.

Shade of the man we loved so well!
Though fate decided we should part;
Thy mem'ry shall forever dwell
Engraven on each Cambrian heart.

R.

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ORIGINAL POETRY——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

—— O! where'er thy voice be try'd,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or Winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over Time,
Redress the rigours of the inclement clime;
Aid slighted Truth, with thy persuasive strain:
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain.—GOLDSMITH.

Mr. Oldschool,

I send you the following stanzas, in gratitude for the pleasure some of your fugitive Port Folios have afforded me; I am not a poet, but only a poor soldier. But, amid my military cares, I find some leisure for scribbling; a habit, which you may encourage, or not, as you please. If you insert the subsequent poem, please to forward to me one, or two copies; and, when we take Canada, or South America, I will become one of your most munificent patrons.

I am respectfully yours,

Alexis.

EFFUSION TO HYGEIA.

Written on my recovery from procrastinated indisposition.

Joy's ecstatic blush returns;
Again my blood with ardour burns
From thy inspiring smile:
O Health! Thy form the bloom of Heaven,
And power, by Jove to thee were given
Our sorrows to beguile.

While beauty charms, or love can bind,
The vagrant sense, and truant mind,
Thy power shall man adore;
And lovely woman, prone to sigh,
Shall smile most sweet, when thou art nigh,
And Eden's bliss restore!

Health's soft suffusion of our frame,
Its rosy mantling on the face;
Joy's thrilling pulse, and love's bright flame;
The glow of genius, step of grace;
'Tis thine, blest power! alone to give;
To banish pain, and bid us live.

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The ethereal spark, which God has given,
To light our fragile steps to Heaven,
Our bosoms to possess;
Receives from Thee th' enkindling glow,
Which warms and brightens all below,
Of human happiness.

Who worships Thee, and would be blest,
With joy, must list thy high behest,
And rigidly obey:
" Thy various powers of form and mind,
" Employ, as NATURE has design'd,
" Through each revolving day.

" Yield not to *Indolence*, or *Fear*;
" Shun *Syren Vice*, and all her charms;
" The GREAT FIRST CAUSE, with love, revere,
" And press THY PARTNER to thy arms.
" Then shall my roses flush thy face,
" Till silvery locks shall shade its grace."

ALEXIS.

Sacket's Harbour, Lake Ontario,
December 13th, 1808.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE WOODLANDS.

To view thy wonders, ROME, I used to sigh,
To breathe beneath thy pure transparent sky,
Thy pictures, statues, lofty domes to see,
And own thy far-spread fame surpass'd in thee;
Till late, invited by the *Woodland's* shades,
I stray'd among its green, embower'd glades,
Where bright the wave of winding Schuylkill glides,
And Peace, with Hamilton and Taste, resides.
Rear'd by his care, unnumber'd balmy sweets,
The gladden'd eye in gay confusion meets.
The flow'ry treasures of each distant land,
Collected, cherish'd by his fostering hand;
And all the produce of the varying year,
Profusely scattered at his wish appear.

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Led on by Fancy's secret, magic call,
I reach the mansion, I ascend the hall;
What fairy forms I see around me rise!
What charms, what beauties strike my raptur'd eyes!
On every side, the living canvas speaks;
A *god* pursues, the flying maiden shrieks;
Or *Night*,* with starry robe and silver bow,
Sheds her mild lustre on the calm below.
Then, while within the *Woodland's* fair domain,
The Muses rove, and Classic pleasures reign;
For distant climes no longer will I sigh,
No longer wish to distant realms to fly;
But often seek these charming, verdant glades,
But often wander in these fragrant shades;
Oft mark the place, where little Naiads mourn,
With ceaseless sighs, around their *Shenstone's* urn;
Where bright the wave of winding Schuylkill glides,
And Peace, with *Hamilton* and Taste, resides.

LAURA.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO STELLA.

Yes, lovely maid, thy truant sigh
Has reached thy Henry's faithful breast;
And treasured there, shall ever lie,
To sooth his troubled soul to rest.

And could'st thou think, within that soul,
The "tender passion" lulled to sleep?
No, scorning reason's stern control,
It wak'd, but only wak'd to weep.

Yet vain thy wish, too charming maid,
To call thy lovely wanderer home;
Ten thousand for that one I've paid,
And hence, no, never shall it roam.

* The picture of Night, is one of the most beautiful in the Collection.

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But press'd upon this bleeding heart,
Which long with dark despair hath strove;
A sov'reign balm it shall impart,
Assurance of my Stella's love.

HENRY DE CLIFFORD.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SONG.

THOUGH some who prate of love's combustion,
But deal in travesty and fustian,
Because it is the fashion;
Cupid at me of late let drive,
And, Oh! I'm *terrified* alive,
By love's *volcanic* passion.

No other work of Nature's hand,
No fabled nymph of fairy land,
No vision of the fancy.—
Nothing in heaven or earth or air,
Is half a hundredth part so fair,
As my dear little Nancy.

With her the Graces and the Nine,
And all that poets call divine,
Can challenge no comparisons;
But Venus, Hebe and the rest,
With more than mortal beauty blest,
Would seem a set of Saracens.

When Nature form'd the nymph so neat,
The matchless maiden more complete,
Than ever eye beheld:
Dame Venus like a vixen bold,
Impell'd by Envy broke the mold,
To see herself excell'd.

And I would turn, with all my heart,
A Mussulman like Bonaparte,

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If Mahomet had one such;
Would scale his walls of paradise,
Or break the gate down in a trice;
But Mahomet has none such.

AQUILA QUIZ.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE wind howl'd o'er the snowy plain,
And whistled through the window pane,
And aged leafless tree;
In whirling drifts on Logan's hill,
The feathery flakes were falling still,
And frost had closed the wimpling rill,
That swept round village G.
The villagers, a simple train,
Commenced their winter work again,
The woodman told his tale;
The harvest of the summer bland,
Now felt the force of Toilman's hand,
In the descending flail.
Around our cheerful, blazing fire,
Did Bayley's song our hearts inspire,
Or Bensel strike the Muse's lyre,
How merrily we sat;
The fleeting hours were gayly spent,
Each joy-tun'd feature beam'd content,
For all was mirth and merriment,
And sweet domestic chat.
The cold north-east might keener blow,
Whirling aloft the drifty snow,
And frozen rivulet cease to flow,
In icy-fetters bound;
We heeded not the chilly air,
For smiling friendship crown'd us there,
And wit went flashing round.
When o'er the deep blue vault of heaven,
Majestic rose the star of even,
With silver-tinged ray;

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O'er all the scene a softened glow,
In liquid radiance seemed to flow,
Like moonshine on a field of snow,
And make a mimic day:
Then would I hail the thrilling sound,
Of Friendship's welcome tap,
For oft I sat in thought profound,
Marking the hours move slowly round,
In pensive stilness wrapt;
And, heedless of their silent flight,
I passed the stilly "noon of night,"
Or lost in fancy's waking dreams,
Pensive I mused o'er early scenes,
In glowing colours dyed;
And deep in friendship's hallowed shrine,
Recording Memory trac'd the line,
Which Time's fell power defy'd:
Oh! Time, as we move hand in hand,
Through winter drear, and summer bland,
Oh! stay thy ruin-marking wand,
Suspend thy toil awhile;
And grant me, as I dance along,
Melodious Bayley's moving song,
And Bensell's friendly smile.

Germantown. LLEWELLYN.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Verses written on beholding the miniature of Miss Mary C——, a lady whom the writer has never seen.

TO HER SISTER, MISS JULIA C——.

How beautiful this work of art!
So well portray'd it is, my heart
Concludes, the likeness true:
The artist with his subject fir'd
Has surely gaz'd till love inspir'd,
The picture that he drew.

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And well might love impart his aid,
For in such eyes as thine, sweet maid,
The god is ever seen:
Proud to possess the fount of day,
He guides the heart-entrancing ray,
And lights the winning mein.

Painter, thou'st hit it to a hair,
The likeness must be good, for there
The sister's smile I see;
In truth thou hast her lovely cheeks,
Which blush so sweetly when she speaks,
In silver tones to me.

I fain would have a picture too;
Come, Julia, let me study you,
No fairer maid I know;
Behold all's ready; sit to me,
Th' impatient painter longs to see
The pictur'd Julia grow.

How vain the wish! weak youth, forbear!
Those beamy eyes, that magic air,
To paint them, ah! how vain!
I'll gaze no more; my heart now free,
Should long I feast my eyes on thee,
May be enchain'd again. G.

From *Il Fiore della Poesia Italiana.*

LA PRIMAVERA. DI DE ROSSI.

Amor volea schernir la primavera
Sulla breve durata, e passeggiera
Dei vaghi fiori suoi.
Ma la bella stagione a lui rispose
Forse i piaceri tuoi
Vita più lunga avran delle mie rose?

TRANSLATED FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The little wanton god of love,
As whilom flutt'ring through a grove,
Reproach'd the Spring: "Though now so gay
"Thy glories soon shall fade away."
The Spring replied: "Thou purblind boy,
"More fleeting far is all thy joy."
M. C.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ORIGINAL EPIGRAM,

A stingy fellow, 'tis no matter who,
Had, "once upon a time," some work to do;
He told a man, they called him Sam, I think,
That if he'd do this job, he'd give him drink,
Such as could not in any place be sold,
For it was then exactly *ten years old.*
The work is done, the miser gives the dram,
"How old do you call dis Massa," says poor Sam,
"Ten years exactly,"—"Ten years!" in a rage
Says Sam, "He be damn little of his age."

K. D.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

On a beautiful young lady whose slippers were fastened with ribbands, tied in bows.

Your conquests, Amanda, must now be complete,
For I see you have prostrate *two beaus* at your feet.

NUPTIAL.

—— Why, man, she is mine own,
And I as rich, in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.——SHAKSPEARE.

MARRIED, at Rehoboth, Massachusetts, Mr. Simeon Mason, of Swanzey, aged 74, to Miss Experience Baker, of Rehoboth, aged 79.

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OBITUARY.

"This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day, the vestibule.
Life's theatre as yet is shut, and Death,
Strong Death alone, can heave the massy bar,
This gross impediment of clay remove,
And make us, embryos of existence, free.—DR. YOUNG.

DIED, on Monday, the 30th January, Mrs. WILLIAMINA BOND, widow of the late worthy Doctor PHINEAS BOND.

This venerable lady was eminently gifted with a strength of faculty, unimpaired by a very advanced age; and possessed a heart whose felicity it was to dispense every act of charity and good will.

Bereft of a most affectionate husband, and left with the care of a large family, in a season of much peril, she acquitted herself of the double charge which devolved upon her, in a manner to rivet the duty of her children, who revered her, and to excite the love and admiration of all who knew her.

Of a most delicate cast of mind, with a ready discernment of character, she was liberal in her opinions, and tender to the failings of humanity.

She was particularly distinguished by a cheerful and benign disposition; by a force of expression, and candour of sentiment, which secured the confidence even of strangers.

Regardless of all selfish views, she was ever, zealously, occupied in contributing to the happiness and comfort, or in ministering to the affliction of others.

Beneficent without ostentation, moral without display, a standard of rational virtue. Few have, so faithfully, performed their great task. None have, more scrupulously, discharged the best duties of life.

In the devout faith of a true Christian, she beheld the approach of Death, with the firm assurance of a life well spent; and closed a long career of usefulness, with a spirit, undimmished by the severity of a tedious illness, or the waste of fourscore years.

"No more sweet Patience, feigning, oft, relief,
"Lights thy sick eye, to lull thy children's grief;
"With tender art to save their anxious moan,
"No more thy bosom presses down its own;
"Now well-earned Peace is thine, and bliss secure:
"Theirs be the task of wo, the sorrowing tear."

On Friday the 24th Instant departed this life in the 48th year of her age, Mrs. ELIZABETH PRICE, wife of Mr. Samuel Price, Merchant; and daughter of the late Dr. Robert Bass.

Beloved and respected by all who knew her, her death will long be lamented by an extensive circle of friends and acquaintance: for, being possessed

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of those amiable qualities which give real value to the female character, her presence always exhilarated the social circle, relaxed the brow of care, soothed the sigh of sorrow, and solaced the murmur of misfortune.

A cultivated mind, a benevolent disposition, and a cheerful temper, induced that dignity of deportment, that affability and suavity of address, which never fail to command respect, and to captivate the affections.

The blameless tenor of a virtuous life enabled her to sustain the depredations of disease with Christian fortitude, and to receive the summons of death with Christian resignation.

"Heav'n gives us friends to bless the present scene;
"Resumes them to prepare us for the next.
"Deaths stand like Mercuries in every way,
"And kindly point us to our journey's end."

—

Departed this life on Monday the 12th September last, after a short, but very severe illness, which she sustained with pious resignation, Mrs. Miriam Gratz, wife of Mr. Michael Gratz of this City. By the death of this exemplary lady her afflicted husband has lost a faithful and attentive partner, her family are bereaved of a tender and affectionate parent, and society of one of its most useful members. Her life exhibited the practice of every virtue. In adversity she was patient and cheerful, in prosperity she was humble and charitable; and always obedient to the will of heaven, she saw the approach of death with serenity and meekness, and met his cold embrace without a struggle. In contemplating the steadfast virtue which supported her at that awful moment we may all find reason to exclaim, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my latter end be like *her's*."

—

On the 10th Inst. departed this life, in the 74th year of his age, Mr. Henry Ward Pierce; and on Monday his remains were interred in Christ-Church Burial Ground. Mr. Pierce was a native of Cœcil county, in the then province of Maryland. Before the revolution he resided at his patrimonial farm on the banks of Chesapeake, and held an appointment in the Magistracy. For several years past he has spent his time in this city, in the ease and retirement of private life.

If a temper cheerful and contented, a heart kind and benevolent, a mind polished, and the correct manners of a gentleman, can endear the memory of any man to his relations and acquaintances, the deceased will certainly be recollected with no common portion of affection and regret, for some years to come.

The Price of The Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum.

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F. Edwin sc.

William Penn

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THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. I. MARCH, 1809. No. 3.

BIOGRAPHY——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

It has been observed that one of the greatest advantages in Biography is the display of the formation and progress of character. This exhibition is, perhaps, still more useful in professional, than in general subjects. The young divine, physician, counsellor, lawyer, merchant, and soldier, though he may receive entertainment, information, and instruction from the history of men, in all conditions, yet will derive lessons more beneficial to him from viewing him in such a state and circumstances as he is himself likely to be.

OUTLINES OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF *WILLIAM PENN.*

IT is a singular fact, though not perhaps unaccountable, that the Founder of Pennsylvania is nowhere less known, at this day, than in the country which he founded; nowhere less celebrated than among the people who repose, in security, under the laws which he framed. The Revolution, by which the British Colonies burst from the leading-strings of the mother country, has obliterated the fainter traces of their discovery and settlement; and the well-earned fame of the sages who led our ancestors into the wilderness in pursuit of Religious liberty, is eclipsed by the more brilliant exploits of the heroes who achieved for us Political independence.

"A prophet is not without honour, save in his own country, and among them of his own house": It was the Abbe Raynal and the French literati that taught Europeans to venerate the name of Penn; and it is only from the feeble and faultering voice of Tradition, that

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the youth of Pennsylvania hear anything more of their Founder, than that, after the lapse of a century, the rest of the world have agreed to rank the American Lawgiver with the Solons and the Numas of Greece and Rome.

Be it our present task to remove the imputation of domestic neglect from that "fair and venerable name," which, more than any other peculiarity, distinguishes, in foreign countries, the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania from her sister States.

William Penn, only son of William Penn, of the Penns of Penn's Lodge, in the county of Wilts, Vice-Admiral of England in the time of Cromwell, and afterward knighted by King Charles II, for his successful services against the Dutch, was born at London, in the year 1644.

He appears to have been seriously inclined, from his youth, having imbibed religious impressions as early as the twelfth year of his age; which were soon afterward confirmed by the ministry of Thomas Loe, an eminent preacher among the people called Quakers, then newly associated in religious fellowship.

In his fifteenth year, he was notwithstanding, entered as a gentleman commoner of Christ-Church, Oxford, where, meeting with some other students who were devoutly inclined, they ventured to hold private meetings among themselves, wherein they both preached and prayed. This gave great offence to the heads of the College; by whom these zealous tyros were at first only fined for nonconformity: but, persisting in their religious exercises, they were finally expelled the University.

On his return home, his father endeavoured, in vain, to divert him from his religious pursuits, as being likely to stand in the way of his promotion in the world; and at length, finding him inflexible in what he now conceived to be his religious duty, beat him severely, and turned him out of doors. Relenting, however, at the intercession of his mother, and hoping to gain his point by other means, he sent his son to Paris, in company with some persons of quality; whence he returned, so well skilled in the French language, and other polite accomplishments, that he was again joyfully received at home.

After his return from France, he was admitted of Lincoln's Inn, with a view of studying the law, and continued there till his twenty-second year, when his father committed to him the management of a considerable estate in Ireland; a circumstance which unexpectedly proved the occasion of his finally adhering to the despised cause of the Quakers, and devoting himself to a religious life.

At Cork, he met again with Thomas Loe, the person whose preaching had affected him so early in life. At a meeting in that city Loe began his declaration with these penetrating words, "There is a faith that overcomes the world, and there is a faith that is overcome by the

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world"; which so reached Penn, that from that time he constantly attended the meetings of the Quakers, though in a time of hot persecution. He was soon afterward, with many others, taken at a meeting in Cork, and carried before the mayor, by whom they were committed to prison; but young Penn was soon released, on application to the Earl of Orrery, then Lord President of Munster.

His father being informed of his conduct, remanded him home, and finding him unalterably determined to abide by his own convictions of duty, in respect to plainness of speech and deportment, he would have compounded with him if he would only consent to remain uncovered before the King, the Duke (afterward James II), and himself. Being disappointed in this, he could no longer endure the sight of his son, and a second time, drove him from his family. Yet after a while, becoming convinced of his integrity, he permitted him to return; and though he never openly countenanced him, he would use his interest to get him released, when imprisoned for his attendance at religious meetings.

It was in the year 1668, the twenty-fourth of his age, that he first appeared as a minister, and an author; and it was on account of his second essay, entitled, "The Sandy Foundation shaken," that he was imprisoned in the Tower, where he remained seven months; during which time he wrote his most celebrated work, "No Cross no Crown;" and finally obtained his release from confinement by an exculpatory vindication, under the title of "Innocency with her open face."

In 1670, the meetings of Dissenters were forbidden, under severe penalties. The Quakers, however, believing it their religious duty, continued to meet as usual; and when forcibly kept out of their meeting-houses, they assembled as near to them as they could in the street.

At one of these meetings, William Penn preached to the people, thus assembled for divine worship: for which pious action he was committed to Newgate, and at the next session, at the Old Bailey, was indicted for "being present at and preaching to an unlawful, seditious, and riotous assembly." He pleaded his own cause, though menaced by the Recorder, and was finally acquitted by the Jury: but he was nevertheless detained in Newgate, and the Jury fined. Such was English liberty in those days.

Sir William died this year, fully reconciled to his son, to whom he left a plentiful estate, taking leave of him in these memorable words: "Son William, let nothing in this world tempt you to wrong your conscience. So will you keep peace at home, which will be a feast to you in a day of trouble."

Shortly after this event, our author travelled, in the exercise of his ministry, into Holland and Germany.

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In the year 1672, he married Gulielma Maria Springett, whose father (Sir William) having been killed, at the seige of Bamber, in the Civil Wars, her mother had married Isaac Penington, of Chalfont, in Bucks, an eminent minister and writer among the Quakers.* After his marriage, he resided some time at Rickmansworth, in Hertfordshire, whence he removed to Worminghurst, in Sussex.

In 1677, in company with George Fox and Robert Barclay, (the celebrated Apologist) he again set sail on a religious visit to Holland and Germany, where they were received by many pious persons as the messengers of Christ, particularly at Herwerden, by the Princess Elizabeth of the Rhine, daughter of the King of Bohemia, and granddaughter of James I, of England.

The persecution of Dissenters continuing to rage notwithstanding their repeated applications to Parliament for sufferance and protection, William Penn now turned his views toward a settlement in the New World, as a place where himself and his friends might enjoy their religious opinions without molestation; and where an example might be set to the nations of a just and righteous government: "There may be room there," said he, "though not here, for such a holy experiment."

He therefore, in 1681, solicited a patent from Charles II, for a Province in North America, which the King readily granted, in consideration of his father's services, and of a debt still due him from the crown. Penn soon after published a description of the Province, proposing easy terms of settlement to such as might be disposed to go thither. He also wrote to the Indian natives, informing them of his desire to hold his possession with their consent and good-will. He then drew up, "The Fundamental Constitution of Pennsylvania," and the following year he published "The Frame of Government," a law of which code held out a greater degree of religious liberty than had at that time been allowed in the world. The following provision may be considered as the foundation-stone upon which the sublime edifice of universal toleration has been since established in the United States: "All persons living in this Province who confess and acknowledge the One Almighty and Eternal God to be the Creator, Upholder, and Ruler of the World, and that hold themselves obliged in conscience to live peaceably and justly in civil society, shall in no wise be molested or prejudiced for their religious persuasion or practice, in matters of faith and worship; nor shall they be compelled at any time to frequent or maintain any religious worship, place, or ministry whatsoever."

* Ancestor of the Peningtons of Philadelphia.

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Upon the publication of these proposals, many respectable families removed to the new Province; the city of Philadelphia was laid out, upon the banks of the Delaware; and in 1682, the Proprietor visited his newly-acquired territory, where he remained about two years, adjusting its concerns, and establishing a friendly intercourse with his colonial neighbours: during which period no less than fifty sail arrived with settlers from England, Ireland, Wales, Holland, and Germany. Envy however, followed him into the Wilderness; and he who had been traduced at home, as a concealed papist, was accused abroad of ambition, and the desire of wealth. His defence, to his friends, of his own political conduct, concludes with this remarkable prediction: "If friends here keep to God, and in the justice, mercy, equity, and fear of the Lord, their enemies will be their footstool; if not, their heirs and my heirs too, will lose all."

Soon after Penn returned to England, King Charles died, and the respect which James II bore to the late Admiral, who had recommended his son to his favour, procured for him free access at Court. He made use of this advantage to solicit the discharge of his persecuted brethren, fifteen hundred of whom remained in prison at the decease of the late King.

In 1686, having taken lodgings at Kensington, to be near the Court, he published "A Persuasive to Moderation toward Dissenting Christians, &c. humbly submitted to the King and his Great Council," which is thought to have hastened, if it did not occasion, the King's proclamation for a general pardon, which was followed the next year by his suspension of the penal laws.

At the Revolution in 1688, Penn's intimacy with the abdicated monarch created suspicions of which he repeatedly cleared himself before authority, until accused by a profligate wretch, whom the Parliament afterward declared to be a cheat and impostor, when not caring to expose himself to the oaths of such a man, he withdrew from public notice, till the year 1693, when, through the mediation of his friends at Court, he was once more admitted to plead his own cause before the King and Council, and was again acquitted of all suspicion of guilt.

The most generally known production of his temporary seclusion, bears the title of "Fruits of Solitude, in Reflections and Maxims relating to the Conduct of Human Life."

Not long after his restoration to society, he lost his wife, Gulielma, to which he said all his other troubles were as nothing in comparison. He travelled, however, the same year, in the west of England, and in the next prosecuted an application to Parliament for the relief of his friends, the Quakers, in the case of oaths.

In the year 1696, he married a second wife, Hannah, the daughter of Thomas Callowhill, an eminent merchant of Bristol; and soon after

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buried his eldest son, Springett, a remarkably pious and hopeful youth. In 1698 he travelled in Ireland, and resided the following year at Bristol.

In 1699, he again sailed for Pennsylvania, with his wife and family, intending to make his Province, the place of their future residence; but advantage was taken of his absence to undermine proprietary governments, under colour of advancing the King's prerogative, and he thought it necessary to return to England again in 1701. After his arrival the measure was laid aside, and Penn became once more welcome at Court, on the accession of Queen Anne. On this occasion, he resided again at Kensington, and afterwards at Knights-Bridge, till in the year 1706, he removed to a house about a mile from Brentford.

Now, after a life of almost constant vicissitude and exertion, he found that the infirmities of age began to overpower his faculties; and at length, in 1710, finding the air near the city to disagree with his declining health, he took a handsome seat at Rushcomb, near Twyford, in Buckinghamshire, at which he continued to reside during the remainder of his life.

In the year 1712, he had three distinct fits of the apoplectic kind. The last of these so impaired his memory and understanding as to render him thereafter unfit for public action. His friend Thomas Story (who had been the first Recorder of the corporation of Philadelphia) made him annual visits from this time, till his decease. In 1713 and 1714, he found him cheerful, and able to recollect past transactions, but deficient in utterance. In 1715 his memory was decayed, but Story relates that he continued to deliver, in the meeting at Reading, short, but sound and sensible expressions. In 1716 he seemed glad to see his friend, and at parting with him and another he said: "My love is with you. The Lord preserve you; and remember me in the everlasting covenant." In 1717, he scarcely knew his old acquaintance, or could walk without leading. He died in 1718, and was buried at Jordan's, near Beaconsfield, in Buckinghamshire.

Such was the checkered life, and such the gradual dissolution, of a man whose writings (first published in two volumes folio) bespeak his character, as a Christian and a Philanthropist; and of whom, as a Politician and Legislator, the prosperity of Pennsylvania is a monument more durable than brass and marble.

See the Life of Penn prefixed to the first edition of his Works, London, 1726; the Biographia Britannica, article Penn; and Proud's History of Pennsylvania, a neglected collection of interesting facts and documents, not to be met with elsewhere.

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A SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF JOHN BLAIR LINN.

(*Concluded from page* 134.)

To those early and memorable proofs of literary excellence, Mr. Linn was indebted for the honour of the degree of doctor in divinity, conferred upon him about this time, by the university of Pennsylvania. This honor, never before, probably, conferred upon so young a man, was decreed with a zealous unanimity. It may be deemed the spontaneous reward of merit, since, so far from being sought for or claimed by Mr. Linn, neither he nor his familiar friends entertained the least suspicion of the design, before it was carried into execution.

His literary performances were the fruits of those intervals which his professional duty, and the disease which had rooted itself in his constitution, had afforded him. These intervals of health and tranquillity became gradually fewer and shorter. Besides occasional indispositions, by which he was visited more frequently than formerly, those sensations became more and more permanent, which always appeared to his imagination unerring indications of approaching death. To a mind formed like his, these symptoms had been productive of a dreary melancholy, had their effects been confined wholly to his own person, but, with him, they received bitter aggravation from reflections on the helpless state in which an untimely death would leave his family.

No one ever entertained a more lively sense of the duty which his profession had imposed upon him, nor more ardent wishes to be useful to those around him. The voice of blame, even when unmerited, shot the keenest pangs into his soul. The peculiar nature of his feelings, of which there was no external or visible tokens, agonized him with the terror, that any failure of parochial duty might be imputed rather to defect of inclination than of power. Hence was he continually led to overtask his own strength, and to hasten, by undue exertions, that event which was to put a final close to his activity.

From the beginning of his malady, he entertained serious thoughts of resigning his pastoral office. Whether his own feelings conveyed more deadly intimations than his friends imagined, or whether his temper was peculiarly disposed to despondency and

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fear, he predicted nothing from these symptoms but lasting infirmity. The exercises of the pulpit were peculiarly unfavourable to his disease. In a different calling, he imagined that his health would be less endangered. Some calling, that might perhaps prove far more arduous, and would certainly be much less agreeable, he was yet extremely desirous of embracing, provided it was such as his peculiar constitution was fitted to endure: but though no such path presented itself to his view, yet so exquisitely painful was it to him to receive a recompense for duties that he was unable to perform, that very often, during the two last years of his life had he formed the resolution of absolutely resigning his call.

As often as these resolutions were formed, they were shaken, for a time, by the admonitions and counsels of his friends. They endeavoured to call back to his bosom that hope which had deserted it; they made light of the symptoms he complained of; they persuaded him that his infirmities were transient; that time alone would dissipate them; or, at least, that some change of regimen, some rural excursion, or a larger portion of exercise than ordinary, would be sufficient to restore him. They insisted on the unreasonableness of despairing of his recovery, before a trial had been made of the proper remedies. His physicians contributed to inspire him with the same confidence. By these means was hope occasionally revived in his heart. He consented to try the remedies prescribed to him; he obtained a respite from church service, and made several journies in pursuit of health: but all these experiments were fruitless. They afforded him a brief and precarious respite from pain, and he eagerly returned to the pulpit. But his feelings quickly warned him that his hopes were fallacious: his infirmities were sure to return upon him with redoubled force; despondency invaded him anew; he again embraced the resolution of resigning his post, from which he was again dissuaded with difficulty greater than before.

These mental struggles and vicissitudes were alone sufficient to have destroyed a much more robust constitution than his. The gloom which hovered over his mind became deeper and more settled. A respite from pain or weakness was not sufficient to dispel it, even for a time; and though his anxieties were more keen at one time than another, long was the period during which he was an utter stranger to joy. If he took up a book, over which

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the poet's fancy and the poet's numbers had shed the most vivid hues and the richest harmony, and which, in former days, had been a fountain of delight, he found the spell at an end; it had lost its power to beguile his heart of its cares, or impart the smallest relief to his apprehension. Did he walk forth into the fields, and survey Nature in her fairest forms, the scene merely conjured up a mournful contrast between the pleasures which the landscape once imparted, and its present monotony and dreariness. In fine, there is little doubt that his latent malady infected the springs of life much less rapidly by its own direct force, than indirectly by its influence in lowering his spirits.

These feelings cannot be explained by admitting the influence of constitution. Few men had less reason to dread death, on account of that existence which follows it. If a blameless life and enlightened piety could smooth the path to the grave, or if death were indebted for its terrors merely to the apprehension of its consequences in another mode of existence, few men had less reason than Mr. Linn to view it with anxiety. But such is the physical constitution of most men, that their feelings on this head are by no means in subjection to their reason. The raising of blood seems particularly calculated to affect the spirits of the patient, and the sight of that fluid, so essential to life, oozing through unnatural channels, is sure to appal and disconcert the most courageous minds. Mr. Linn was haunted, from his earliest youth, with a fatal persuasion that he should die young, and of all diseases he regarded consumption with most abhorrence. His present symptoms were to him infallible tokens, not only that death was hastening on him, but that it was approaching in a form the most ghastly and terrific.

These mournful impressions acquired unusual strength in the winter and spring of 1804. He was attacked several times with spitting of blood; and though these symptoms were not deemed fatal or incurable by his physicians, they spoke a language to his own heart not to be mistaken. He was, however, prevailed upon to try the effects of a new journey. For this purpose, he obtained from his congregation leave of absence for two or three months, and set out towards the eastern states. By this journey he was little amused or benefited, and the state of his mind, when setting out on his return, will strongly appear in the following extract of a letter, written at Boston, to his father:

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"Never was a traveller less qualified for giving or receiving pleasure. I cannot discover that I have received the least benefit from my voyage or travel, nor have my spirits ascended the smallest degree above their customary pitch.

"I am convinced, that unless I undergo a total renovation, I must leave the pulpit, and endeavour to earn my bread in some other way. If my present impressions are true, if appearances deceive me not, I shall need "but little here below, nor need that little long." But as all my hopes of the world are clouded and ruined, could I only subdue some rising apprehensions, and leave my family provided for, I should not regret the blow, however speedy, that crumbled me to dust. I write not to afflict you, but to relieve myself. It is a strange consolation, but it is one of the few consolations I know. You will therefore please to pardon me for this, and all other offences towards you of which I may be guilty. They are inseparable from my cruel disease.

"I feel the ruin of an intellect, which, with health, would not have dishonoured you, my family, or my country. I feel the ruin of a heart, which I trust was never deficient in gratitude towards my God, or my worldly benefactors. This heart has always fervently cherished the social affections, but now broods over the images of despair, and wars ineffectually with the pang which bespeaks my dissolution. But I must be silent. I believe I have gone too far."

After a short stay in New-York and its neighbourhood, he returned to Philadelphia, in July. During the ensuing six weeks, he was attacked by indisposition in several forms. His mind struggled in vain against the conviction of his increasing and incurable infirmities. As this excursion was followed only by new diseases, his hopes were totally subverted, and he wrote a letter to the session of his church, which contained a resignation of his pulpit.

This letter was written from the bed of sickness, and he was persuaded to recal it a few days afterwards. Some expedients were proposed for relieving him from part of his professional duties, and his mind experienced some temporary ease from the prospects which his friends held out to him. A day of customary health revisited his soul with a transient gleam of consolation; but the fatal period was now hastening, which was to bear stronger testimony than even he himself had imagined to the justice of his apprehensions.

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On the thirtieth of August he rose with less indisposition than usual. The last words which he committed to paper was on the morning of that day, in a letter to his father, which, however, was not delivered till some time after the writer was no more. In this letter he declares himself incapable of being burthensome to his congregation. "Does not," says he, "my obligations to God and to my people dictate that I ought without farther trial, to relinquish my present charge? May not a righteous Providence point out this conduct as the only road to health? You know how fervently I love the study and the teaching of divine truths; yet, if compelled by necessity to leave the pulpit, may I not still be useful in some way more corresponding to my strength? Severe, very severe, are the dispensations of my God towards me; but I hope to be able to submit. Hope, on which I have lived, has only glimmered on my path to flatter and deceive me. I am convinced that something must now be done."

Alas! these schemes for futurity were rendered unnecessary before the rising of another sun. On the evening of that day, he occasionally raised blood, but in a degree scarcely perceptible. It was, however, sufficient to dissipate every ray of cheerfulness, and his heart sunk beyond the power of the friends that were with him to restore it. He retired about half after ten o'clock, as little apprehensive of immediate danger as any of his family; but scarcely had he laid his head upon the pillow, when some motion within him occasioned him to say to his wife, "I feel something burst within me. Call the family together: I am dying." He had scarcely time to pronounce these words, when his utterance was choaked by a stream of blood. After a short interval he recovered strength and sensibility sufficient to exclaim with fervency, clasping his hands and lifting his eyes, "Lord Jesus, pardon my transgressions, and receive my soul!"

Such was the abrupt and untimely close of a life, which, though short, had been illustrated by genius and virtue, in a degree of which our country has hitherto afforded very few examples!

On the character of Mr. Linn, as a preacher, it is not necessary to dwell, among those who have enjoyed opportunities of hearing him. It is well known, that few persons in America, though assisted by age and experience, have ever attained so great a popularity as he acquired before his twenty-third year. The merits which shone forth with so much splendour on his first ascending the pulpit, the discipline and experience of four years by no means

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impaired. Time, indeed, evinced its salutary influence only in pruning away his juvenile luxuriances, and giving greater solidity to his discourses, without rendering them less engaging.

As a poet, performances must also speak for him. He took up the pen, and his effusions obtained public notice and regard, at so early an age as sixteen. He was not nineteen when he had completed two regular dramatic pieces, one of which was brought upon the stage. All his performances, however, candour compels us to consider as preludes to future exertions, and indications of future excellence. While their positive merit is considerable, they are chiefly characteristics of the writer, by suggesting to us what might have been expected from him, had Providence allowed him a longer date.

On his character in general, the following is the testimony of two of his friends, who had long enjoyed his intimacy, and who are better qualified than any one living to draw a just portrait of him. One of these, the Rev. Mr. John Romeyn, of Albany, speaks of him in the following terms:

"I need scarcely mention his talents were of the first order. His imagination was glowing, and yet it was chaste. Even his earliest attempts of writing display a soundness of judgment rarely united with fervidness of fancy, especially in young people. His taste was formed on pure models. He was capable of deep research, though constitutionally indisposed to it. His genius was poetic. He always preferred a poem, or criticisms on polite literature, to any others species of composition. His constitution was sanguine. This caused a precipitancy in some of his actions, which prudence condemned. He had a bias to pleasure, a taste for it; so much so, that I have often, in reflecting over past scenes, wondered how he escaped its pollutions as he did. His readings in early life contributed very much to increase this taste. He was disposed to be romantic in his views and conduct. His temper was quick, his sensibility exquisite. He had all the capricious feelings peculiar to a poet. Though hasty, and sometimes rash, yet was he generous: he scorned meanness. He was warm in his attachments; benevolent in his propensities to mankind. His anticipated pleasures generally exceeded his actual enjoyments. He was accustomed to dwell more on the dark, than on the bright side of the picture of life. He was prone to melancholy, the melancholy of genius. Oftimes he appeared its victim, sitting for days silent, sad, and gloo-

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my. He felt, even to madness, the slightest disrespect, and as sensibly enjoyed attention paid to him. He was not calculated to move in a moderate common course with the generality of mankind; he was either in the valley of gloom or on the mount of transport; rarely did he enjoy temperate, calm pleasure. With years, this sensibility was corrected. I myself perceived a change in him, in this respect, the last time we were together. In short, his system was like a delicate machine, composed of the finest materials, which was liable to derangements from the slightest and most trifling circumstances, and the continual, diversified action of those parts tended gradually, though certainly, to a speedy destruction of the whole."

The Rev. Mr. Alexander M'Leod, of New-York, speaks of his deceased friend in the following terms:

"About the time of his beginning to preach the gospel, he was greatly agitated about two of the most important points in the Christian's life, What are the characteristics of gracious exercises of heart toward God? and, What is the connexion between the speculative truths of revealed religion and those exercises?

"I advised him to read Dr. Owen's Treatise on Communion with God. He did so. He was satisfied with it. He entered fully into the doctor's views of that interesting subject. Of the state of his mind I have received from himself explicit information. Opposed to enthusiasm, and naturally delicate, he was not very communicative on such subjects. He did not think it prudent to unbosom himself to many, because he had himself such a low opinion of his Christian experience, that he thought it probable a fair statement would dispose the censorious to conclude he was entirely destitute of piety, and render the nominal professor satisfied with his own attainments; and consequently have a tendency to hinder his public usefulness, and to encourage inattention to experimental religion. He therefore scarcely ever alluded to his own experience, in conversation even with his most intimate religious friends. He was not, however, absolutely opposed to conversation upon such subjects. He could throw aside reserve, and enter upon it with freedom, when he was under no apprehension that this freedom would be abused.

"He was much under the influence of the fear of death, and a reluctance to dying. But he was not in terror of future punishment; for although he confessed himself worthy of it, he trusted

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in that Saviour which the gospel offers to sinners, and, firmly persuaded of the safety of believers, cheerfully hoped that his own faith, although weak, was really sincere. The frame of his mind, in relation to spiritual things, was almost uniform: never extremely gloomy, never extremely joyous. It differed surprisingly from the natural temperament of his mind. In the concerns of common life, he was the slave of sensibility, the mere child of circumstances. He knew this. His religious life appeared to himself a third estate, supernaturally called into existence in the empire of his soul, which created a distinct interest, to which all his affections were drawn; and which gradually progressing in strength and in influence, checked the dangerous efforts of the opposite principles of his constitution, rendering his joys less vivid and more lasting, and rendering his sorrows more easy to endure and overcome."

No man ever stood more in need of the aid of friendship and domestic sympathy than Dr. Linn; and no stronger proof could be given of the purity and rectitude of his character, than his feelings on this head. His father and his sisters were his friends, in the highest sense of that term. In the bosom of his own family he sought for objects in whom to repose his confidence, and from whom to claim consolation. To entertain a general regard for the worldly welfare and advantage of near relatives is so common, and originates so frequently in selfish motives, that it can scarcely be deemed a merit in any one; but Dr. Linn's attachment to his family was of a higher order. It led him, not only into the tenderest concern for their welfare, but into an intimate union of his heart and affection with theirs. From the time of his entering on the study of theology to his death, he kept up a frequent correspondence with his father. To him he imparted all his hopes and fears, and thus afforded the strongest proof of integrity of thought and action, since eminently pure must that mind be, which can repose unbounded confidence in a father. Such confidence, indeed, is no less honourable to the father who obtains, than to the son who bestows it; and justice will not discountenance the favourable inference which may be suggested by the present case.

The best companions of his early youth, those whom a similarity of age and inclinations had endeared to him, were, indeed, removed, by their diverse destinies, to a great distance from him; and this circumstance might have been a source of some regret to those who loved him, had not the filial and fraternal charities glow-

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ed as warmly as they did in his heart, and supplied the place of all other friendship.

He was esteemed and beloved by great numbers, but it was his fondness for seclusion, and not any froward or morose passions, which occasioned him to have but little intercourse with mankind. This little intercourse was by no means fettered or disturbed by personal prejudices. With all his clear and cogent principles, on moral, political, and religious subjects, he combined a charity open as day, and extensive as mankind, and no one's deportment could be more benign and inoffensive than his, towards those who differed with him, even in essential points. He avoided the company of those whom he had no reason to love or respect. He did not seek beyond the small circle of his nearest kindred the company of those who had secured his regard, but when propriety or accident led him into contact with the *former*, his treatment of them was adapted to win their reverence, and he never refused his confidence or kindness, when claimed by the *latter*. Short as was his date, and clouded as was the morning of his life by infirmities and sorrows, few there are whose memory will be treated by his adversaries, if any such exist, with more lenity, or will live longer in the hearts of his friends. To mankind at large his short life was useful and glorious, since it was devoted to the divine purpose of inculcating moral and religious duty, and the purpose, only *less* divine, of illuminating the imagination with the visions of a glowing and harmonious poetry.

RHETORIC——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

INTRODUCTORY LECTURE

ON

THE ARTS OF READING AND PUBLIC SPEAKING,

DELIVERED IN THE PHILADELPHIA ACADEMY, NOV. 17, 1806, AND IN THE HALL OF THE UNIVERSITY, NOV. 16, 1807.

(*Continued from page* 113.)

THE fundamental law of Oratory is, "Follow Nature"—without an attentive regard to which, all other rules will only produce stiff and

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affected declamation—not just elocution. For no one can deserve the appellation of a good reader or speaker, much less of an accomplished orator, who does not to a distinct articulation, a ready command of voice, and just pronunciation, accent, and emphasis, add the various expressions of emotion and passion: but in this part of his office, *written* precepts alone can afford him little assistance. "To describe in words," says Dr. Enfield, "the particular expression which belongs to each emotion and passion, is, perhaps, wholly impracticable. All attempts to enable men to become orators, by teaching them, in *written* rules, the manner in which the voice, countenance, and hands are to be employed in expressing the passions, must, from the nature of the thing, be exceedingly imperfect, and consequently ineffectual." A man might as well attempt to teach fencing, by pictures of gladiatorial exercises, or to evolve the graceful mazes of a dance, by the mummery of diagrams.

Precepts, it has been observed, are, with regard to Rhetoric, what the skeleton is to the human body. By studying it one may learn to know the distribution of the muscles, and the connexion of the bones; but it never can give an adequate idea of the force and beauty of the living form. The study of the rules of rhetoric is, therefore, to the pupil of eloquence, what anatomy is to the young painter. In order to design correctly, he must know the structure of the human body; but, however perfect he may be in his knowledge, the art of *colouring* is still wanting; and to give life to the canvas, he must study nature, and those who have excelled in imitating it.

Reading may, with propriety, be called artificial speaking; as it is indeed the imitation of natural eloquence. Hence, like all other imitative arts, its end is defeated by every appearance of study, habit, or affectation. "*Ars est*," said the Romans, "*celare artem*,"† and to no subject does this adage more forcibly apply than to the art of reading. Any peculiarity, therefore, of tone and manner in reading must be disagreeable, as it is unnatural. It is, nevertheless, very certain, that as there are few common readers who have not a disagreeable tone; so there are few pretended adepts in this art, who are not declaimers. It is difficult to say, which of the two is the most disgusting. It is plain, however, that as the former must get rid of his acquired habit, so the latter must unlearn almost all he hath learned, before he can possibly be a good reader; and to reform bad habits is infinitely more difficult, than to commence and proceed correctly.

Indeed, before any rules can be received for the study of this art, it is necessary to eradicate those prejudices which will prevent people

† "It is the perfection of art to conceal its exertions."

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from profiting by them. For men's prejudices have a powerful effect upon their judgment, and often pervert it when they perceive it not themselves. But to eradicate entirely a vitious habit of pronunciation, must be the work of time, and the effect of repeated exertions.

The groundwork, or fundamental principle of both the arts of reading and of public speaking, is, *distinctness of articulation*, or the giving to every sound which is uttered its due proportion, and making every word, syllable, and even every letter in the word be heard distinctly. An accurate knowledge of the simple elementary sounds of the language, and a facility in uttering them, are so necessary to distinctness of expression, that it will be in vain to indulge the hope of being a good reader, if every elementary sound of the language cannot be first completely and easily articulated.

Next to an accurate knowledge of, and facility in uttering the elementary sounds, in their various combinations, a command of the principles of *accentuation* must be acquired, though in this respect our language is subject to frequent changes. Accent appears to be the most unstable part of the English language. We can all remember words differently accented, from the present practice, and many might be collected which still are fluctuating with their accent unsettled.

Acad'emy had formerly the *first* syllable accented:

> " Our court shall be a little a'cademy.
>
> *Love's Labour Lost.*

Cha'racter: (verb and noun.)

> " Who art the table, wherein all my thoughts
> " Are visibly chara'cter'd and engraved."
>
> *Two Gent. of Ver.*

> " And writing strange chara'cters on the ground.
>
> *Fairy Queen.*

Hence the vulgar, who are more tenacious of old modes of speech than people in higher life, still talk of a good or bad *chara'cter.*

Tri'umph: (verb)

> " Let others still triu'mph and gain their cause."
>
> *Dryden, Ep.*

And almost universally throughout Milton:

> " Who now triu'mphs, and in th' excess of joy
> " Sole reigning, holds the tyranny of heaven.
>
> *Par. Lost.*

Many others might be enumerated from unquestionable authority, did time permit. Every thing human, however, is susceptible of change

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and so irresistibly powerful is the authority of fashion, that in a course of years the accentuation of every living language undergoes a considerable alteration: and our own language, in particular, which, it has been facetiously observed, is made up of the shreds and clippings of all other languages, is, of course, infinitely more exposed than any other to the arbitrary caprice of custom and the fluctuating aberration of popular opinion. The next important principle to be attended to is that of *emphasis*. The offices of emphasis and accent have a very near analogy; that of the former being to mark for notice, and raise to eminence *words* in sentences; that of the latter *syllables* in words. Their purposes being thus analogous, similar means serve, in a great degree, for each; but they have very material differences. Accent is allotted to its syllable by the law of custom only, whether founded upon grammatical system, or the caprice of fashion, and there remains immovable. Whereas emphasis, subject to no control of custom, but always obedient to reason, may change its place with the speaker's or author's meaning, through all the words of a sentence. Great judgment is, therefore, necessary in the application of it: for if emphasis does not improve it always vitiates, nay, sometimes perverts the sense.

The influence of false emphasis in perverting the sense of a passage might be illustrated by a variety of examples, of which the following is a remarkable one:

A Rector calling upon the Curate of his parish to read prayers for him, the 13th chapter of the first book of Kings, containing an account of the seduction and death of the Prophet of Judah, being the first lesson for the day, the Curate read the 27th verse thus; 'And he spake unto his sons, saying, Saddle *me* the ass, so they saddled him.' The Rector remonstrating against this false emphasis, and pointing out the word *ass* as the word on which it ought to be laid, the Curate in reading the service the next year, remembering the Rector's reproof, determined not only to place the emphasis according to his just criticism, but to add another emphasis in order to render his manner of reading more impressive; and he accordingly read it thus: 'And he spake unto his sons saying, Saddle me the *ass*, so they saddled *him*.

To lay the emphasis with exact propriety requires the constant exercise of good sense and attention. It is far from being an inconsiderable attainment. It is one of the greatest indications of a true and a just taste; and must arise from feeling delicately ourselves, and from judging accurately of what is fittest to strike the feelings of others. There is as great difference between a chapter of the Bible, or any other piece of plain prose, read by one who places the several emphases, and modulates the tones of his voice everywhere, with taste and judgment, and by one who mistakes or neglects them, as there is between the same tune played by a masterly hand, or that of the most bungling, blundering performer.

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With respect to the art of *Public Speaking*, the preliminary observations I have suggested upon that of *Reading*, are in general equally applicable. A perfect and all-accomplished orator is indeed a "*rara avis in terris*," "a singular character in the world," because superadded to native genius and taste, there must be possessed a correct and critical knowledge of the language in which he speaks: a peculiar adaptation of the organs of speech to produce perfect melody of sound through all the various intonations of the human voice, which are required justly to express the emotions and sentiments of the human mind: and a sound judgment to regulate their application.

The study and attainment of excellence in the art of public speaking have usually been considered as only necessary for the three professions, the Bar, the Pulpit, and the Stage. In this country, however, the field for its exercise is infinitely more extensive, nay, so much so, as to render it an essential branch of education in every class of society; from the wealthy and independent gentleman, to the poor yet industrious mechanic; the nature of our government being such as to extend to every member of the community the possibility of being called into the public councils, where it is well known graceful and correct elocution produces the most wonderful effects, and invariably procures for its possessor a wreath of unfading laurel. The Bar, and the Pulpit, when graced with the charms of oratory, are equally sure avenues to honour and to fame. "An eloquent man," says Solomon, "is known far and near." Hence the eloquence of Demosthenes and Cicero among the ancients, has immortalized their names. The throne of Macedon trembling to its centre before the thunder of the one, while the milder yet persuasive eloquence of the latter, long supported and consolidated the tottering republic of Rome:

Hence Pisistratus, a noble Athenian, by the influence of a bold and overbearing eloquence, defeated the sage counsel of the venerable, the illustrious Solon, and so fascinated the people with his oratory as to induce them voluntarily to surrender their liberty, and submit to his government:

Hence Anthony by the force of his elocution, as much as by his personal dignity, confounded and repelled those soldiers, who had received express orders to assassinate him:

Hence Pericles by the irresistible charms of graceful and animated utterance, gained as great an authority under a republican government, as though he had been a monarch; and obtained the highest possible degree of popularity, even while he spoke *against* the people:

And hence the powerful and persuasive eloquence among the moderns, of a Burke, a Pitt, a Sheridan, and a Fox in the Senate; a Whitefield, a Massillon, a Duche, a Bourdaloue, and a Faucett in the Pulpit; a Mansfield, an Erskine, and a Curran at the Bar; and a Garrick, a

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Henderson, a Kemble, and a Siddons on the stage, always fascinated and delighted their eager and attentive auditors. Their eloquence alone has indelibly recorded their names in the annals of Oratory, and conspicuously emblazoned them in the temple of Fame.

The accomplished Orator, fully possessed of his subject, glowing with that professional enthusiasm which alone can elevate a man to excellence and superiority, and inspired with confidence from an accurate knowledge of the essential principles of correct elocution, cannot fail to engage the attention, and command the approbation of an audience. Like a powerful and majestic river, whether gliding in a calm and irresistible current, or agitated and accelerated in its impetuous course, it at once fertilizes, and improves the soil through which it flows, and excites in its beholders, admiration and delight.

This invaluable attainment of graceful and impressive Oratory, like its sister accomplishment, correct and elegant Reading, is also to be acquired with infinitely more certainty and ease by practical instruction and exercise, than by theory and written precept.

The celebrated Dr. Blair, in his Dissertation on the means of improving in Eloquence says,

"The meetings or societies into which men sometimes form themselves for the purpose of improvement in reading and speaking, are laudable institutions; and, *under proper conduct*, may serve the most valuable purposes. They produce emulation, and gradually inure those who are concerned in them to somewhat that resembles a Public Assembly. They accustom them to know their own powers, and to acquire a command of themselves in speaking."

For, though the old Roman adage "Poeta nascitur non fit,"* is equally true, with respect to the orator, yet much may be acquired by application and exertion, where Nature has not been so liberal as to endow with intuitive excellence, in these important qualifications. Both the natural and artificial orator, however, require the suggestions of matured taste and correct judgment, the result of study and observation, to regulate and form the character. The exuberances of Genius must be pruned and directed, while the efforts of more latent and inactive capacities, must be stimulated by persuasion, and invigorated by example.

The chief instruments of Elocution, are the voice, the countenance, and the hands; or rather their productions, tones, looks, and gestures.

By the tones, or modulations of the human voice, the various sentiments and passions of the human mind are expressed.

As Mechanics have been defined, "the Geometry of motion," so accent, emphasis, and pauses, may be said to constitute the Geometry

* "A poet must derive his character from nature, not from art."

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or Mechanical part of the arts of reading and speaking; the mere sense or meaning of an author being communicated by them, while the spirit and energy of the sentiments can only be conveyed by the various tones, or inflexions of the voice. A correct acquaintance, therefore, with them, and a just observance of them, constitutes one of the most essential branches of Elocution. Accent affects only letters and syllables; emphasis only words; but tones affect sentences, paragraphs, and sometimes the whole of a discourse.

Language is the dress of thought, and the mind of man communicating its ideas, is in a continual state of activity, emotion, or agitation, from the different effects which those ideas produce in the speaker. The object of such communication, however, is not merely to express the *ideas*, but also the different *feelings*, which they excite in him who utters them; there must, therefore, be other signs than mere words to manifest those feelings. Language should not only convey the dictates of the understanding, but the emotions of the heart. As the communication of these internal feelings is of the utmost importance in our social intercourse, the Author of nature did not leave the invention of the language of emotion to man, but impressed it himself on our nature, in the same manner as he has on the rest of the animal world, all of which express their various feelings by various *tones*. Ours, indeed, from the superior rank we hold in the great scale of creation, are in a high degree more comprehensive, as there is not an act of the mind, an exertion of the fancy, nor an emotion of the heart, which has not its peculiar *tone*, or note of the voice, by which it is to be expressed, and which is suited exactly to the degree of internal feeling: and it is chiefly in the proper use of those tones, that the life, spirit, beauty, and harmony of delivery consist.

This correct and natural language of the heart is not so difficult to be attained as may at first view be imagined. If we properly consider and enter into the spirit of the author's sentiments, as well as into the meaning of his words, and endeavour to consider them our own, we shall not fail to deliver the words, in natural and properly varied tones: for there are few people, who have not accurate use of accent, emphasis, pauses, and tones (which are four of the indispensable principles of good reading) when they utter their own sentiments in common conversation, particularly if the subject be in any degree interesting to them. A man who is earnest in communicating anything to another, who is animated by anger, agitated by fear, or is under the immediate influence of any of the passions, requires no exertion to express those passions, but will naturally, indeed, unavoidably communicate his feelings with appropriate tones, looks, and gestures. That all have not the same use of them in reading aloud the sentiments of others, is to be imputed, first, to the want of interest in the subject,

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and secondly, to the very defective and erroneous manner in which the art of reading is generally taught; whereby all the various, natural, expressive tones of speech, are suppressed, and a few artificial, unmeaning notes are substituted for them. Hence the dull, uninteresting, monotonous, or canting style of reading which so generally prevails, and is of course, so generally offensive and disgusting.

Did readers, in general, employ the same colloquial tones in expressing the sentiments of others, which they use in expressing their own, all these disagreeable properties would be avoided.

The influence of looks, with regard to expression, is thus beautifully portrayed by Thomson, in his description of the mutual affection of Celadon and Amelia:

> ..... "Alone amid the shades,
> Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd
> The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
> Or sigh'd, and *look'd* unutterable things."

The Divine Author of our religion, "who knew what was in man," reproved the perfidy of his boasting Apostle Peter, not with words, but with a *look* that agonized his soul. After the third denial of him, we are told that "the Lord turned and *looked* upon Peter; and Peter remembered the words that Jesus had spoken unto him, before the cock crow twice, thou shalt deny me thrice; and he went out and wept bitterly." It was such a look as was able to melt and to convert the soul. That one piercing glance recalled him to virtue and to repentance: it awakened his love, his faith, his constancy, and caused the streams of penitent sorrow to flow abundantly.

When we consider that in a correct and graceful speaker all his tones are to be accompanied by suitable looks and gestures, not only adapted in the justest proportion to give due force to the sentiment, but regulated also in such a way as to appear graceful, we need not wonder that true oratory is so little known among us; because the principles of the art have been so little studied and taught. And, indeed, the extreme difficulty of arriving at perfection in it, without previous application and instruction, cannot be more clearly evinced, than by the very few instances which appear at the bar, in the pulpit, or even on the stage, where oratory is the chief object, and business of the profession. This deficiency chiefly arises from the general practice of devoting the whole time and attention of our youth to the cultivation of *written* language, leaving the characteristic and noble powers of speech altogether to the direction of chance, and the impulse of nature.

How different was the conduct of the ancients, who considered *Elocution*, one of the most important, and indispensable parts of Edu-

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cation! Eloquence was by them so much cultivated and esteemed, that it was made the province of the Muse, and considered as under a divine patronage.

* ——— "Graiis dedit ore rotundo
Musa loqui."——— HOR. AR. PO.

Among numberless other instances of its astonishing influence, when we are told of the eloquence of the celebrated *Cyrenian* Philosopher, we are assured, that in describing the miseries of human life, he had power to drive his hearers to despair, and that many of them actually sought for refuge in death; nay, that Ptolemy found himself obliged to prohibit such subjects, that his kingdom might not be depopulated. Such an effect as this justly astonishes us, and we must either look upon the thing itself as a fiction, or seek for the cause in some rhetorical powers and excellencies, which *modern* orators do not possess. If it be a fiction, then everything else that is extraordinary in antiquity, may be deemed a fiction; for, this is recorded by Laertius, mentioned by Cicero, and cited by Valerius Maximus. If it be not a fiction, then it must unavoidably be referred to some superior power in ancient Eloquence.

Cicero tells us, that Caius Gracchus, when he spoke in public, was always attended by a musician, with an ivory flute, whose business it was to assist him in the regulation of his voice. Such an attendant would, I imagine, very much perplex and distress a *modern* speaker.

(To be concluded in our next.)

TRAVELS——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE,

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

LETTER LXIII.

IF I could conduct you homewards with me from the Thuilleries, to the Rue de la Ferne des Mathurins, you would find us comfortably lodged in as much retirement from the noise and bustle

* "To her lov'd Greeks the Muse indulgent gave,
"To her lov'd Greeks with greatness to conceive;
"And in sublimer tone their language raise." FRANCIS.

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of the city, as if we were in a country town of New England. Our house is small, but convenient; and with the kitchen and the porter's lodge, and the porte cochere, and the Court-yard, has the appearance of a Hotel in miniature. The office of porter, at a public hotel, is generally filled by some inferior tradesman, who can by pulling a string, raise the bolt without moving from his seat, or his shop-board; but in private houses he is a servant so stationed as to attend the gate, and whose business it is to sweep out the rooms and staircase, and to rub the floors every morning; they are so frequently from Switzerland, that the words porter and Swiss, are become synonymous; ours, however, is a Savoyard, who having wandered at a very early age from his native mountains, and swept chimnies, and cleaned shoes, and gone of errands, and practised all the various modes of living, which his nation seems in possession of in Paris, is now settled down for life as a porter, contented to get his victuals, and about twelve pounds a year. Our coachman is a man advanced in life, with a very grave countenance, and a head nicely powdered. He would not upon any account mount the coachbox of a morning, before two enormous curls, which he wears at the sides, were completely arranged, and he declared to me upon his veracity, that this article of his toilette cost him full sixty sous a quarter. Our cook also must be introduced to your acquaintance; not Dame Leonarde of immortal memory, nor Dame Jacintha whose ragouts were so perfect, understood the business of the kitchen better, but she has other talents which would have qualified her for a distinguished place in the kitchen of the Sicilian Nobleman, and we find ourselves obliged to overlook her accompts very regularly every day. We have a valet de place also, who has all the merit those sort of people ever have; he has his favourites among the tradesmen, and levies, I presume, a small contribution at our expense. A water carrier keeps the house well supplied with water, and since the invention of filtrating fountains, the Seine water is as good as that of your best springs at the mountains. A part of Paris is supplied with this necessary of life by the powers of the steam engine of Chailcot, the practicability of which was a cause of discussion for the wits of Paris, for Mirabeau and Beaumarchais among the rest, till their attention was called off to objects which have not been productive of such general utility. There is a great deal yet to be described on the

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North side of the river; all the places of public amusement are there, and of these I must give you some account; but we will first make an excursion to the other side, at the South Eastern extremity of the city. Let me request you therefore to return to your plan of Paris, and to draw a line, or stretch a thread from the Southern extremity of the Thuilleries, to the Luxembourg, which you will easily find; a continuation of the line will strike the Rue St. Jaques, at the English Benedictines; another, at an obtuse angle, will carry you to the Gobelim manufactory, hence the Rue St. Marcel will conduct you to the ancient and now obscure church of St. Medard, and you will afterwards pass along the Rue Neuve d'Orleans, to the Garden of Plants. From the Garden of Plants we will return homewards by the Rue St. Victor, and the place Marbert, and across the island of the city, where the ancient palace of Justice, on the one side, and the Metropolitan church of Notre Dame, on the other, will deserve our attention as we pass: having crossed to the Quai Voltaire, the line soon brings you to the Rue des Petits Augustins, and shortly after to the ancient abbey of that name: this street, des Petits Augustins, was formerly a canal, that divided the Scholar's meadow, where Sully describes himself as having exposed his life in so careless a manner, after the death of Madame de Rosny; at the upper end of it stands the former convent of Augustin monks where all the monuments and other pieces of ornamental sculpture, which could be saved from the ruin of the churches during the madness of the revolution, have been deposited; these curious relics of ancient art, and memorials of distinguished persons are here arranged in different apartments, according to their respective antiquity, and one has the satisfaction to trace the progress of sculpture through the course of many succeeding centuries; when the tombs at St. Dennis were opened, the pretence was to make use of the leaden coffins, which had been accumulated there in so many ages, for the purpose of war, but the chief object of the wretches who then governed, was to lower the Regal Character, in the estimation of the nation by this last insult: fortunately, with all their desire to destroy, the greater part of the monuments were preserved, and are now here; the intrinsic merit of the sculpture, in those pieces which were meant to represent the earlier kings, is very small indeed. Clovis, Chilperic, and Clotaire, are so many blocks of mishapen stone, in which

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there is at best, but a rude imitation of the human figure; it was this last, who, as he felt himself dying, was heard to exclaim, "And who is this mighty God of Heaven, that can at his pleasure, remove the greatest monarch upon earth?" For so this barbarian supposed himself. The statue of St. Louis, however, is somewhat better; it is formed, indeed, like the others, of very ordinary stone, and the features are considerably defaced, but in this rude representation, and after a lapse of six centuries, there is an air of goodness and simplicity, and more of countenance, than I could ever discover in many of the master-pieces of Grecian art. The leaden saint upon his hat, and the air of cunning and malignity are expressive of Louis XI; the guards of this wretched tyrant watching day and night over his person, and the walls of his castle covered with iron spikes, and his looking about so anxiously in his last moments for some earthly mediator between heaven and himself, would prevent any succeeding monarch, we might suppose, from giving way to those suspicions, and to that implacable resentment, which rendered the latter part of the reign of Louis so fatal to his subjects; but man will not be benefitted by the experience of others: the face of Louis XII, is that of an emaciated old man, but I considered it with great attention and respect; it was he who said, upon being told that the Parisians ridiculed his mode of living, I had rather they should laugh at my parsimony and simplicity, than be made to weep by my oppression and tyranny. The Historian of his life says, he might have lived many years longer, had he not in order to please his young wife, the beautiful Mary of England, so materially altered his mode of living. He had always been accustomed to dine at eight; but he now dined at noon, and instead of going to bed at the good old hour of six, he would frequently sit up till near midnight. It would lead us frequently into error, I know, to apply the system of Lavater upon every occasion, but Richelieu, though supported by Religion, and with Science weeping at his feet, and in the attitude of a dying man, discovers a proud and domineering spirit in his countenance, while there is something yielding and compliant in the air and attitude of his successor Mazerin. You will see in Voltaire's Louis XIV, what immense sums of money this last left behind him; one of his modes of amassing, was to buy up the engagements of the government, which he knew how to depress the price of, and to pay himself the full nominal

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value from the Royal Treasury. Another of the distinguished ministers of France, whose statue is seen here at full length is Louvois, in whose countenance, and in the swelling of whose upper lip there is a great deal of character expressed. I accompanied the administrator of the museum, as he is called, upstairs, and he there showed me in a closet the bust of Louis XV; who appears to have been one of the handsomest men of his time, with those of the late king, and of the unfortunate Maria Antoinette, in whose air there is a great deal of energy and animation: she appears, as she really was, every way superior to Madame de Barry, whose bust is in the same closet; this last was a handsome woman, but her beauty has an insipidity of expression, only fitted for the Haram. There is a garden annexed to the Museum, which contains among other tombs, that of Abelard and Eloisa, which was brought from Paraclete, but the bones of these unhappy lovers are in a box above stairs, with a partition between them, such as became the piety of a prior, and the sanctity of a holy abbess. This decent attention to the poor remains of two persons, who lived so many years ago, and whose lives were of so little importance to society, is one of the most splendid triumphs of English Poetry. There is something extremely solemn in this assemblage of kings, statesmen, and soldiers, of great ladies distinguished once either for their beauty, or their high birth, and of magistrates, and men of letters; it seems an emblem of a future state, in which all ranks and generations will lie confounded: the mean neighbourhood of some of these—of Piron and Voltaire, for instance, reminded me of that passage in Pope's Windsor Castle, where he describes one common tomb as receiving those whom the same country could not formerly contain:

> "And by his side the much fear'd Edward sleeps."

It is at the same time highly gratifying to trace the progress of sculpture through so many centuries, and to observe the changes which have taken place in dress. The stiff stays, and long waists of former days, are still more frightful, I think, in stone, than in colours. The art of sculpture took its rise among the fine forms, and in the fine climate of ancient Greece; thence it passed to their conquerors the Romans; but the removal of the seat of government together with every eminent artist, and every valua-

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ble production of former times under Constantine, and the inroads of barbarians afterwards, put an end to the art in Rome, while the zeal of the image-breaking kings, and the prevalence of the Mahometan religion were fatal to it in the East. It is said to have been revived in France under St. Louis, and to have attained its utmost perfection there, before the time of Louis XIV, when the simplicity and elegance of antiquity were neglected, for imaginary taste and false dignity. What effect the Revolution may have had upon this, and upon the sister art of painting, does not seem yet decided. There have been some eminent painters, and among the rest David has been much spoken of, but I think the figures of his pictures exaggerated, and the colouring false; every object of them seemed tinged with yellow; as to sculpture, the art is too expensive to be successfully patronized by a government, which, with a most splendid court, an immense army, a number of needy dependants to provide for, and a fleet to create, is extremely limited in its pecuniary resources, and borrows no money, but by anticipating on the next year's revenue, and at the rate of nine per cent. A figure as large as life costs nearly 600*l*. Such at least was the information given me by one of the most eminent sculptors, whom I found living at the ancient Sorbonne: he informed me at the same time, that having contracted for a statue with the former Royal government, for which he was to receive 550*l*. he had delivered it to their successors in the time of Jacobinism, and that the value paid him in the depreciated assignats amounted to 12 livres. I did not neglect, as you may very well suppose, that corner of the Museum, where are the monumental busts of the most eminent poets; Racine, the Virgil of the French language; Mollere, and La Fontaine, to whom no poets of any age or country, can be compared; and Boileau, who may be compared to Pope, are placed as they deserved to be, in conspicuous stations. This last with the correctness of Pope, with more delicacy of expression, and at least as much genius, had the difficult part to fill of a courtier, who depends upon the regard of a monarch, the vainest of mankind, and yet wishes to retain the reputation of integrity, and freedom of speech; upon being told once by a person, who wished to overrule his objections to some literary production, that the king had already declared himself to be of a different opinion; God forbid, Sir, said Boileau, that his majesty should ever understand these things as

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well as I do; and when he was put to a still harder trial, when the king showed him some lines he had just composed, and asked his opinion of them: nothing Sir, was his answer, nothing is impossible to your majesty, you wished to write bad verse, and you have succeeded. I should be sorry that the collection which forms this Museum should be broken up, as it is reputed to be the intention of government in order to restore the different monuments to the churches, they were taken from; to me it is far more interesting than any other exhibition in Paris, and I am much mistaken, if the young men of various nations, who visit the curiosities of the capital of France, do not leave this ancient monastery with impressions far more conducive to morality, than those which are made by the irregular gods and naked goddesses of Ancient Greece, at the Louvre. The next object deserving of your attention along the line we have traced, is the ancient Abbey of St. Germain des Pres, which having been originally a temple of Isis, or of Ceres, was afterwards a convent of Benedictine monks with great estates, and fortified for defence like an immense citadel, until the increase of Paris brought it within the walls; it is now the residence of a Traiteur, and the principle office for procuring post-horses, and a part is still applied to the purpose of a military prison; it was here in part that those shocking scenes were perpetrated in 92, which I shall not shock you with a recital of. When Henry the IVth surprized the suburbs in 1589, he went up into the steeple of the Abbey church to take a better view of the town, attended by a single monk, and declared when he got down again, that the idea of Jaques Clement, and of his knife, had haunted his imagination at finding himself alone with a monk, in so retired a place. Following the line, you leave the ancient church of St. Sulpice on the right; it is one of the handsomest in Paris, and appears to much greater advantage since the seminary has been taken down: on the left where the streets — and of the Petits Bourbon meet, stood the hotel of that implacable Duchess of Montpensier, who never forgave Henry III, for having spoken contemptuously of her person. The Luxembourg, where I may now suppose you arrived, is a large and handsome palace; it was built by Mary of Medicis, in the best style of Italian architecture; it was formerly the residence of Monsieur, now Louis the XVIII; the garden which has been enlarged by a portion of what was once the garden of

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the Chartreux, affords a delightful walk; it appears larger than that of the Thuilleries, though not so splendid. The palace served, during the time of Robespiere, as a prison, and you may have seen in the works of Miss Williams, a very interesting account of her detention there, and of her conversation with Silevy and others, who were confined in a room adjoining hers, and her sisters. The Directory restored it in some measure to the original purpose, for which it was built, and resided there during their administration; it is now partly in possession of Prince Joseph, and partly assigned to the use of the conversative Senate, who sit there occasionally in a very handsome room, and to as little purpose as the tribunes do in theirs: A noble stair case leads up to their hall, and the whole of the ascent is lined with the statues of such generals as have died during the revolution. The first husband of the Empress, the Count de Beauharnois, is among the number, though he perished by the guillotine, and is placed next to the door at which the Empress enters, when she attends as usual to the opening of the sessions: such a figure must I should think, excite some strange ideas in her mind, when she passes so close to it; he was a man of fashion and quality, and lived a great deal at court, which accounts for the facility with which his widow has been able to accommodate herself to the etiquette of her new situation. She very narrowly escaped sharing the fate of her husband, and owed her safety in all probability to her personal attractions. Their son who has been lately married to the princess of Bavaria, was, fortunately for him, overlooked, but his friends to remove him still more from observation, bound him apprentice to a joiner, who was a hard master, and used frequently to chastise him; he is now regent of Italy, but might at this moment have been at work upon a table or a chair, in the Rue St. Honorie, had not his mother attracted the attention of a Corsican officer, who thought, and who thought right, that he might make his fortune by marrying her. The palace of the Luxembourg has been long famous for the valuable pictures it contains in two spacious galleries, and to those of Rubens, and of Vernet, have been lately added several distinguished productions of modern masters, and particularly of David. Those of Rubens, which are twenty-four in number, comprise the history of Mary of Medici, from her birth to her reconciliation with her son, which I believe, forms the subject of the last picture.

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Had the painter continued her history, he would have found it very difficult to soften the subsequent scenes of it into anything like compliment. She was driven from court by the intrigues of him whom she had placed about the person of her son, and died at a distance from France, after passing many years in exile, and almost in want. I have heard the works of Rubens much extolled, by all who could pretend to appreciate their merit, and the execution must strike every one as admirable; but there is a mixture of allegory and history, of Paganism and Christianity, of truth and fiction, which the understanding revolts at: there are ideas which the mind admits of in Poetry, and to which the imagination in some measure even gives a local habitation and a name, that should never enter into the composition of a picture. When Goldsmith says,

"Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,"

he conveys an agreeable idea to the mind, but how would it be possible for a painter to express as much without violating the rules of propriety and common sense? At the flight of the holy family into Egypt, we readily admit them to have been under the peculiar guidance of Providence, but the same subject, all-sacred as it is, is rendered almost ludicrous by the representation of a great, stout, well-made, broad-shouldered angel, who walks before, and leads the ass by a halter. Mary of Medici, had a handsome face, but was clumsy in her person, nor is it possible to conceive a more unbecoming dress than the one the painter gives her: had the taste of Rubens been improved by the models of ancient times, as that of David has been, these pictures excellent as they are, would still have been more agreeable to look at. The establishment of the English Benedictines was never very considerable, and only remarkable formerly for the body of James II, which was kept unburied by these good fathers; they hoped that the time would come, when a restoration in England, might enable them to convey it with becoming pomp to the vault of Henry VII, in Westminster Abbey; their property shared the fate of other church property during the revolution, and their place of worship has been converted into an ordinary dwelling-house; the few of the fathers that remain subsist upon a small pension allowed by the government. I went into the Traiteur's who formerly kept an eating-house, at which they sometimes dined,

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and found one of them there: this gentleman informed me, that the Prior, who was far advanced in life, and very infirm, had caused himself to be removed to a house in the neighbourhood, from the window of which he might every day behold, their former church. He confirmed to me the report, which I had heard, of the king of Great Britain allowing the Cardinal of York a pension of 4000*l.* a year, and his Jacobitism relented so far, as to make him allow it was a good action. I have conversed with an old Scotch gentleman upon this subject, and have seen the tears run down his cheeks in speaking of the misfortunes of the Stuarts, and of this very act of bounty, which had become necessary to the decent subsistence of the chief of the family. We have become so philosophical in these more improved times, and particularly in America, that we smile at the simplicity of those, who can be actuated by a fond attachment to the person and family of a first magistrate, and it is certain that there may exist a sentiment of patriotism, which is far more dignified: I question, however, if this last exists to the degree it ought among us, and it is melancholy to think how little there is of the first.

VINDICATION OF MACCHIAVELLI.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Among the innumerable errors, which, in despite of the Powers of Reason and Philosophy, continue, by a sort of spell, to cajole mankind, may be reckoned that spirit of *False* Criticism, so current in the Republic of Letters. In perfect thraldom to the enchantment of Absurdity, men have long since laid it down, as a kind of axiom, or first principle, in speaking of the character of Nicolas Machiavel, to describe that celebrated writer as a Despot in Politics, and as a Deist in Religion. The very reverse is legitimate truth. His whole life was devoted to the discussion of topics interesting to Human Nature. He was an ardent friend to Civil and Religious Liberty; justly understood. He was a genuine Patriot, and a sincere Christian. His last moments attested the sincerity and the purity of his principles, and all his writings, liberally interpreted, are calculated either to amuse or edify his reader. We think it was sometime in the year 1772, that Joseph Baretti, a most accomplished Scholar, the friend of Burke, of Reynolds, of Goldsmith, and of Johnson, and a man so remarkably skilled in the genius of the language of his own country, and that of England, that the *Doctus utriusque linguæ* of Horace might be most pertinently

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applied to him, published a fine edition of the works of our author. Mr. Baretti was a man too honest and intrepid to conceal truth and to varnish error. He was moreover, in the strong sense of the term, a citizen of the world, and had no local prejudices, or any other prejudices, which could taint his Imagination, or bias his Judgment. Our Italian Editor, therefore, with perfect propriety, describes Machiavel as a character equally to be admired for his wisdom, his probity, and his ingenuity. Instead of defaming him as a crafty Florentine, with the temper of Tiberius, the dissimulation of Domitian, and the perfidy and baseness of Casa Borgia, he is justly described as an elegant author, a good subject, and a sound politician. His writings are as valuable as they are voluminous. He was no less conspicuous for his Industry, than for his Genius; and from his hardy temperament of body, joined to the intense application of his mind, his pages are as lively and vigorous as their author. His firm, undaunted, and robust spirit, is every-where visible. He was of a studious, steadfast, and stern temper. He was adorned with all the literature of the schools, and he was animated with all the spirit of a soldier. His surprising versatility of Genius was another admirable feature of his mind. He was not only profoundly skilled in History and Politics, but in the Art of War he appears versed to a degree which would not disgrace a XENOPHON, a POLYBIUS, or a CHEVALIER FOLARD. He was not like JOHN LOCKE, a mere *theorist*, he was a *practical* Politician. His opinions are derived from an intimate acquaintance with the heart of man, and his mode of politically managing that wild animal evinces at once his wisdom, his penetration, his acuteness, and his address.

In the lighter departments of Literature, he is equally meritorious. He has bequeathed us a sort of jocose novel, the story of *Belphegor*, or the *Wedded Demon*, which, whether we consider it with respect to its rich vein of invention, the gayety and drollery of the thoughts, and the perfect elegance of the expression, not only challenges a comparison with any tale in BOCCACE, but, in the opinion of a correct judge, is incomparably superior to the productions of that facetious writer.

The life of MACHIAVEL was now studious, now sedentary, and now active. At one time you find him in the cloister of the recluse, at another in the courts of Princes. He was alternately a writer for the Press, a Secretary to the Republic, and an Ambassador. He fathomed all the depths of that dark abyss, the human mind; and, by a dexterous use of the extraordinary talents, with which God and Nature had endued him, he bridled the spirits of the turbulent, and detected the machinations of the crafty.

We shall no longer detain the attention of our reader from the following interesting article, written precisely in the tone of our sentiments, and furnished us by a favourite friend, whose Genius, Literature, and Knowledge of life, enable him to indite essays *of the first impression*, in the language of My Lord THURLOW. To our valuable correspondent we should be unjust; nay, we should be unjust to merit itself, did we not avow our pleasure in the perusal of lucubrations, which, he may be assured, are not less pleasing to the Public, than to the EDITOR.

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Dum alii quoquo modo audita pro compertis habent, alii vera in contrarium vertunt, et gliscit utrumque posteritate.

TACITUS.

THE name of Machiavelism has become the proverbial reproach against profligate policy. It is thus that fame seems to avenge itself on reputation. If those whom posterity admires, have sometimes lived in obscurity, the objects of applause often descend with their honours reversed, censured perhaps for imaginary offences, or stigmatized as criminals for what had gained them distinction. Of remote events and characters our information is indeed lamentably imperfect. But the world is always willing to supply by faith the deficiencies of knowledge. It is so much easier to believe than to doubt, so much more pleasant to reproach than to admire, that we rather acquiesce in some easy common conviction, than perplex ourselves with inquiry. At last the cool indifference of ignorance is called the impartiality of time, and fame is only the credulity of indolence. Thus has it happened, that the venal slave of power is extolled as the champion of a nation's freedom, nor is it the least wild vibration of opinion, that the crimes of tyrants are forever associated with the favorite and the ornament of a free republic. The cause of so strange a revolution is a fair object of curiosity, and if we cannot justify or excuse the offences of Macchiavelli, we shall at least be pardoned an attempt to retrieve the fallen character of a scholar and a statesman.

Niccolo Macchiavelli owes the obloquy which attends his memory, to a political work called The Prince, a small treatise, addressed to Lorenzo de Medici, the object of which may be defined, the means employed by a Prince to acquire or secure his authority. Now the artifices of government are not always to be reconciled with morality; and the world has visited on Macchiavelli himself, the reproaches, which are justly due to the vitious maxims he enumerates. The Prince, say its enemies, has taught how to usurp and to maintain power; it attempts to prove that everything is justifiable which tends to ones own aggrandizement; and that, for this purpose, the duties of religion may be violated, and deceit, and treachery, and perjury, and bloodshed, employed with impunity. The man, they add, who can support such principles, is a monster of iniquity, the common enemy of heaven and of mankind. We do not mean to defend the obnoxious maxims of the Prince; were it even possible, it would still be superfluous, to vindicate what the author himself did not intend to justify. But we may calmly attempt to prove, that the objects of Macchiavelli have been strangely misinterpreted; that in developing the secrets of despotic policy, he meant, not to teach, but to warn; and that by revealing the

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arts which tyrants have used, and will forever use, he has left an honourable monument of his genius, and a useful lesson to the world. The reasons which lead to this opinion, may be chiefly drawn from the work itself; from the character of the man; the situation of the times; the uniform tenor of his other writings; and the opinions entertained by his cotemporaries, as well as many of the most distinguished scholars since his time.

That Macchiavelli did not intend to paint from fancy a model for Princes, may be safely inferred from many parts of "The Prince" itself. When, for instance, he speaks of securing a newly acquired province, by extinguishing the blood of its former Princes;* when he says, the only way of safely possessing a free state, added to your empire, is to ruin it;† it is difficult to believe, that he meant gravely to inculcate maxims so revolting. There is indeed strong evidence for asserting, that the treatise was actually presented to Clement VII, under the title of *The Tyrant*. But exclusive of this, after dividing principalities into hereditary, and new,‡ he adds,§ that the first are the easier to be preserved, since a natural Prince has less reason, and less necessity to offend; but "*in new Principalities*," he says, "*is the difficulty*."‖ Of Ecclesiastical governments, he has not the rashness and presumption to speak.** So that all the exceptionable maxims apply to *new princes*, those who in different ways have risen to power, which they are anxious to secure. That he considered new Princes as synonimous with Tyrants, would also appear, because, when, in another work,†† he is describing the arts of a government absolutely arbitrary and unjust, he only makes a compendium of the Prince. It is of such conduct, that he declares‡‡ "these are means most cruel and hostile, not only to every Christian, but every human mode of living, which every man should shun, and rather live a private man than be a king at the expense of such destruction." "A *new Prince*," adds he, "in a city or province, which he has taken, should make everything new," the very course which he had already called, in contradistinction to moderate and just government, tyrannical, for "he who would wish to acquire absolute authority, which by authors is called *tyranny*, should make everything new."§§ From the Prince may be selected passages which sufficiently show the author's opinions of the very doctrines he is accused of propagating. "I say that every prince should desire to be considered mild, and not cruel, though he should guard against the abuse of mildness;"‖‖ "every one knows how laudable it is for a Prince

* Ch. 3. † Ch. 5. ‡ Ch. 1. § Ch. 2. ‖ Ch. 3. ** Ch. 11.
†† Discourses, Lib. 1. ch. 26, and 27. ‡‡ Disc. ch. 26. §§ Disc. ch. 25.
‖‖ Prince ch. 17.

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to preserve good faith, and live with integrity, and not with cunning,"* though many have succeeded by perfidy; "it cannot be called virtue to murder one's citizens, betray one's friends, be without faith, pity, or religion; by these means empire may be obtained, but not glory."† But above all should be cited, that declaration, which introduces the most obnoxious part of the book, where he says‡ that many have written from fancy, and made imaginary republics, but as he intended to write what should be useful, he thought best to represent the real truth of things, rather than anything fictitious. A remark which sufficiently protests against the purity of principles, which he professes only to describe.

But the whole mass of his writings vindicate him from any share in the guilt of the principles. The literary works of a man, whose engagements do not often allow the quiet years of revisal, must be judged with delicacy; his fixed opinions are not to be collected from detached sentences or essays; but when the moral principles of a writer are assailed, sound criticism, as well as the urbanity of scholars will reject a partial conclusion from insulated portions, and decide by the general tenor, the uniform character of his writings. Without this forbearance, which does not aspire to the name of liberality, the fame of no writer is secure, since who has not lived to regret what want or vanity or ardor has obtruded on the world. Let Macchiavelli then be judged by the spirit of all his productions, and if the maxims of The Prince directly contradict the deliberate sentiments of all his works, both before and after its composition, we may safely conclude, that they are not his own. Let all his works then defend him.

His reverence for religious governments, which, he says, "are the most secure and happy," The Prince itself attests.§ In his Discourses,|| he declares, that religion is the fundamental basis of every well-governed state, and ascribes to the corruption and contempt of Christian worship, the deplorable condition of Italy: "There can be no greater sign," says he "of the ruin of a province than the contempt of Divine Worship." And again, "were this religion maintained by the Princes of the Christian republic, as it was ordained by the giver of it, the Christian states and republics would be much more united and happy, than they now are." In speaking of Italy, "this country" says he, "has lost all devotion, all religion, and infinite disorders are the consequence, for as where there is religion, we presume there is every blessing; so where it is wanting, we presume every evil." It would be difficult to select passages more explicit, from the writings of any moralist. Elsewhere, he ascribes to Christianity, the introduction of the law of nations, the mild treatment

* Ch. 18. † Ch. 8. ‡ Prince, ch. 15. § Ch. 11. || Lib. 1. ch. 12.

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of prisoners, and the diminution of the distresses of war. The great Cosmo is applauded for declaring, that, though he had built many temples, and done many acts of charity, yet he never could spend enough in honour of God, to acquit himself of his obligations to him.* When he asserts, that a soldier should above all things prize the fear of God, since in none is it more natural, than in one, who, surrounded by dangers, has constant need of his protection;† when he piously commemorates the kindness of Providence, in saving Tuscany from the ruin, which menaced it;‡ when he deplores the indecent violation of religious institutions, by the Duke of Milan's Court, while visiting Florence;§ these constant uniform declarations should absolve him from the imputation of impiety. Nor do his writings less completely defend him from the charge of propagating immorality. If in the Prince, where he is describing a profligate government, immoral doctrines appear, his own opinions are shown in other productions, where the mention of such doctrines was not necessary to the description. When in The Prince he explains the arts of treachery and deception, he does not fail, elsewhere, to render homage to truth, and to civil as well as political integrity. "Although"‖ says he, "the use of fraud is in every action detestable, yet in war it is laudable and glorious, and he who conquers his enemy by fraud is as praiseworthy, as he who subdues him by force," and then adds, "I do not mean that the fraud which makes you violate faith when it is pledged, or treaties made, is glorious, because this although it may sometimes acquire you states and kingdoms can never render you glorious." Indeed it seems to be the object of The Prince to explain, not what is laudable and glorious, but the means by which states and kingdoms are in fact acquired, or preserved. If in The Prince he says,** it is better to be feared than loved, if you cannot be both, yet in his history†† after examining the methods in which power should be exercised in republics and monarchies; he concludes, that in a republic, the liberty of the people requires that public officers should be severe, but that a prince should prefer affability and mildness, and humanity, and inspire both soldiers and people with obedience and love. If some parts of The Prince seem to incite or excuse bad monarchs, his praise of virtuous characters, and the detestation he expresses against tyrants, are much fairer expressions of his feelings. In the first class may be placed, his eulogium on the great Theodoric,‡‡ whose conduct offers nothing to reproach, but the death of Bœtheus and Simmachus, and this he is very far from justifying or excusing by any reasons of state policy, such as the world has

* Hist. Book. 7. † Preface to Art of War. ‡ Hist. B. 6.
§ Hist. B. 6. ‖ Disc. B. 3. ch. 40. ** Ch. 17. †† Ch. 19, 20,—1,—2.
‡‡ Hist. B. 1.

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imputed to Macchiavelli. So too, the pleasure with which he dwells on the characters of John, and Cosmo de Medici,* distinguished for their greatness of mind, and their virtuous attachment to their country. On the other hand, may be seen the just indignation which he exhibits against the tyranny of the Duke of Athens,† the violence and corruption of the Florentine government,‡ the revenge of Orlandini,§ the treachery of the king of Naples,‖ with many other examples. His praise of Cæsar Borgia has been fiercely objected to him. It is true that in The Prince he has mentioned the successful deceptions of Alexander VI;** and he has proposed Borgia as the *freshest example* for one who among other objects desires *to make friends, or secure himself from enemies; conquer by force or fraud, destroy those who can or ought to offend him;* and innovate on the old establishments.†† Yet if this be praise it is abundantly qualified by the emphatic language, in which both are condemned in the 1st Decennale, where Alexander is represented with his three attendants:

Lussuria, Simonia, e Crudeltate.

And the misfortunes of Borgia described as,

..... la soma,
Che meritava un ribellante a Cristo.

But that part of his writings which seems most conclusive in his favour, is the 10th chapter of the Discourses, a passage which were it found in any writer less obnoxious than Macchiavelli, would be admired as a concise and elegant defence of honest policy. The title of the chapter is, that "in proportion as the founders of a kingdom, or a republic, are praiseworthy, so are those of a tyranny reproachable." After enumerating the foundation and the degrees of merit among mankind; "on the other hand," he adds, "are infamous and detestable, those who destroy religion, who dissipate kingdoms and republics, the enemies of virtue, of letters, and of every other art, useful or honourable to the human race; such as, the impious, the ignorant, the violent, the idle, the vile, &c. There is indeed no one, who if the choice of the two qualities of men were offered to him, would not praise what is laudable, and blame what is unworthy. Yet almost all, deceived by a false good, or a false glory, suffer themselves to fall, either through intention, or ignorance, into the ranks of those, who deserve rather censure than praise. Thus while, to their immortal honour, they might have formed a republic, or a kingdom, they turn towards a tyranny, and deserting the path of fame, of glory, of

* Hist. B. 4 and 5. † Ib. B. 2. ‡ Ib. B. 3. § Ib. B. 5 and 6.
‖ Ib. B. 7. ** Ch. 18. †† Ch. 7.

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honour, and security, they thus run into infamy, reproach, blame, and anger, and inquietude." He then proceeds to show, how history will inform us, that the best, and the greatest men in private, are more to be admired than bad princes; that though servile writers might exalt the name of Cæsar, yet the advocates of freedom, do not fail to place Brutus beyond him; that the good Princes of Rome, the Trajans, and the Antonines, were more secure, as well as more happy, than the Caligulas, and the Neros. After thus drawing from history the best proofs of virtuous government, he concludes, "that all to whom heaven has given the power to reform a corrupted state, should remember, that there are two paths before them; one by which they may live securely, and after their death become glorious; the other by which, during life, they shall be in constant anxieties, and leave behind them eternal infamy." It is difficult to persuade ourselves that we are reading an author, who the world suppose the advocate of the most criminal policy. An additional test of his purity is, that an epitome of his political maxims, taken in substance, and even literally from his works, disposed in regular chapters under the title of "The Mind of a Statesman," was published at Rome in 1771, under the eyes of the Papal Court, who gave it a solemn and public approbation. Such is the value of names. Had they deemed it so reprehensible they would have felt the inclination, and they did not want the power, to suppress it.

If the private character of an author be permitted to illustrate his writings, it is difficult to suppose Macchiavelli the advocate of despotism. He had long and faithfully served his native Republic. Nearly fourteen years he had been its Secretary, and the important missions he filled, the four embassies to France, two to Germany, two to Rome, two to Vienna, with others of less importance, sufficiently prove his zeal, his abilities, and the confidence of the state. At the head of the young Republicans, who frequented the Rucellai gardens, he was notoriously a partisan of freedom. It was for their use that he wrote the Discourses on Livy, full of sound maxims of government, and tinctured with all the notions of freedom which the history of Rome is calculated to inspire. Could he be the teacher of arbitrary tyrants? He had been driven from office, he had been tortured, for a real or supposed conspiracy against the Medici. Could he seriously instruct this same family, how to destroy the very freedom for which he had suffered? When applied to by Leo the 10th, to remedy the disasters of the state, he recommended a plan of government, which, while it might flatter the pride of the Medici, would have established substantially the liberty of Florence, and which was (perhaps for that very reason) rejected. Could this same man, when but recently before he wrote The Prince, have intended to overturn that liberty? In 1573, when his grandsons

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were about publishing his works, they appealed to the memory of many, who knew him and could attest his piety and his exemplary observance of religious duties. Should he be lightly charged as the propagator of impiety?

But Macchiavelli has not always laboured under such heavy imputations; and it may not perhaps be a useless task, to trace back the steps by which his character has reached us. The works of Macchiavelli were first printed in 1531. They were prohibited by Paul IV, in 1559, by Pius IV, in 1564, and still stand on the list of proscription. Already, however, cardinal Pole, and Catarino, a Dominican, had attacked them, and since their time there have not been wanting zealous enemies, from the pious Jesuits of Ingolstadt, who courageously burnt him in effigy, to Voltaire and Frederic, the philosopher who vindicated morals and religion, the King who practised a pure and meek system of politics.

In opposition to all this it may be boldly asserted, that Macchiavelli had been consulted by Leo X; that Clement VII, who must have known him as the author of The Prince, not only employed him, but accepted the dedication of his History, and gave permission to publish his works, among which was expressly The Prince. The friend therefore of two Popes, and tolerated by their successors, it was not till the progress of the reformation had alarmed the Court of Rome, that it followed the example of Charles V, and made a fastidious proscription which included Macchiavelli. It is needless to inquire how far the influence of his literary antagonist cardinal Pole, contributed to this disgrace, nor to mention that the list of Pius IV, called that of the Council of Trent, was but a literal copy of the first. But it is important to know, that in 1572, a committee of Cardinals appointed to revise the list, gave Macchiavelli's grandsons the liberty of purging and printing his works. That the corrections intended were chiefly of parts in which the author speaks too freely of the Popes, appears by a letter from the grandsons themselves; and the Bishop of Reggio, in a letter written on the occasion from Rome, expresses his pleasure that Macchiavelli is not held in disrepute, and that the *office* had no complaint against him. The project however failed, because the Cardinals, for a reason not known, wished the work to be published under some other name than that of Macchiavelli. The attack too, of Possevino, a Jesuit, which appeared about that time, may have contributed to its suppression. If then the papal government has condemned Macchiavelli merely through inattention, their censure is worthy of but little consideration, if, from a knowledge of his principles, the censure of a despotic court is no mean proof that they are not the principles of tyranny.

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If the opinions of those who knew his character, his views, and what would probably be the spirit of his writings, should influence our judgment, Macchiavelli is not without support. In a letter still extant, Buonnacorsi, his companion, praises highly The Prince, and even his enemy, Cardinal Pole, says, that he found the citizens of Florence under a persuasion that The Prince was the representation of a tyranny, which the author had thus designedly exposed to detestation.

But Macchiavelli may be also defended by that argument so soothing to the apathy of the human mind—the opinions of others, which powerfully assist in forming our own. The dry enumeration of names is perhaps the humblest office of letters; but the force of public sentiment is best controlled by opposing to it the opinions of those whom it is accustomed to respect. Alberico Gentile considers Macchiavelli as a favourer of freedom and a bitter enemy of tyrants. "His object* was," says he, "not to instruct a tyrant, but by developing his secrets, to exhibit him naked and conspicuous to the suffering people, whom it was his purpose to inform under an appearance of general learning." Boccalini† views his work as a collection of political precepts, drawn from the actions of some Princes, whom it might have cost him his life to name, and regrets, that while the inventor of such a political system, is unmolested, he who merely describes it is denounced, that the original should be sacred while the copy is execrated, and while the study of history may make every man a Macchiavelli. It was his object, observes Count Gaspar Scioppio,‡ to describe a tyrant hostile to his country, and thus excite indignation against him, and by explaining his arts prevent them. For this purpose he pretends to be desirous of serving them, by showing the means by which they may acquire power. Yet he sometimes hints that he is restrained by fear of personal danger from a free avowal of his sentiments. Naudeus says that Macchiavelli "painted Princes as they are generally discovered to be."|| Balthazar Scuppio elegantly observes, "a most discerning observer of human profligacy, a most open witness, and a too ingenuous describer of it, was Macchiavelli of Florence. He candidly spoke what many other politicians not only feel and perfectly believe, but what, all their lives, they practise. Yet the unfortunate Macchiavelli is abused by all. As the Cyropædia of Xenophon is not a faithful history, but a model of just government; so on the other hand, Macchiavelli has described some Princes of Italy, whose god was money, whose will was law, whose guide ambition, whose art rashness, whose rule

* De Legationibus, ch. 9.
† Boccalini Centuria 1, Ragguaglio 89.
‡ Pædia Politices, p. 32.
|| Bibliographia Politica, p. 88.

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custom, not as they should be, but as they were."* Wiquefort says that he "has shown what Princes do, not what they ought to do, and if principles hostile to religion are sometimes advanced, he does it to show how tyrants avail themselves of them, and not how lawful Princes should use them."† Rousseau asserts that "pretending to give lessons to Kings, he has given better lessons to the people. The Prince is the code of Republicans." ‡"Every time," says Linguet, "that I look at the works of this great genius, I cannot conceive the reason of his having fallen into such disrepute. I much doubt whether his greatest enemies be not those who have not read his works, or those who have most abused his maxims. The first calumniate him through prejudice; the second, because he has too clearly revealed their cruel policy."‖ "We owe thanks," says Lord Bacon,§ "to Macchiavelli and such writers, who have, openly and without dissembling, shown what men usually do, not what they ought to do." "I rejoice," observes Gray, "when I see Macchiavel defended or illustrated, who to me appears one of the wisest men that any nation in any age has produced."¶ To this may be added the tardy justice which his native city has rendered to him. Among the monuments which adorn the church of Santa Croce, there is one whose inscription, after mentioning the name of Macchiavelli, concludes with, "*Tanto nomini nullum par elogium.*" The opinions of these distinguished writers may assist us in discovering the real intentions of Macchiavelli. Yet after all, we are perhaps ascribing to him motives very unnecessarily. Is there anything improbable in the opinion, that he may have written his treatise without any particular views? He was a man of letters, and the motives which urge the pen of a writer are not always bounded by any immediate prospect. He had been a statesman, he had mingled much with the world, and he might for fame, for the information of others, for his own amusement, have occupied his leisure with the description of what he had seen. In fact, there is scarcely any maxim of The Prince, which is not expressly illustrated by the conduct of some distinguished personage of his day, or may not clearly, though obliquely, be referred to it. Of the wayward, profligate politics, which caused, and accompanied, and followed the commotions of Italy, he was a profound observer. From the accession of Alexander VI, he had seen his country in almost continual warfare. The latent claims to the crown of Naples, perhaps the stronger persuasion of Ludovico Sforza, seduced the King of France into a ruinous expedition to the south of Italy. He expelled the legitimate sovereign.

* Disserto de Opinione.
† L'Ambassadeur et ses Fonctions.
‡ Soc. Cont. B. 3, ch. 3.
‖ Prelim. Dis. to the Theory of Civil Law.
§ De Aug. Sci. B. 7.
¶ Gray's Works, vol. 4.

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But the hollow friendship or the fears which had opened his passage, conspired against his retreat, and Spain, and Milan, and Venice, and Rome, and even Sforza himself, became his adversaries. He escaped from Italy, whose soil he had overturned, to whom he had brought disease and ravage, whose politics he had poisoned, and bearing with him nothing but the perfidious alliance of Sforza, who had alternately courted and betrayed him. That war had scarcely ceased, when a new coalition brought a new war; and the soldiers of this last had just breathed, when the league of Cambray again put Italy into commotion. It seemed to subside; but the expedition of Louis XII against Milan, succeeded by a new confederacy, disturbed its repose, which was afterwards again alarmed by the attack of Maximilian. While such were the prominent features of Italian policy, its expression was fiercely marked by the passions of civil war. Naples vibrated between the arms of France and Spain. The Pontiffs held a loose and dangerous dominion over Nobles, who sullenly obeyed, or perfidiously opposed their authority. Urbino was lost in the storm. The Medici were expelled from Florence; four times they attempted to regain their power; and while the state wavered or trembled before the conflicting partisans, Pisa urged against her a long and fruitless war to recover its sovereignty. The usurpation of Sforza covered Milan with blood and treachery and desolation, and Borgia seemed restless while there lived a Prince whom he had not conquered or betrayed. The spirit of private vengeance rivalled the genius of public profligacy. A Cardinal of Pavia assassinated in the streets by an enemy, with impunity, may represent the state of private morals, and the atrocious partition of Naples by France and Spain, has since then stood a solitary monument of national perfidy till our own times have supplied its companion.

Such were the men who surrounded Macchiavelli; such the models of that system which he knew deeply, and described faithfully. His work, therefore, might have been a mere historical satire, without the merit of exposing despotism or the guilt of recommending it. But if we must ascribe to him some immediate view, this conclusion seems at once most charitable and most probable. In his Discourses, he describes how a Republic may be formed and preserved. His Prince seems designed to show the means of acquiring and securing a tyranny, and as, in his Memoir, he apparently gave Leo the means of establishing himself, yet really secured the freedom of the State, so in the Prince, while he seems to explain the means of acquiring despotic power, he in fact develops the methods of opposing it. It may be said that he might, and ought to have expressed his detestation of the principles while he announces them. But in the first place, if his intention was to mislead, any clearer intimation than he does give of his real sentiments, would have destroyed the illusion. In the second

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place, he is describing a conduct obviously corrupt, he is drawing a picture essentially bloody; his colouring must therefore be suited to the subject, and he who blames Macchiavelli because the virtuous sentiments of The Discourses are not found in The Prince, might reproach Guido Reni for not having painted his ethereal figure of Fortune on the same canvas with his Massacre of the Innocents. Besides that, he himself hints, that it might have been dangerous to express his opinions freely. "A certain Prince," says he, "of these times, whom it is not well to name (il quale non e bene nominare) always preaches," &c. What, however, appears to be the chief source of misapprehension, is, that in the midst of these bad principles are occasionally given the soundest maxims of policy, the enumeration of which seems to confound the good with the profligate. But if Macchiavelli undertook to delineate a bad Prince, the truth of history, the consistency of character, obliged him to write thus. The most profligate Prince that ever wore a crown must often act honestly, or his empire is lost. Such is the homage which vice itself is obliged to pay to honour, that even crime finds safety behind the mask of virtue. A government which should uniformly defy the rules of good faith and honesty, would perish in its own corruption. The virtues adhere to and strengthen each other, but the vices are completely centrifugal, and a faithless government undermines itself while it betrays others. When Plato assumes the easy useless task of describing a fictitious republic, he finds no difficulty in making good characters which exist only in fancy, nor in prescribing rules of government perfectly just and perfectly impracticable. When Aristotle,* a much more acute politician, describes the causes of revolutions, and the means by which different governments support themselves, he states, with a precision which to some appears to detract from the originality of the Florentine, the vices, and the deceptions by which tyrants maintain their power. When Macchiavelli with greater depth and detail pursues the same inquiry, he is forced to show that if tyrants do violate some of the great moral rules of duty, their very existence requires that they must often feel the reality or possess the resemblance of virtue.

But whatever were his views, the merits of his works are to be appreciated by their effect on society. His particular interests, his own purposes, if he had any in the composition, have long since perished with him, and to posterity nothing has survived but the clear exposition, the lucid image of the vices and the artifices of tyrants. Far from teaching the means of oppression, such a development can only serve to alarm society for its safety. It is indeed questionable, whether a despot was ever formed by study, since the power which lifts him beyond control, secures the passions from the approach of abstract specu-

* Aristotle, Politics, particularly. B. 5.

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C. Tiebout Jr.

THE CASCADE,

Luzerne County, Pennsylvania.

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lation. The advice which might influence would be whispered by obsequious counsellors. But to publish the secret movements of despotism, is to reveal its atrocity; to show how tyrants govern, is to invite mankind to detest, or instruct them to oppose usurpation.

Σ.

SKETCHES OF AMERICAN SCENERY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CASCADE CREEK unites itself with the Susquehanna about a mile to the south of that part of the northern boundary line of Pennsylvania, through which the river passes on its first entrance into this State. The Creek is, in general, rapid, and derives its name from a fine Cascade of about sixty feet in height, of which we have given a sketch. This is about half a mile above the mouth of the Creek, the banks or cliffs of which are so abrupt on both sides, that the inquisitive traveller is obliged to wade a considerable part of the way in the water, before he can reach the Cascade, the beauty of which will amply reward his toil. At this place the rock is composed of horizontal strata of great regularity, over which the water, catching in its descent, falls in a broken sheet of foam. The banks of the Creek, above the Cascade, are skirted with the hemloc spruce, (Pinus-Abies Americana) which, though a tree of little value for its timber, adds greatly, in the painter's eye, to the picturesque beauty of the scene.

R. H. R.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ANALYSIS OF ANTONY'S SPEECH.—No. I.

THAT "too much familiarity begets contempt," has long been received as a sound maxim in the business of social intercourse; and Goldsmith justly recommends a certain degree of ceremonious respect even among the most intimate friends. The principle of this sentiment extends itself over every thing that is the object of pleasure or pain; of desire or aversion. Whatever we become familiar with loses, by a con-

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stant and unrestrained use, the stronger features of its character, and ceases to produce either the gratifications or disgusts, the reverence or contempt at first excited by it. Calculating on this principle of our nature, governments, the most tyrannical, and systems of religion, the most odious and absurd, have, in various ages, wrapt themselves in the holiness of mystery, and maintained an empire by distance and concealment, which would have been dissipated by the power of light. It is our misfortune, that not only bad things discover their deformities by a near approach to them, but the good also lose the respect which is due to them, by becoming too cheap and common. How much of the wisdom and sublimity spread over the pages of the Scriptures is disregarded and lost by the abuse of them in schools? How much is the reverence they should always command banished, by daily seeing their leaves strewed over the floor of a school-room, and trampled upon with wanton indifference? The finest combinations of language, the very offspring of inspiration, become irrecoverably degraded in our estimation, when they come first to our knowledge from the lips of stammering children, or the mouthing of a pedagogue, incapable of perceiving, enjoying, or communicating their excellence.

In order to exercise and improve boys in the *art of speaking*, collections, of celebrated passages, have been made, with great taste too, from the most eminent writers in our language. Shakspeare and Milton, Dryden and Pope have each undergone this torture; and, if they could now take a peep into a grammar school, at morning recitations, they would be exceedingly amused or enraged, as the humour of the moment might be. The tutor, with scrupulous attention, directs his instructions to a careful observance of the *stops*. Mind, boys—count *one* at a comma; *one*, *two*, at a semicolon, and so on; and this is called the *Art of Speaking:* but as to the sentiment conveyed, or the genius displayed by the author, as they are to be scanned by no rule of grammar, it comes not within the duty of the teacher to understand or communicate them. A boy thus acquires a habit of reading and repeating the most sublime compositions, with no other object than to fix the words in his memory, and mark the artificial divisions of their parts, without discovering or seeking their beauties, or feeling their power. If he does not say,

"My name is Norval on the Grampion hills,"

it is only because he sees a stop after Norval, and not because it would be absurd to read it so, even if the stop were not there; and thus he is taught. For should he read it as above, his teacher would probably correct him by drawing his attention to the stop, and not by showing him what nonsense he had made of it. The mischief does not end here. However crude and premature the opinion thus formed of a composition must

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be, it is very apt to take a strong hold of the mind, and prevent an examination into its real merit when the judgment becomes more matured, and the taste more refined. This, indeed, is not the case with those who afterwards give a particular attention to literary pursuits; but such are a small portion of the schools.

Among the numerous selections thus made for school-boy elocution, no one is in more constant use than "*Antony's speech over the body of Caesar.*" It is a universal favourite; and "Friends, Romans, and Countrymen" has been declaimed, in every variety of tone and emphasis, from the lisping baby of six years old, to the most blundering booby of a country school. It is impossible to devest this admirable pearl of genius of its beauty and interest by any want of skill in reciting it; yet there is nothing in our language which requires more discrimination, more power and exquisite taste to display all its excellence, and give its full effect. The consummate art, covered by apparent plainness and simplicity; the force of feeling raised upon common objects, resorting more to the memory than the imagination of the hearers, and overwhelming their hearts while affecting only to recal familiar facts to their recollection, and in short, the combination and essence of every ingredient that constitutes true eloquence and renders it irresistible, justly entitles this speech to the first place in the first rank of oratorical excellence. There is, I think, no oration, ancient or modern, that possesses so entirely all the powers of persuasion; and when we see within how small a compass they are contained, how great should be our admiration!

From the common use that has been made of this oration, I presume, on the principles already stated, that its excellence is not properly estimated; and that many who freely give it their applause, have not been at the pains to examine its beauties in detail, and analyse its merit with critical attention. I propose to make an attempt of this sort; not with the presumptuous hope of unfolding all its claims to admiration; but, by some observations and illustrations, to lead the scholars of Shakspeare into a habit of minutely examining, not this speech only, but every distinguished production of the immortal bard. Before I enter upon the Analysis of the Speech of Antony, let us look back, a moment, to his situation at the time it was delivered. In the life of Caesar, Antony had stood in the first rank of his friends; and although his abominable licentiousness and debauchery, sometimes drew upon him mortifying testimonies of Caesar's displeasure, yet his confidence in the talents and unshaken friendship of Antony, seems never to have been diminished. In the battle which gave to Caesar the empire of the world, the post of Antony was next in importance to that of Caesar, and his conduct justified the trust. A knowledge of this mutual regard induced some of the conspirators, when marking their victims, to insist upon the fate of Antony. But Brutus, partly, perhaps, from the gene-

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rosity of his nature, and partly from his underrating the ability of Antony, who, he said, was "but a limb of Caesar," and would lose all its power when the head was cut off; and who was

— "given
To sports, to wildness, and much company,"

prevailed upon his companions to spare him. We should indeed be inclined to charge the conspirators with singular indiscretion in allowing any oration to be pronounced in honour of the man they had just assassinated; and particularly in permitting a man of Antony's eloquence, "so well beloved of Caesar," to be the orator. The bodies of men thus disposed of are usually hurried out of the way with insult and indignity. The poet, however, needs no defence on this subject. He stands on historical truth; for although Antony never made *such* a speech, it is certain, that, when Caesar's body was exposed in the forum, he addressed the people on the subject of his death, and so powerfully too as to exasperate their passions to the highest pitch. Neither is it unaccountable that this honour should have been allowed to the corpse of Caesar. Brutus, who headed and controlled the gang, was very desirous of being considered a gentleman assassin in this business; and as he really admired and loved Caesar, and felt not the envy and malignity of Casca, he was unwilling that any indignity should be offered to the body of his murdered benefactor, or any customary mark of respect withheld.

"Caesar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies."

A funeral oration delivered by some distinguished citizen, was considered by the Romans an honour of the first importance and dignity. Pliny, the younger, speaking of the death of Virginius Rufus, one of the most fortunate and illustrious Romans of the age, who had even refused the crown, says, "the Consul, Cornelius Tacitus, pronounced his funeral oration; and thus the series of his felicities was completed by the public applause of a most eloquent orator."

To secure himself, however entirely, in granting this indulgence, Brutus makes his conditions with Antony, that he shall declare he speaks by permission of the conspirators; that he shall say nothing to blame them, but "speak all the good he could devise of Caesar."

When the execrable murder of Caesar was accomplished under the names of *Peace*, *Liberty*, *Freedom*, the usual cant of demagogues, in all ages, to cover their ambition and crimes, Antony, in the general consternation, fled to his house; but came forth upon a promise from Brutus that he should be satisfied as to the cause of Caesar's death,

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and "depart untouched." Tell me if all the writings of moralists and divines contain anything that strikes deeper into the heart; anything better calculated to sink the proudest into humility, and show to the mightiest the vanity of all their painful labours, the end of all their power, than the exclamation of Antony upon his first view of the lifeless body of Caesar:

> "O mighty Caesar! dost thou lie so low?
> Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
> *Shrunk to this little measure?* Fare thee well."

He then, in an admirable strain of ambiguous sarcasm, and guarded eulogium of Caesar, begs if

> "These choice and master spirits of the age,"

intend to take his life, they will do it at once, with those swords

> "made rich
> "With the most noble blood of all the world,"

and

> "Whilst their purple hands do reek and smoke."

Being assured of his safety, he shakes hands with these "master spirits," still pursuing the same strain of cutting reflections. He requests that he may

> "Produce the body in the market-place,
> And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
> Speak in the order of his funeral."

Brutus instantly promises that he shall, though opposed by Casca. It is agreed that Brutus shall first address the people in justification of the conspirators; and that Antony shall then pronounce the funeral eulogium, under the restrictions already mentioned. After this arrangement is made, Brutus proceeds to the market-place, leaving Antony to follow with the corpse.

I shall be pardoned for concluding this number with the address made by Antony to the body of his friend. It is full of pathos and horror.

> O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
> That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
> Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
> That ever lived in the tide of times.
> Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
> Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips,
> To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,—

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A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quartered with the hands of war;
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit raging for revenge,
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall, in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry *Havoc*, and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial."

The Germans, imitated by the English, have, of late, exercised their imaginations, in framing Tales and Ballads, overflowing with images of horror and disgust. But all of them together do not furnish a specimen equal with that just recited. Can anything of this kind exceed the idea of

"Carrion men, groaning for burial."

H.

(*From The Athenæum.*)

MILITARY CHARACTER OF DIFFERENT NATIONS.

THE FRENCH.

THE French soldiers are quick, and attack with incredible rapidity; they retreat with the same rapidity, return to the charge with unabated impetuosity, and again as quickly retire. During their retreat they retain the greatest composure, and when they lose ground are not disheartened. The death of their officers produces no confusion among them. When the commanding officer falls, the next to him assumes his place, and so in succession. The inferior officers are almost all qualified to command.

The French soldier is accustomed to live in a requisitionary country sometimes as a prince and sometimes as a *sans culotte*. To make him perform his duty well, uniformity in living is not requisite.

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A strong *esprit de corps** prevails among the French troops. In the beginning of the revolution their bond of union was republican fanaticism; at the conclusion of it *la Grande Nation.*

Their infantry of the line cannot be compared with the Russian; their cavalry is very inferior to the Hungarian; and their artillery, once the best in Europe, is far from being equal to the Austrian; but their light infantry, or their *tirailleurs*, and their new tactics, confound all the principles of the military art which have prevailed since the time of Frederic the Great.

Austria has scarcely any light infantry; Russia has about twenty thousand; but in the French armies nearly one-third of the infantry are *tirailleurs.* These take post before the troops of the line, separate into different small bodies, unite again, attack, and, after being ten times repulsed, will attack again. In a broken rugged country these *tirailleurs* prepare the way to the French for that victory which the infantry of the line completes. The incredible quickness of the French renders this corps the best of its kind in Europe.

All the principles of the new French tactics are calculated for a broken intersected country, as the old tactics were for large plains. The object of the former is to exhaust the enemy by incessant skirmishes, when he is so imprudent as to attack the light-heeled Frenchman with his whole force. These flying bodies suffer themselves to be driven back the whole day, and towards evening a fresh body appears and decides the contest. A battle with the French may begin at sunrise, but it will not be terminated before the evening. The French troops may be beat during the day, but at night they will be the victors. Every general who does not spare his strength till the evening, must in the end be defeated by the French.

In consequence of the quickness and composure of the French soldiers, they do not readily think of surrendering; and they are able, in a manner peculiar to them alone, to extricate themselves from dangerous situations. We have seen instances where a thousand French soldiers after contending the whole day with a much larger body of the enemy, have disappeared at night like a vapour. The corps, when hard pressed, divides itself into two or three bodies, and while one occupies the enemy in an advantageous position, the other remains quiet at some distance. As soon as the first is driven back, they all run with incredible velocity, and in tolerably good order, to the place where the other is at rest. The second knows pretty exactly how long the first

* This word cannot well be translated into English. It may not improperly be defined, a laudable spirit of ambition, which produces peculiar attachment to any particular corps, company, or service.

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was able to make a stand, and with the same impetuosity rushes on the enemy, who find themselves suddenly checked in their career by fresh troops, who must also be repulsed. In the meantime the first body are recovering from their fatigue; and in this manner they continue to act the whole day, with considerable loss of men indeed; but when night puts an end to the battle, the corps at any rate has not been beaten, and next morning to follow it would be fruitless. Moreau was pursued for some days in Switzerland by the Russians, but they were never able to come up with him in his flight. Towards evening he had taken a strong position, and next morning had disappeared.

But this activity must not be confounded with durable strength. The French are the lightest, but not the strongest soldiers.

The medical establishment of the French army, is excellent, and their officers in general exceedingly good.

—

AUSTRIANS.

The German troops are slow in their attack, indifferent in battle, and slow in their retreat. They leave behind them the most prisoners, because the French make their escape, and the Russians will suffer themselves to be cut to pieces rather than run from their post.

Irresolute, heavy, and without a spirit of union, they are inclined to surrender when alarmed on several points at once. Their usual expression is, "We are cut off;" The report spreads like wild-fire, and the next word is, "We must surrender." We have several instances of large bodies of Austrians having been taken prisoners by much smaller bodies of French troops in mountainous districts, when small detachments made their appearace on different sides at the same time. On such occasions the Austrians see their error when it is too late to correct it.

When the drum beats to arms to attack the enemy, it is not unusual for the Austrian soldiers to call out in a grumbling tone, "We have not yet cooked our victuals." An Austrian soldier, before he can fight, must eat and drink regularly. The Austrian troops, therefore, are treated with a care which is not found in other armies.

But that these German troops might be excited to greater activity, has been proved by their campaigns in conjunction with the Russians. They never remained behind, and always showed the same perseverance; but they were much slower in their movements.

The case with the Hungarian regiments is quite different. They are much livelier, and have a great deal of martial spirit, with a high sense of national honour; and, on that account, will never lay aside their long pantaloons. Should any one give them boots, they would desert by hundreds to any enemy who would permit them to wear their

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favourite dress. Their officers are for the most part Hungarians. That they have a propensity to plundering cannot be denied.

No cavalry are better than the Hungarian. They ride as well as the Turks, and are disciplined in the same manner as those of the most civilized nations in Europe. The French cavalry are inferior to them, but the Russian approaches very near to them, and are capable of making head against them.

There are no better artillery-men than the Austrians. This corps, by experience during long and difficult sieges of the strongest places in Europe, has been brought to the highest degree of perfection. To each gun is attached a fire-worker, and he knows his cannon as well as the Arab does his horse. Two hundred Austrian cannon will play the whole day without the least confusion, and never in vain. Seldom does the fire-worker fail in his duty. All the sieges under Suworof were conducted by Austrian artillery-men.

In a word, their *etat-major*, or *etat des quarter-maitres*, called in Russia their suite, is excellent. Men such as Chateler, Zach, and Weinrotter, do honour to their country. The last-mentioned, as lieutenant-colonel, conducted the Russians through Switzerland. On account of the skill displayed on this occasion, he was offered a commission in the Russian service, with the rank of major-general; and had Alexander been on the throne he would certainly have accepted it. His services were acknowledged in his own country, and he soon rose, a very rare instance in Austria, to be a major-general; such is the respect paid to men of merit in this corps.

Young men of condition are very averse to serve long in the lower ranks of superior officers. They endeavour, therefore, to get into the *etat major* of this corps, and remain in it till they find an opportunity of returning to the army as officers on the staff. The consequence of this is, that the staff officers are men of great information, and distinguish themselves very advantageously in the corps of superior officers.

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RUSSIANS.

When Russians attack, they must either conquer or die. With skilful manœuvres or able retreats they are unacquainted. They know only to go forwards, but never backwards. A Russian soldier in his flight is the most helpless animal in the world. This state to him is so unnatural, that he does not know in what manner to help himself; and this is often a very great defect.

The Russian soldiers are quicker than the Austrian, without having the activity of the French, or their composure in flight. Their impetuous desire to push forwards, combined with their inexhaustible strength,

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their *esprit de corps*, and belief in predestination, make the Russian troops of the line the best infantry in the world, when they have to fight in large plains.

The Russian soldiers, distinguished from those of every other nation by religion, language, and habits, possess a great deal of national honour. Formerly the name of St. Nicholas was capable of performing wonders. At present the word *Naschi*, "Our countrymen," has succeeded it. The wonders that can be effected by this word are astonishing. The Russian advances to battle with great indifference; but as soon as the first Russian falls, he is heard to exclaim, "A countryman, General! let us attack;" and on such occasions it is often difficult to restrain him.

The Russian soldiers have a firm belief in predestination. When danger is mentioned to them, their usual reply is, "We cannot obtain a victory, unless God has so decreed;" and under this conviction they expose themselves with resignation to certain destruction. Their idea is, "We cannot avoid death at the time and place appointed for us; and if it be not appointed at present, no bullet will touch us."

What the Russians are in a particular manner distinguished for is, their inexhaustible strength. They are, without doubt, the hardiest soldiers in the world. Suworof, who well knew this quality of his troops, always fell upon the French with his whole force, without suffering them to rest. The French, therefore, found themselves much mistaken when they imagined that they could tire out the Russians by long continued skirmishes. They gained nothing by the strength of their troops of the line, which they prudently spared, nor had they any time to assemble and take rest. In the campaign in Italy in the year 1799, the French soldiers, under the command of Scherer, had lost a great deal of their courage; the Austrians had opened the campaign with success, and when Suworof came up he carried every thing before him like a torrent. Moreau was unable to withstand his force, though his army had been much weakened by the garrisons he was obliged to leave behind him. Suworof committed the care of sieges to the Austrians, and advanced so rapidly forwards with the Russians, that the French army, weakened and disheartened, could no longer make a stand. Thus the Russians swept every thing before them, till Moreau had retired behind the mountains of Genoa. Here he conceived a plan which was worthy of his genius, and which nothing could have defeated but the inexhaustible strength of the Russians. Mecdonald drew all the troops from Naples, and having collected his whole force at Bologna, entertained a hope that he should thus be able to place the Russians, who had taken post at Turin, between two fires. But Suworof marched from Turin at six in the evening, reached Alexandria next day by eleven, marched again at six in the evening, and on the third day was

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twelve miles from Piacenza, where his advanced guard attacked the French, whom the Austrian generals Ott and Klenau, who had been between Bologna and Farrara, were driving before them. The Russian troops, which had marched every day upwards of forty-five miles, and which had actually the appearance of *sans culottes*, were immediately led into action. A most bloody conflict began, which was renewed next day, and which terminated in the dispersion of Macdonald's army. This, however, was only half the business. The Russians marched back with the same rapidity, in order to meet Marcau, who was approaching Turin. Moreau then retreated once more to the Genoese mountains, formed a junction with the remains of Macdonald's army, and, in order to achieve something decisive, fought the battle of Novi, where the Russians, who formed the centre, penetrated three times to the bottom of the impassable mountains, which were planted with heavy cannon brought from Genoa. Such marches and exploits could be performed in the warm climate of Italy only by Russians.

The Russian soldier cooks his victuals when he can, and has no definitive time for eating or sleeping. A Russian is always awake upon duty, and always sleeps when he has leisure, and wherever he may be. This is seen daily in the case of watchmen and servants. He requires less than an individual of any other nation, and is less expense in the field.

The Russian soldiers formerly were accustomed not to give or to receive quarter, and this practice they followed in their wars with the Turks. The Turks are not Christians, and those who are not Christians, according to their idea, are not men. In this belief they cut down their prisoners, and even massacred their women. In the Turkish wars, also, too many prisoners were a burden to them. In Italy the case was different: the French were Christians, or at least better Christains than the Turks; the Russians, therefore, were desirous to preserve their prisoners, because they knew where they could dispose of them, and because the number of them increased the courage of the soldiers. The Russian soldiers showed no cruelty towards them; they took from them whatever they had, and suffered them to retire behind the front line.

Being accustomed to carry on war in deserts, and not in requisitionary countries, a Russian army is attended by a much greater number of waggons than any other; but they are so light, and there are so many workmen in the army, that these carriages can be easily repaired; and in general they do not impede the rapid progress of the troops.

There are two great nations which seem destined to carry on war in open level districts, such as Wallachia and Moldavia. As men, the Turks are a very noble race; their belief in fatalism, their national pride, and the intoxicating use of opium, give them more than human

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strength in an attack. The greater part of their troops consists of cavalry; they are excellent horsemen, and the horse is accustomed to fight for his rider. The charge of these cavalry can be checked only by destruction, that is, a well-directed fire of musketry; and it requires much coolness to stand before them and suffer them to advance to the necessary distance. If the Turks break through this barrier of fire, there is no restraining them; it is needless to think of rallying again or of flight. Their progress is every-where marked with death. But if their line be broke by the musketry, if the least wavering takes place in their movement, the Russian line advances with fixed bayonets, and the battle in a very short time is decided. A battle with the Turks may be begun a little before night, and yet ended the same evening; whereas a battle with the French will continue the whole day, and be scarcely decided at a late hour at night.

(*From The Cabinet.*)

Madame Villacerfe was a French lady of noble family, dignified character, and unblemished life, whose death was distinguished by a greatness of mind, not usual in her sex, and when we consider *all* its circumstances, unequalled by the most renowned heroes of antiquity.

The short history of this excellent woman, is, I believe, generally known, and will probably be recognized by many of my readers, but she is so striking an example of Christian fortitude, philosophic suffering, generous forbearance, and angelic love, without the least alloy of vanity, selfishness, or sensuality, that the affecting narrative cannot be dwelt on too long, nor repeated too often.

An early, a mutual affection, had taken place between the subject of our present article, and Festeau, an eminent surgeon of Paris; but from the insurmountable obstacles which in those days (1700) so strictly guarded superior rank, all further intercourse was prevented than animated civilities, when opportunities offered, and soft but secret wishes.

The lover would have perished, rather than by a rash proceeding, degrade the object of his affections in the eyes of her family and the world; and his mistress, taught by love, the omnipotent leveller of all distinctions, though she felt too powerfully the merit of Festeau, who, in the scale of unprejudiced reason, far outweighed a thousand pretenders to frivolous accomplishment and superficial attainment; she nobly resolved

> To quit the object of no common choice
> In mild submission to stern Duty's voice,
> The much-loved man with all his claims resign,
> And sacrifice delight at Duty's shrine.

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Several years passed in this honourable contest with the passions; in which duty and honour triumphed over wild wishes, and selfish appetites. Madame Villacerfe, from an indisposition which confined her to her chamber, but not to her bed, was, by the prescription of a physician, ordered to be bled.

Festeau, as surgeon to the family, being sent for, his countenance as he entered the room, proved the state of his mind. After gently touching her pulse, and a few professional questions, in a low voice, he prepared for the operation, by tucking up that part of a loose dress which covered her arm: an interesting business to a man who had long laboured with the most ardent attachment to his lovely patient, whose illness infused an irresistible softness over her features, and lighted up the embers of an affection, suppressed, but never extinguished.

Pressing the vein, in order to render it more prominent, he was observed to be seized with a sudden tremor, and to change his colour: this circumstance was mentioned to the lady, not without a fear, that it might prevent his bleeding her with his usual dexterity. On her observing, with a smile, that she confided entirely in Festeau's skill, and was sure he had no inclination to do her an injury, he appeared to recover himself, and smiling, or forcing a smile, proceeded to his work, which was no sooner performed, than he cried out, "I am the most unfortunate man alive, I have opened an artery instead of a vein."

It is not easy to describe his distraction, or her composure; in less than three days, the state of her arm, in consequence of the accident, rendered amputation necessary, when so far from using her unhappy surgeon with the peevish resentment of a little mind, she requested of him not to be absent from any consultation on the treatment of her case, and ordered her will to be made.

After her arm was taken off, symptoms appearing, which convinced Festeau and his associates, that less than twenty-four hours would terminate the existence of one who was an ornament to her sex; the voice, the looks, the anguish of her lover, as well as her own feelings convinced her of the solemn truth.

This opinion, her earnest and solemn entreaties, on a death ded, not to be disregarded, obliged her friends to confirm, and a few hours before that awful moment, which none escape, and which bold bad men only *affect* to despise, after desiring the attendants to leave the chamber, Madame Villacerfe addressed her disconsolate surgeon in the following words:

"You give me inexpressible concern for the sorrow in which I see you overwhelmed, notwithstanding your kind efforts to conceal it. I am removing—to all intents and purposes, I am removed from human life and all that relates to it, it is therefore highly incumbent on me to begin to think and act like one wholly unconcerned in it.

"I feel not the least resentment or displeasure on the present occasion. I do not consider you as one by whose error I have lost my life; I regard you

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rather as a benefactor, who have hastened my enterance into a blessed immortality.

"But the world may look on the accident, which, on your account alone, I can call unfortunate, and mention it to your disadvantage; I have therefore provided, in my will, against every thing you may have to dread from the ill-will, the prejudices, or the selfish misrepresentation of mankind."

This pattern for Christians, this example for heroes, soon after expired. A judicial sentence, devoting his fortune to confiscation, and his body to exquisite tortures, could not have produced keener sensations of misery and horror, than Festeau felt during her address, which was an emanation of celestial benignity, an anticipating revelation, a divine ray from the spirit of that God who inspired and loved her, and in whose presence she was shortly to triumph and adore.

But when he contemplated her exalted goodness and unparalleled magnanimity in suffering pain and mortal agonies, inflicted by an unhappy man, who, of all others, loved and doated on her most; when he saw her dying look, and heard that groan which is repeated no more, sick of the world, dispirited with human life and its pursuits, angry beyond forgiveness with himself, he sunk into the settled gloom and long melancholy of despair.

This is one of the many instances in which a little forethought, and a small share of prudence, would have prevented much serious evil, and irretrievable calamity. As it was impossible that Madame Villacerfe's relations could be entirely strangers to the partiality of Monsieur Festeau, they should industriously have prevented all intercourse between the young people.

The agitated frame and deranged appearance of her lover, observed previous to the catastrosphe, by a gentleman nearly related to the lady, and from whose letter I derive the materials of my narrative, pointed him out as the most improper man for medical or surgical assistance, which requires coolness, dexterity, a steady hand, and a collected mind.

In the sudden and disastrous accidents to which human life is, on every side, and at every moment, exposed, it will frequently be found, that those connected to us by the nearest ties of blood, friendship, or affection, are often, by those very circumstances, disqualified from affording us prompt and effectual relief.

The fond mother, whose infant is a constant source of toil, which only a mother would willingly submit to, and of delight, which all must envy, on seeing it suddenly spring from her arms into a deep and rapid stream, would probably sink to the ground in a fainting fit, or an hysteric convulsion; thus would she be rendered, by the ardor of affection and the violence of her feelings, wholly unable to snatch her child from death.

A bystander, perhaps a reprobate and a scoundrel, uninfluenced by philanthropy, love, or a sense of duty, and amply repaid by half a crown, would, with all his senses about him, directly plunge in, and, a stranger to the unmanageable ecstasies of a mother, restore the darling to her arms.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ESSAY ON THE NATURE AND USE OF WINE.

WHEN in the consumption of this article, it is considered that for every dozen of pure Wine, there is perhaps a pipe, or fifty times this quantity of adulterated and sophisticated wine drunk, the whole without exception, the source of a thousand disorders, and in many instances very active poison, but superficially disguised; it would appear that the blind infatuation which confirms so many in the habit of hard drinking, arises less from a natural love of bestiality, than an ignorance of the real nature, and pernicious effects of forty nine parts out of fifty of the wines which are used; and particularly in those countries where the climate and soil are not congenial to the vine, a circumstance which in a great measure enslaves the taste of the community to the arbitrary will of the Wine Merchant, and secures his flagitious arts from detection.

A plain intelligible essay on this subject may be greatly advantageous to the rising generation, and useful to all those who are determined to prefer Health, to a life chequered with pain and disorder.

Parents should not content themselves with simply endeavouring to deter their children from wines, and strong liquors, by telling them that they are bad for them, and that drunkenness is a vice: they should begin by informing them that the greater part of wines are *poisoned*, to make them agreeable, and confirm them in this belief by pointing out to them instances, which are not wanting in any town, where excesses of this nature are invariably punished with the complete destruction of health, and the contempt of society. With these physical and moral guards few would err, for we are content with knowing what things are poisonous, without the most curious experimentalist among us, wishing to try their effects upon himself.

Wine is a compound juice, whose principal ingredients are, *water*, *alcohol*, or the pure spirit of brandy, and *sugar*.

To these may be added, *extractive colouring matter*, which gives to each kind, and particular red, its peculiar colour. *Tannin*, or the principle of astringency. *Tartar*, which is a chymical salt; and an *Aromatic Oil*, upon which the high flavour chiefly depends.

The quality of any wine is formed from a mixture of all these ingredients; the absence of one or more of them; and the proportion in which its component parts are blended together.

The juice of the grape simply expressed, does not intoxicate; it must first undergo fermentation, in which process, one of its principal component parts, *sugar*, is decomposed, and alcohol is formed, which is the basis of all spirituous liquors: it then becomes wine. The *carbonic acid*, or fixed air, which escapes, is the other component part of

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sugar: when it is preserved in a proper manner, wines possess that brisk, sparking quality, which distinguish ciders, and the wines of *Champagne*, and *Asti*, in Piedmont,

In some wines there is more sugar than is necessary to be decomposed, and hence we have sweet wines. Others possess a large portion of *tannin* and *tartar*, and become astringent, such as red, and particularly *Port* wines.

Wines when drank new are not so palatable, or wholesome as when kept till their ingredients are properly blended, and associated in such a manner, as to give them that mellow and unctuous quality, which recommends them so much, and perhaps are never better than when six years old: spirituous wines, such as Madeira, and Port, are here meant. If kept too long in the cask, they impoverish, and imbibe qualities from the wood, foreign to them. If in the bottle, they depose at last too great a portion of their constituent parts; a new chymical change is operated; and generally they undergo an alteration much to the disadvantage of good wines. They should be kept in a moderate temperature, to give them all the advantages of their natural excellence, for if they are placed in too cold an atmosphere, they will lose a great part of the heat necessary to their preservation, and must receive an additional warmth before drinking, which destroys in some measure the elasticity of their flavour, and renders them insipid: if kept in too high a temperament the vessels will sometimes burst, or a new fermentation will take place, and they will turn sour.

It is for the purpose of counterfeiting these distinguishing qualities in wines, that Wine Merchants have recourse to ingredients totally foreign to their nature. Bad tart white wines are changed into red, by the aid of sumach, logwood, and various berries: sugar of lead, and absorbent earths, are added to take up the excess of acid, and make them sweeter. Brandy is distilled over galangal, cardamum, and strong spices to give them strength and pungency. The leaves of deleterious plants, which are very pernicious, are used to impart an artificial flavour. These diabolical cordials when they have attained a proper colour and clearness, are mixed with ciders and real wines, according to the conscience and avarice of the Wine Merchant.

Of all these ingredients the leaves of deleterious plants to impart flavor, and the preparations of lead to sweeten sour wines, are the worst; every glass is *poison*, and an habitual use of them produces head-aches, pains in the stomach, and cough in the first instance: afterwards *dry colics*, *palsy*, *convulsion*, and *death*. Instances may be adduced where Wine Merchants have confessed on their death-bed, that they have seen hundreds of their customers die victims to the poisons which had been sold to them. White Wines of an uncommonly high colour, or new Red Wines of a very light colour, having a woody,

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or tart taste, deposing a red sediment, are adulterated and dyed: it may be discovered by passing them through filtering paper, as the dying matter will stain the paper. White Wines very high coloured, or of an unknown high flavour may be justly suspected of adulteration: this is generally done with burnt sugar, raisins, coloured brandies, &c.

But the most dangerous to the public, and the most profitable adulterations to the Wine Merchant, are those preparations of lead, whereby spoiled sour wines are made sweet, and which operate as slow poisons: these may be known by a sweet taste, succeeded by an astringent one; occasion *heat* and *thirst; contractions* in the *throat*, &c. To detect these, tests must be had recourse to, which betray the presence of any metallic particles, either by changing the colour of the liquor, or precipitating the metallic preparation.

Various wine-tests may be found in Chymical Treatises: in Park's Chymical Catechism there is a very good one made with oyster shells, &c.: The following is by a German professor:

One drachm of the dry liver of sulphur,
Two drachms Cream of Tartar,

shake them well in two oz. distilled water, till completely saturated with hepatic: filter it through blotting paper, and keep it in a close-stopped phial. In a small glass of the suspected wine, pour from fifteen to twenty drops of this liquor: if the wine turns black, or a darker colour, altogether or partially; if it has at first a sweet, and then an astringent taste, it is surely poisoned with some preparation of lead, but above all if it turn thick, in white gray clouds. If the colour resemble pale ink, it arises from iron: if the wine be impregnated with copper or verdigris, a blackish gray sediment will be deposed: this is the case sometimes owing to the brass cocks through which wine is made to pass.

Sulphur is put into wines to make them keep, but if they are surcharged with it, the effects are very unwholesome; its presence may be detected by turning a piece of silver black. Quick-lime is frequently used to give to burgundy and claret, a ruby colour; gravel complaints are thereby produced.

Good old wines are undoubtedly an excellent cordial to the infirm and aged; and as they contain more or less vegetable acids, are a good antiseptic remedy in cases of putrid and malignant fevers. When taken in moderation it tends to increase the circulation of the fluids, and invigorate the functions of the body, as may be observed in the vivacity of the eyes, and the motion it produces. To children it should be given in very small quantities, as it accustoms the nerves of the stomach to an unnatural action, which disturbs the regular operations of nature. The best and most wholesome of wines, however, are highly prejudicial to

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the health, when taken daily in large qualities; for they infallibly produce intoxication; and a very eminent Physician* has observed, that a tipsy man is in every respect, in the same state as one attacked by the apoplexy or palsy, and when intoxication has arrived at its utmost height, there is no longer any difference betwixt this and the true apoplexy. A drunken man staggers, his tongue loses its powers of speech, he stammers, sees things double, and moving in a circle: his mind is affected, and imbecility takes place; his blood is rarefied, the vessels are surcharged, and press violently on the brain; he falls without sensation; and should one of the small blood-vessels burst, which are unnaturally squeezing the brain, he dies in a fit of apoplexy, which he has wantonly brought on himself.

This consequence of excess clearly points out to us with what caution we should make use of the best wine. It may be salutiferous to the infirm and aged, and greatly beneficial in cases of mental depression, sedentary habits, and stagnations of the fluids, as Dr. Willich says, "not unlike Passion serving to rouse the mind, and Tempests to purify the atmosphere," yet it is not less true, that its effects are only momentaneous, acting as a stimulant, without possessing any real principles of constitutional strength; the majority of great wine-drinkers dying at a premature age, owing to relaxation and debility.

G. W. F.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MY POCKET BOOK—No. I.

Mr. Oldschool,

A right pleasant wight in London, yclept George Canning, has highly amused and entertained the public, by a small volume, which he has styled "My Pocket Book," containing various memoranda to furnish materials for a ponderous quarto, calculated, among its other various uses, to promote the interests of three potent bodies of men, the paper-makers, the printers, and the booksellers. Inspired by such a laudable example, but without daring to lift mine eyes to so venerable a vehicle of amusement and information as a mighty quarto, I respectfully offer you, Sir, the contents of *my* pocket book, collected for

*Willich.

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years from various sources, for the entertainment of such of your readers as may condescend to favour my lucubrations with a perusal.

When Belcour is accosted by Mrs. Fulmer, with the hacknied phrase, "a fine Summer's day, Sir," he replies, "yes, ma'am, and so cool, that if the calender did not call it July, I should swear it was January." In like manner, if the almanac did not inform me it would be an arrant misnomer, I should style my effusions "light Summer reading;" as I mtend them to be light enough to suit the meridian of the sultriest climate under the line. You have abundance of grave and serious essayists, who toil over the midnight lamp for the public edification: and whose labours will reflect credit on your work, and be of service to the public. But as there must be a great diversity among your readers, it may not be improper to allow a small space to writers of a different description, who, like me, merely mean to skim the surface of things.

NAMES.

I have been often struck with the absurdity displayed by many parents in christening their children. However extravagant the idea may seem, it really appears as if they were unacquainted with, or did not consider what is the object of names, and that they are intended to distinguish one human being from another. This object is greatly neglected when Christian names of any particular kind are generally bestowed on persons of the same surname. When the surname is a very common one, as Taylor, Smith, Thompson, Johnson, &c. a very common Christian name, John, James, or Thomas, ought to be carefully avoided, as productive of inconvenience.

I have now before me the Philadelphia Directories, for 1796, 1798, and 1809, and the London Directory, for 1799; in the first, there are no less than seventeen John Smiths, nine Thomas Smiths, and ten John Thompsons. In the second, there are likewise seventeen John Smiths, seven Thomas Smiths, and eight John Thompsons. In the Directory for this year, there are twenty six John Smiths, eight Samuel Smiths, eighteen William Smiths, eight Thomas Smiths, and ten John Thompsons. In the London Directory, for 1799, there are fifty William Smiths, fifty-six Thomas Smiths, and no less than seventy John Smiths, exclusive of twenty-five J. Smiths, whom I pass over, as uncertain whether the abbreviated name is John, James, or Joseph. It is easy to conceive what numerous errors and disadvantages must arise from the confusion of these names; how many letters must go to persons for whom they were not intended; how many family secrets must in consequence be revealed; how many mistakes must take place respecting notes and debts; and how extremely difficult it must be to guard against these mistakes.

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I have known two instances of persons of respectable characters in this city, who had the misfortune to be namesakes to two men notorious for characters of a contrary description. The iniquities of the latter were frequently visited very vexatiously on the heads of the former.

In some parts of New-England, where the paternal Christian name is perpetuated in the oldest son, and in the grandson, there is a mode of distinction, which I have never observed elsewhere. Instead of annexing senior and junior, as we do, they add 2d, to the son's name; and, when the grandson is grown up, they add to his name 3d. I have seen in a Connecticut paper, Jethro Allen, Jethro Allen 2d, and Jethro Allen 3d. This is a troublesome appendage, and arises from the absurd prejudice that so generally prevails with fathers to dignify their eldest sons with their own Christian names.

In certain parts of Maryland, there is a mode of distinction, peculiar, I believe, to that State. Where there are two persons of the same name, of different parents, they annex the paternal Christian name to the name of the son. Thus, William Hanson, of William, and William Hanson, of Frederic, mean, on supplying the ellipsis, William Hanson, son of William Hanson; and William Hanson, son of Frederic Hanson.

In the choice of Christian names there is a great diversity of tastes. Many persons, particularly in New-England, prefer the Old Testament names, which are now less fashionable than they were formerly. These have Asas, Abrahams, Jonathans, Jonadabs, Jehoshaphats, Solomons, Elijahs, Deborahs, Sarahs, and Ruths. Novel-reading ladies deal largely in a totally different class of names, of a romantic cast. They flourish away with Clelias, Cecilias, Henriettas, Wilhelminas, &c. Goldsmith had such ladies in view, when he so formally introduced to notice among his dramatis personæ, the all-accomplished and incomparable Lady Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs. Persons of plain common sense, choose among a large class of names, which fall not within the two above described, and are perhaps preferable to either. This class embraces the Georges, the Frederics, the Edwards, the Henrys, the Peters, the Charleses, the Williams, the Roberts, the Marias, the Elizas, the Ellens, &c. &c.

Sometime since, there were two persons in New-York, of the name of John Glover. Their letters were frequently and vexatiously delivered at cross purposes. They had an interview, to agree upon some distinction, to put an end to the inconvenience. They judged it eligible to insert a letter between the christian and surname. But, strange to tell, they chose the two letters least adapted for their purpose, of any in the alphabet. One wrote his name John G. Glover, and the

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ether John J. Glover. The distinction on paper, it is true, is strongly enough marked.

In Philadelphia, we had a case some time since not very dissimilar. There were two persons of the name of John Jones, who were as much harassed by mistakes of letters, &c. as the Messrs. Glover. They adopted the distinction of John Jones M. and John M. Jones.

Intoxication.

To what an awful extent must the rage for ardent spirits have prevailed at one period in England, when the parliament was obliged to prohibit for twelve months the distillation of Gin! Smollet informs us, that there were at that time signs or show-boards, to the tippling houses, with this tariff of prices, "drunk for a penny—dead drunk for two pence—straw for nothing."

Titles of Books.

Many a valuable work has been injured in its circulation, through the folly or affectation of the writer, in giving it a quaint name, not at all indicative of its contents. "The Diversions of Purley." Who could ever have supposed that this was a most elaborate philological work, probably the most valuable ever offered to the world? Surely no *human* being. One of the most interesting books I have ever read on Indian affairs, remained for a long time unnoticed and neglected, from the quaintness of its title. It is called "Indian Recreations." Numbers probably, as well as I, supposed it to be an account of the diversions of the Hindoos. Whereas, it is an account of their manners, customs, government, policy, and population; and possesses an uncommon degree of merit.

Hudibras.

It is a pretty generally received opinion, that the four lines,

"The man who fights, and runs away,
"May live to fight another day:
"But he, that is in battle slain,
"Will never live to fight again:"

are a portion of the saving morality of the hero, Hudibras. I have known several wagers won and lost upon this subject. But I venture to assert, after a thorough examination of the volume, they are not to be found therein. It must be acknowledged, however, that they are among the most completely Hudibrastic lines that have ever been published.

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Vicar of Wakefield.

It may seem like literary heresy, to call in question the excellence of such a popular and interesting work, as the Vicar of Wakefield. Yet it has always appeared to me liable to very strong objections, which militate against the judgment of the writer. That it has many uncommonly brilliant passages, elegant descriptions, and just and appropriate sentiments, is beyond a doubt. And what is of infinitely more importance, it is equally true, that the moral is excellent. But can the warmest admirer of Goldsmith deny that the character of Burchell is injudiciously drawn? that his conduct is radically wrong in one most important point, and in utter discordance with the beneficence ascribed to him? He sees a family, with whom he contemplates an alliance, beset by villainy of the most flagrant kind; and tamely looks on, when, by raising his little finger in their defence, he could have saved them from destruction, and crushed their oppressor to the earth. The letter which he writes to put them on their guard, is so studiedly ambiguous, that it did not require the arrant delusion under which the ill-fated family laboured, to interpret its contents entirely to the prejudice of the writer. Indeed this is by far the most obvious construction that any indifferent person would put upon it. And, when taxed with baseness, and perfidy of the vilest kind, he does not condescend to exculpate himself, but allows them to consider his guilt as tacitly admitted. He then departs, loaded with their detestation; and leaves the helpless and interesting victims to fall into the toils so artfully spread out to ensnare them. This is a radical error, and proves Goldsmith to have been extremely injudicious in the management of the plot of his tale. Other defects I may notice hereafter.

Theatre.

It excites surprise to see the great diversity of manners and customs, that prevails among people who have unceasing intercourse together, and who live not far distant from each other. Many of these diversities are observable between the citizens of New-York, and those of Philadelphia. Among the rest, some of the prescriptive customs of the theatre are widely different. In New-York, no female of any description whatever is ever seen in the pit. Here there are frequently to be found in the pit as many females as males. And I think, of one hundred of the former found in the pit, and the same number in the boxes, at least twenty might, without impropriety, change places; that is, there are to be found about a fifth in each of these two parts of the theatre, that are on a perfect equality. The regulation of Philadelphia is, I think, the more eligible; as the tendency of the New-

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York mode is to narrow the circle of female amusements, and debar a portion of the women from the theatre altogether.

There is another regulation in the New-York Theatre, that places it on higher ground than that of Philadelphia. There is in the former, a place which custom appears to have appropriated for the votaries of Venus exclusively, at least so far, that no woman of decent character ever goes there. The frail ones are not allowed, as far as the prohibition is practicable, that is, as far as they are known, to intrude into the other parts of the house. In Philadelphia, on the contrary, unless seats are previously taken, a man is liable to have a Lais, a Phryne, or a Perditta, take a seat beside, or close behind his wife, or daughter, and offend their ears during the whole performance, with their gross conversation with young fellows, who appear to glory in their shame, by consorting thus publicly with these abandoned women. This is a sore grievance, and loudly calls for a remedy:

Woman.

Perhaps no language can produce a more elegant tribute paid to the fair sex, than that by Dr. Young, in "*The Force of Religion*," a Divine Poem, on the fate of the inestimable Lady Jane Gray,

"Virtue is beauty. But when charms of mind,
"With elegance of outward form are join'd;
"When youth makes such bright objects still more bright,
"And fortune sets them in the strongest light;
"'Tis all below of heav'n we may view;
"And all but adoration is your due."

French and English Languages.

The genius of these two languages widely differs: each has its appropriate beauties, and each has strong defects. The French nation being more loquacious than the English, their language has of course been more highly polished for the purposes of conversation, than ours. Its greater variety of modification also, gives it a considerable advantage, in which the English, from the paucity of its inflexions, is highly deficient. But admitting all this, it cannot be denied, that the English is greatly superior in historical and philosophical writings, and in poetry. However, assuming for the English language every possible advantage, that can be claimed for it by the most zealous of its advocates, we must freely allow that Roscommon's couplet,

"The sterling bullion of one English line,
"Drawn to French wire, would through whole pages shine;"

was the quintessence of national folly, and bigotted prejudice.

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CRITICISM——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Wordsworth's Poems.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH stands among the foremost of those English bards, who have mistaken silliness for simplicity; and, with a false and affected taste, filled their pages with the language of children and clowns. This we can pardon, where the author is incapable of better things; but in the midst of Wordsworth's addresses to Daisies, Small Celandines, Sky-Larks, Red-breasts, Cuckoos, and Butterflies, we find flashes of a poetic imagination, which excite our approbation.

The Affliction of Margaret expresses, in a pathetic manner, her maternal feelings.

The following lines in *The Seven Sisters*, or *The Solitude of Binnorie*, are very much in the style and manner of Walter Scott: (O si sic omnia!)

Fresh blows the wind, a western wind,
And from the shores of Erin,
Across the wave, a Rover brave,
To Binnorie is steering:
Right onward to the Scottish strand
The gallant ship is borne;
And hark! the leader of the band
Hath blown his bugle horn.
Sing, mournfully, Oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

In consequence of the abundance of absurdity and insignificance in Wordsworth's Poems, when we find a few lines of real worth, we are obliged to read them twice or thrice before we are disposed to acknowledge their merit. We have perused the following *ter quaterque*, and commend them:

I travelled among unknown men,
In lands beyond the sea;
Nor, England! did I know till then
What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream!
Nor will I quit thy shore
A second time; for still I seem
To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel
The joy of my desire;

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And she I cherished turned her wheel
Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings showed, thy nights concealed
The bowers where Lucy strayed;
And thine is, too, the last green field
Which Lucy's eyes surveyed!

The *Address to the sons of the poet Burns* is good; particularly the last stanza:

Let no mean hope your souls enslave;
Be independent, generous, brave!
Your father such example gave
And such revere!
But be admonished by his grave,
And think and fear!

The lines entitled *The Green Linnet*, are sweetly descriptive of that delightful season

When birds, and butterflies, and flowers
Make all one band of paramours.

And the Linnet is drawn with a lightness of pencilling that would do credit to any master:

Upon yon tuft of hazel trees,
That twinkle to the gusty breeze,
Behold him perched in ecstasies,
Yet seeming still to hover;
There! where the flutter of his wings
Upon his back and body flings
Shadows and sunny glimmerings,
That cover him all over.

While thus before my eyes he gleams,
A brother of the leaves he seems;
When, in a moment, forth he teems
His little song in gushes:
As if it pleased him to disdain
And mock the form which he did feign,
While he was dancing with the train
Of leaves, among the bushes.

It is refreshing to find mixing with the turbid pool, which stagnates at the foot of Parnassus, those

——— "little fountain cells,
With water clear as diamond spark."

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And for the description of *The Green Linnet* we could almost excuse our author's tales of cloaks on a coach-wheel, blind highland boys in tubs, and notwithstanding his "*greater and lesser griefs*," again wade through the mire of the MOODS OF HIS OWN MIND.

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CRITICISM——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Hours of Idleness, a Series of Poems, original and translated.

GEORGE GORDON (Biron) Lord Biron, the author of these poems, had not, at the time of their appearance, completed his twentieth year. Many of them are written with spirit and force; and some with much sweetness. The critic will not read this volume without discovering some faults of versification, and some sins against grammar; but candour should induce him to glance lightly over these defects, in consideration of the youth of the poet. The following amatory stanzas exhibit a favourable specimen of his style.

TO ——

'Oh! had my Fate been join'd with thine,
As once this pledge appear'd a token,
These follies had not, then, been mine;
For, then, my peace had not been broken.

'To thee these early faults I owe,
To thee, the wise and old reproving;
They know my sins, but do not know,
'Twas thine to break the bonds of loving.

'For, once, my soul like thine was pure,
And all its rising fires could smother;
But, now, thy vows no more endure,
Bestow'd by thee upon another.

'Perhaps, his peace I could destroy,
And spoil the blisses that await *him*;
Yet, let my rival smile in joy,
For thy dear sake, I cannot hate *him*.

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'Ah! since thy angel form is gone,
My heart no more can rest with any;
But what it sought in thee alone,
Attempts, alas! to find in many.

'Then, fare thee well, deceitful Maid,
'Twere vain and fruitless to regret *thee;*
Nor Hope, nor Memory yield their aid,
But Pride may teach me to forget *thee.*

'Yet all this giddy waste of years,
This tiresome round of palling pleasures;
These varied loves, these matron's fears,
These thoughtless strains to Passion's measures,

'If thou wert mine, had all been hush'd;
This cheek now pale from early riot,
With Passions hectic ne'er had flush'd,
But bloom'd in calm domestic quiet.

'Yes, once the rural scene was sweet,
For Nature seem'd to smile before *thee;*
And once my breast abhorr'd deceit,
For then it beat but to adore *thee.*

'But, now, I seek for other joys,—
To think, would drive my soul to madness;
In thoughtless throngs, and empty noise,
I conquer half my bosom's sadness.

'Yet, even in these, a thought will steal,
In spite of every vain endeavour;
And fiends might pity what I feel,
To know, that thou art lost forever.'

The lines addressed to Lachin Y. Gair, are an affectionate tribute to the memory of his ancestors, and possess much merit.

'LACHIN Y. GAIR.

'LACHIN Y. GAIR, or as it is pronoun[illegible], LOCH NA GARR, towers proudly preeminent in th[illegible]lands, near

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Invercauld. One of our modern Tourists mentions it as the highest mountain perhaps in GREAT BRITAIN; be this as it may, it is certainly one of the most sublime, and picturesque, amongst our "Caledonian Alps." Its appearance is of a dusky hue, but the summit is the seat of eternal snows; near Lachin y. Gair, I spent some of the early part of my life, the recollection of which, has given birth to the following Stanzas.—

'Away, ye gay landscapes! ye gardens of roses!
In you let the minions of luxury rove;
Restore me the rocks, where the snow flake reposes,
For still they are sacred to freedom and love:
Yes Caledonia! belov'd are thy mountains,
Round their white summits though elements war,
Though cataracts foam, 'stead of smooth flowing fountains,
I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr.

Ah! there my young footsteps, in infancy, wander'd,
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid*;
On chieftains, long perish'd, my memory ponder'd,
As daily I strode through the pine cover'd glade;
I sought not my home, till the day's dying glory
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star;
For Fancy was cheer'd, by traditional story,
Disclos'd by the natives of dark Loch na Garr.

"Shades of the dead! have I not heard your voices
Rise on the night rolling breath of the gale"
Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
And rides on the wind, o'er his own Highland vale:
Round Loch na Garr, while the stormy mist gathers,
Winter presides in his cold icy car;
Clouds, there, encircle the forms of my Fathers,
They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch na Garr:

"Ill starred †, though brave, did no visions foreboding,
Tell you that Fate had forsaken your cause"

'* This word is erroneously pronounced PLAD, the proper pronunciation (according to the Scotch) is shown by the Orthography.'

'† I [illegible] are to my maternal ancestors, the "GORDONS," [illegible] of whom foug[illegible] [illegible]nate Prince Charles, better known by the name of the Pret[illegible] [illegible]ch was nearly allied by blood, as well as attach-

Ah! were you destin'd to die at Culloden ‡,
Victory crown'd not your fall with applause;
Still were your happy, in death's earthy slumber,
You rest with your clan, in the caves of Braemar ||,
The Pibroch ¶ resounds, to the piper's loud number,
Your deeds, on the echoes of dark Loch na Garr.

'Years have roll'd on, Loch na Garr, since I left you,
Years must elapse, e'er I tread you again;
Nature of verdure and flowers has bereft you,
Yet still are you dearer than Albion's plain:
England! thy beauties are tame and domestic,
To one, who has rov'd on the mountains afar;
Oh! for the crags that are wild and majestic,
The steep, frowning glories of dark Loch na Garr.'

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

DRAMATIC CRITICISM.

AMONG the many pages of Theatrical criticism, which have been displayed to the public eye, I do not recollect any attempt to develop the fundamental principles of the Thespian art. In the following essay, I shall make an effort to display them; believing that however otherwise deficient, my hypothesis will at least have the merit of novelty. I have been principally incited to this exertion, by the desire of establishing the merit of a youthful votary of Thespis, to whom I am partial, in common with many whom I know to possess fancy, taste, and feeling.

Actors may in my opinion be divided into three classes, not that I conceive any actor exclusively to belong to either; but that the leading

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ment, to the STEWARTS. George, the 2d Earl of Huntley married the Princess Annabella Stewart, daughter of James the 1st of Scotland, and by her he left four sons; the 3d Sir William Gordon, I have the honour to claim as one of my progenitors.

'‡ Whether any perished in the Battle of Culloden, I am not certain; but as many fell in the insurrection, I have used the name of the principal action, "pars pro toto."

'|| A Tract of the Highlands so called; there is also a Castle of Braemar.'

'¶ The Bagpipe.'

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features of his performance, will be found to incline so much more to one line of acting, than to the other, as to justify the classification which I propose.

In the first class I place the original actor, or the poet of action, mimickry, and expression; who kindling with the spirit of his author, renews his fire; and losing his own character, in that which he assumes, yields to the magic power of fancy, and becomes no less transported by the pains and pleasures of fiction, than if they were real.

> "That in a fiction, and a dream of passion,
> Can force his soul so to his own conceit;
> That from her working all his vision wann'd,
> Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
> A broken voice, and his whole functions suiting,
> With forms to his conceit, and all for nothing,
> For Hecuba.
> What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
> That he should weep for her?"

In the second class, I place the actor of taste, of study, and reflection, who diving with profound scrutiny into the meaning of his poet, attains a just conception of his part, and then for the means of doing it justice, by appropriate action, expression, and emphasis, turns the eye of contemplation towards the book of human nature.

Actors of the third class, devoid of the innate fire of the first, and deficient of the taste or penetration of the second, are at best but feeble imitators of both.

Learning theatrical performance as an art, as it is much more easy to mimic the peculiarity, than to imitate the beauty of good acting, they often copy the defects, but rarely reach the excellence of their masters. Unfortunately, however, to this class, we must consign the mass of the Thespian corps.

The little Roscius, who has of late excited so much attention in England, must be ranked with the first order; though it is highly probable, that in those parts where he might find nothing to enkindle his genius, he may have dwindled to the third. The immaturity of his age and education, would preclude him from much advantage by the route of the second, unless through the counsel of his seniors. Nothing but an innate warmth of feeling, or susceptibility to dramatic beauty, could have enabled one so very young to glow with the fire of the immortal Shakspeare. He must have felt with delicacy or ardour, every fictitious incident of the drama, and nature had endowed him with talents of action, emphasis, and expression, which were worthy of his feelings.

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When in the character of Norval, he acted with so much success, I can easily conceive him to have forgotten that he was not the injured offspring of a nobleman, degraded to the humility of a shepherd.

The celebrated Cooper in my view, leans very much to the class of natural or poetical actors. At the period of his first appearance on the American stage, he seemed to rely too much on his natural powers; but he appears since to have improved very much, by the route of taste, study, and reflection. In the heroic, the proud, or the terrible, he appears to most advantage. In scenes of love, or of refined sentiment, or tenderness, he is less successful: they appear less congenial with his feelings.

The talents of another great performer, appear to place him rather with the second, than with the first order. Destined originally for the church, Fennel appears to be much indebted to the very handsome attainments generally attached to the clerical profession, for that success in dramatic performance, which he has since so eminently attained. His delineations of the characters in Shakspeare, at an early period drew many a lover of polite literature to his recitations. Among these as an actor, he has always had many warm admirers; though Cooper has ever swayed the crowd. The errors of the latter, being on the side of vehemence, have a brilliancy which captivates and deludes the multitude, who can judge better of the energy, than of the correctness of feeling. The errors of the former being of the opposite cast, are palliated in the views of men of taste, because though sometimes cold, he is never incorrect; and though he does not always feel his part, he rarely misunderstands it. When he cannot feel, assuming no bad substitute, he becomes tame. Cooper is never tame, but rants when he cannot feel. The one sometimes disappoints the ardor of the many, the other no less often offends the judgment of the few. Those who had listened to the critique of Fennel on the character of Macbeth: in the outset of this part, while by the poet he is still represented as heroic and virtuous, were displeased to behold him personated by Cooper with the lowering aspect of a villain: whence the effect of that change of demeanour, which constitutes an indispensable feature in the acting of this piece, was irrecoverably lost.* But all who had heard Cooper

* This observation was made many years ago. It is probable that, improved by reflection, Cooper may now represent this part differently.

* This criticism may appear to clash with the opinion of a lively, ingenious, and elegant writer in the last number of The Port Folio, who considers Macbeth as a villain from the first. It seems to me, however, that on this point, there is room only for a nominal difference.

If to be free from guilt, and to have done much good, be virtuous Macbeth is virtuous, at the outset of the play. If to be open to seduction

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roaring in Richard, were chilled by the feebler efforts of Fennel; when he ventured to assume that boisterous character.

A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!

This exclamation amid the din of battle, would of course be uttered by every actor of ordinary judgment, with as much vehemence as possible. To Cooper's stentorian superiority, we may then attribute the superior effect of his vociferation, in uttering these words.

But in giving vent to the following, he seemed truly inspired with the thundering spirit of the tempestuous Richard.

A flourish, trumpets! strike alarum, drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed: Strike I say.—

The din of warlike instruments excited by this furious mandate, are finely contrasted with the possible violence of an angry man. Indeed Richard seems conscious of this, for no sooner does the noise cease, than he proceeds, as if desirous to prolong or emulate the clamour.

Either be patient, and entreat me fair;
Or with the clamorous report of war,
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

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is to be vitious, Macbeth is vitious from the first. But men who are unconsciously liable to seduction, will carry themselves as nobly as those who are more firm, and with looks no less innocent. This is sufficient to justify my critique: but I will further take the liberty to remark, that an unusual abhorrence of vice, and a still more inordinate fondness for power, are the predominating principles in the character of Macbeth. Forced on evil conceptions by the one, he is invariably checked by the other; which with the aid of religion, and other considerations which may be allowed to come in to the assistance of virtue, would finally have preponderated, had not female seduction been thrown into the opposite scale. Perhaps I may be permitted jocosely to add, that against this, no son of Adam has any hereditary right to deem himself secure; and more especially our chivalric author, who has drawn forth these remarks.

The following lines finely display the horror excited by the idea of a crime in the mind of Macbeth. He could not thus regard vice, without abhorring it.

Why do I yield to that suggestion,
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smothered in surmise.

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In the last scene of Othello, when this noble-minded hero is sunk into the jealous murdering husband, the struggle between his former sense of elevation, and present sense of misery and guilt, are by the poet, it is well known, admirably depicted. The first paroxysms of rage and remorse having subsided, he appears to sink into that gloomy despair, which soon terminates in suicide. In this mood, he, the once high-minded, haughty Othello, stoops plaintively to inquire of his cruel enemy, the motive of his villainy.

> Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,
> Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body?

These words were expressed by Fennel with his usual energy of emphasis; so as neither to excite censure nor applause. But Cooper, as if forgetful of the previous dignity of his character, uttered this sentence with the querulous accent of piercing agony: his knees bending under him and knocking against each other, as if borne down by the accumulated pressure of misery and guilt.

Every attentive spectator was then made to feel how much the elevated hero was lost in the heart-broken culprit.

> Oh now, forever,
> Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
> Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
> That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
> Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
> The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
> The royal banner; and all quality,
> Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
> And O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
> The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
> Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

It cannot be necessary that I should call into view any actor of the third order: nor would it be agreeable to my feelings to do so; but there are enough of them before the public.

There are, however, on our stage, several who lean to the first and second classes, though with the exception of Mrs. Wilmot, none are comparable to the actors whom I have above cited.

Having now sufficiently illustrated my theory, I shall conclude by an analysis of the performance of Mr. Wood and Master Barret. The former of these appears less endowed even than Fennel, with the innate fire of Thespis. If he ever kindles, it is in the comic scene. In tragedy, he is purely of the second order. He has no doubt derived advantage from the examples afforded by Fennel and Cooper; but this does not degrade him to the third class; for he never descends to a servile imitation of tones and gestures: a folly which is too conspicu-

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ous in some others. He may have studied their excellence as he has that of his poet, with a view to obtain a just conception of the principles of good acting: but he does not mimic their peculiarities. Hence his style of acting is original; and though Nature has forbidden him to attain the highest rank as a tragedian, in comedy she has enabled him to attain great excellence. In no character has he been more successful than in that which, of all others, is the most difficult to assume, I mean the character of a gentleman; in which he always appears to be at home, whether on the stage or in the social circle.

Master Barret is undeniably among those, who have undergone a theatrical apprenticeship. But this has been the effect of accident, not of necessity: for nature has in my view, placed him among actors of the primary order. His education and age, preclude him from any affinity to the second class; and consequently, when not borne aloft by his native fire, he must dwindle to the third. This may account for the different impressions, made by his acting. He cannot feel all characters; nor perhaps every part of any character: and when not inspired by fancy or feeling, he cannot as yet find adequate aid, in study, or reflection.

The powers of his voice, and the energy of his action, are limited by the delicacy of his constitution, and the immaturity of his age. Of course those who expect the vehemence of Cooper, will be disappointed: nor agreeably to what I have stated above, can those be gratified, who look for the classical elegance, and correctness of Fennell. The excellence of our juvenile performer, lies in the vivacity, the correctness, and strength of his feelings. In the character of Norval, he excites much apprehension in the spectators, that the anger depicted in his countenance and gesture, will break out in a premature chastisement, of the insolent Glenalvon. Throughout the whole of the dialogue, with this artful chief, his action, expression and emphasis, gave delight to an audience, which though small, was respectable.

The heroism of his deportment, often led his spectators to forget that he acted, particularly in the last scene, when under the agony of a mortal wound; supported by his own sword, and that of his conquered adversary, the struggles of an heroic heart against the approaching influence of dissolution, were so admirably expressed in his countenance and gesture; that independently of the dialogue, the interest of the spectators was kept up for many minutes. All seemed to sympathize with the sensations which oppressed him, and many tears dropped ere he fell.

I do not hesitate to pronounce Barret a very promising actor; and even at the present moment one of the most interesting: for though the immaturity of his powers, may in some respects, render him less competent than his seniors; there are few of these, whom he does not excel, in the natural qualifications of the actor: but we ought readily to

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pardon deficiencies, which time will rectify; and should not be dissatisfied; if in the opening bud we do not find the fragrance, or beauty of the full blown rose.

ORIGINAL POETRY——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Grac'd by the Muse, with all her gifts divine,
Or pious led by Taste to Nature's shrine;
The soul to purer worship rais'd——refined,
Disdains the common idols of mankind;
Exults in joys to grosser minds unknown,
A wealth exhaustless, and a world her own.—SHEE.

EVENING AT OCCOQUON.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE NATURAL BRIDGE.

Slow the solemn sun descends,
Ev'ning's eye comes rolling on;
Glad the weary stranger bends
To the Banks of Occoquon.

Lo! the moon, with peerless light,
In the stream beholds her face,
Shedding lustre o'er the night,
As she runs her lofty race.

* Occoquon, within a few years, has become familiar to the traveller, from the circumstance of its having been made the stage route from Philadelphia to Richmond. Let the reader paint to his imagination a small river pursuing a serpentine course along mountains that rise abruptly from its bank; vessels taking on board flour under the foam of two large mills, and others deeply laden expanding their white sails to the breeze; let him group with these a tavern, and a dozen other houses erected upon rocks, with I know not how many waggons, and waggoners, a foot-traveller and his wife, emigrating back from Kentucky to Philadelphia, a Virginian gentleman on horse-back, followed by his African groom, half a dozen noisy children, just let loose from an old field school, and the schoolmaster taking the direct path that leads to the tavern, together with the passengers getting out of the stage, and the whole hamlet gaping at them, while the blacksmith's iron cools on the anvil; let the reader picture this scene in his mind's eye, and he will behold DAY AT OCCOQUAN.

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See! the bark along the shore,
Larger to the prospect grow,
While the sea-boy, bending o'er,
Chides the talking waves below.

Now the cricket on the hearth,
Chirping, tells his merry tale,
Now the owlet ventures forth,
Moping to the sighing gale.

Hanging o'er the mountain's brow,
Lo! the cattle herbage find;
While in slumber sweet below,
Peaceful rests the village hind.

Still the busy mill goes round,
And the miller plies his care;
Wearying echo with the sound,
Wafted by the balmy air.

Here no negro tills the ground,
Trembling, weeping, woful, wan;
Liberty is ever found
On the Banks of Occoquan!

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

REFLECTIONS AT SEA,

ON A MOONLIGHT EVENING.

'Tis sweet upon the vessel's side
To stand, and view th' unruffled tide;
Sadly to mark the silent scene,
In the evening's close serene.
To muse on one who, far away,
Perhaps, beholds this setting ray,
And, at the sight, may think, the while,
What welcome words, what cheerful smile,
Shall greet the youth, whose love-taught toil
Has driven him from his native soil.
Ah! how such thoughts can sooth his soul
Who bends, a slave, to Love's control!
Heedless he hears old Ocean roar
And waste his fury on the shore:

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Without dismay he boldly braves
The howling hurricane, and dashing waves.
Gay Hope then gilds with brighest rays
The prospect of his future days.
Around his couch she darts her beams,
And bathes in bliss his shadowy dreams.
In gloomy hours a silent tear
May mark the steps of Life's career,
To distant plains, when forc'd away,
He sadly chides the ling'ring day:
Yet Hope is kindly hovering nigh,
His soul to cheer, his tear to dry;
Soft she whispers future pleasures,
Tasting Cupid's richest treasures.
Fancy, brings her witching aid,
And shows the absent beauteous maid;
He sees those soft successful arts,
Enchaining all beholders' hearts;
Her mirthful laugh, her winning smile;
Her love-fraught glance, and luring wile:
The same the lustre of that eye,
Where sportful Loves in ambush lie:
The lily fair, and perfumed rose,
That on her cheek alternate glows.
He hears her words bewitching all,
And soft the silver accents fall:
Soaring aloft, on Fancy's wing,
Afar he views Hope's joyful spring;
His soul is warm'd with Love's chaste fire;
His hand awakes the warbling lyre,
To paint to *one*, in glowing hues,
The inspirations of his Muse.
The music strikes Leyrida's ear!
And shall she, not unpleased, hear
Its sounds? And to her distant friend,
Love's gratulations swiftly send?
Bid his mind repose in peace?
Bid distrust from murmurs cease?
Free his heart from sick'ning gloom,
And deck his cheek with joy's bright bloom?
The sylphs whose wings around her fly,
And for her safety hover nigh,
Thrid through the ringlets of her hair,
Well-pleas'd to find their favour'd fair;

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Knows nought of fear, nor coy disdain,
But has a heart for others' pain.
I hear, I hear their murm'ring noise,
Assure me of our future joys:
List, list, my girl! the list'ning breeze,
Wafts thy words o'er waving trees;
How sweet they steal upon my ear,
Like promises of bliss sincere!
Thus 'tis that Hope's delusive gleams,
Will cheat youth's gay romantic dreams;
Yet when we claim her proffer'd aid,
To win the long-sought promised maid;
Alas! we find she but beguiles,
Like woman's faithless, fleeting smiles!

April, 1806. SEDLEY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

"UDITO HO CITEREA."

IMITATED.

"LOVE from his anixous mother flies:"
Thus spoke the Queen of smiles and joy,
"A rapturous kiss shall be the prize
"Of him who brings the wandering boy."

I know his haunts, his wanton wiles,
His voice I hear when Celia speaks;
I see him laugh when Celia smiles,
His blush reflects from Celia's cheeks.

The wanton rogue himself betrays,
I see him mesh'd in Celia's hair;
When on her liquid eye I gaze,
I see his baby image there.

Give me the kiss, thy boy I've brought;
Give me the soul-enrapturing prize,
From Celia, I the urchin caught,
And in my throbbing heart he lies.

C.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LAMENTATION

OF AN UNFORTUNATE MOTHER OVER THE TOMB OF HER ONLY SON.*

O LOST! "for ever lost!" thy Mother's eyes
No more shall see thy Morn of Hope arise,
No more, for her its day resplendent shine,
But grief eternal rule, like wrath divine,
Blotting from earth's drear scene each mental ray,
That chased the phantom of Despair away.
When Fortune saw me all her gifts resign,
No murmur waken'd, for thy love was mine;
Poor is the boon that waits on Fortune's store,
Since the full-pamper'd heart still pines for more.
DISTRESS on thee, my son, her mildews shed,
To kill the laurel, blooming round thy head;
Chill'd by her wrongs, but not to these resign'd,
For warm as Summer glow'd thy active mind;
No syren Pleasure, potent to betray,
Ere lur'd thy lone, and studious hour away;
But Science on thy young attractions smil'd
For Genius gave thee birth, and call'd thee child;
The painter's art, the minstrel's touch sublime,
And many a charm of polish'd life were thine.
And thine the soul sublime; too ardent wrought;
The impetuous feeling, and the burst of thought.
POOR BOY! I thought thou o'er my urn would'st weep,
And grieving yield me to the tomb's cold sleep,

* CHARLES WARD APTHORP MORTON, expired the 28th of February, 1809, aged 22, of a Dropsy of the Brain, a disease uncommon in adults; but always accompanied by premature, and extraordinary capacity. In him its fatal termination was accelerated by sedentary habits, and intense study, having at his early age, already made improvements in medical Electricity, for which he received a certificate from the President, and Professors of Harvard University; and was at the time of his death ardently engaged in a course of Observations, and Experiments, which indicated a mind of uncommon force, and great originality. He was eminently endowed with a taste for the Fine Arts, particularly painting and music, although for the two or three last years of his life, he had relinquished their cultivation, from an apprehension of their power of attracting his mind from the more honourable pursuits of science. His heart was ardent and sincere, abounding with passions, and affections, his integrity unblemished, and his death productive of inconsolable grief to his unfortunate parents.

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Not in thy dawn of years, when Hope was gay,
Like Heaven's bright Arch of Promise melt away,
Seen like a sunbeam, in the Spring's chill hour,
And transient as the garden's earliest flow'r;
But dearer far than rays that morn illume,
And lov'lier thou than Nature's vernal bloom;
These, when the storm has past, again return,
But what shall wake thy deep, death-slumb'ring urn?
What but the voice of Heaven! that strain divine,
Which bids the heaving earth its trust resign:
Then thy bold Genius, and thy feelings mild,
No more to wrongs, and woes, shall bear my child!
But that warm heart to generous pity prone,
Where thy blest rays, celestial kindness, shone,
With the pure essence of that brain of fire,
Shall to a Seraph's fervid flame aspire:
And Angels with Archangels, pleas'd to find,
The rich expression of thy kindred mind;
Charming from memory's thought, its earthly pain,
Shall give thee to thy Mother's soul again.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

On singing to the piano with a friend, the pathetic ballad of Mozart's "Vergiss me micht," a few days previous to quitting my native country.*

"FORGET me not," nor yet the song,
Its plaintive notes our tears beguiling,
The fatal words died on my tongue,
And as you touch'd the trembling keys along,
Through lucid gems I saw you sadly smiling.

"Forget me not," ah! song of wo!
For never more our joys uniting,
With Sorrow's sigh no more to glow;
No more shall Pity's tear together flow,
Our love, our hopes, our joys forever blighting.

"Forget me not," oh! ever dear,
Let thrilling mem'ry o'er my fancy stealing,
As next you sing "Forget me not," a tear
Shall gently fall, my beating heart to cheer;
I'll never thee forget while I have life and feeling.

JULIA FRANCESCA.

* The German of "Forget me not."

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SOPRA IL RITRATTO D'ANACREONTE.

DEL CAV. G. COLPANI.

Quanto, se guardi il crin, vecchio è costui!
Se i versi, chi è più giovane di lui?

IMITATED.

ON A PICTURE OF ANACREON.

In every feature of his face,
Appears the hoary sire:
But in his verse, such glow, such grace,
As suits Apollo's lyre. Q.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AD UN UOMO DEFORME.

DI RONCALLI.

Se ami te stesso, Aronte,
Fuggi lo stagno e il fonte:
Che, come il bel Narciso
Già vi perì d'Amor,
Tu con quel brutto viso
Vi puoi morir d'orror.

ON A HIDEOUS UGLY FELLOW.

Dare not, Narcissus like, my friend,
O'er the limpid mirror bend;
Should you therein your visage spy,
Of horrors dire you'll surely die. Q.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LA BELLA SCELTA.

DI PANANTI.

Mio padre vuol ch'io sposi un letterato;
Mia madre, un ricco che figura faccia:
Mio nonno un uom d'illustre sangue nato:
Ed io vo' per marito un che mi piaccia.

THE JUDICIOUS CHOICE.

My father desir'd, I would marry a sage,
My mother, a suitor with riches in store,
My grand dad, a man of great parentage;
But I'll none of the three. I'll wed him I adore. Q.

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LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LAURA, A NEW NOVEL.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Although your first number contained a very spirited, correct, and flattering critique on the novel just published under the title of Laura, I cannot forbear to express the delight afforded me by its perusal. It is a simple tale, told with inimitable pathos; and cannot fail to elicit a tear from all whose hearts beat responsive to the sentiments of humanity.

The author declares it to be founded on fact, and the scenes she describes so closely resemble those which too frequently occur in real life, that her assertion is entitled to the most perfect credit. And this is one of the charms of the work. We are not called upon to yield our sympathy to imaginary distresses, but an attack is made directly upon the heart through the very passes which Nature herself has pointed out as the most exposed to an assailant.

There is no one situation in which Laura is placed into which we cannot perfectly enter. We feel every pang that rends her bosom, we sympathize in all her joys. Horace lays it down as a maxim—that

"Non Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus."

Our author follows a better rule, and avoids entangling her story, in such a tissue of circumstances as would require supernatural aid to unravel. Her style is simple, well adapted to narration, and on particular occasions highly energetic. It is pure and polished English, and cannot displease the ear of the most classical scholar. No bombastic epithets,, no "*sesquipedalia verba*" prolong a tedious page. No affectation of conciseness gives rise to obscurity. Had there been less of it the heart could not have indulged sufficiently in the luxury of feeling it excites. Had there been more, the inability of our nature to support, too long, any unusual excitement, would have lessened its effect. We glory in considering it the production of an American. It is as far superior to the crowd of novels daily issuing from the presses of Europe, teeming with the wildest absurdity, in the guise of romance, as the eagle-flights of the immortal Milton to the petty productions of a Bayes skimming like the swallow along the surface of the ground.

The description of the dreadful ravages of the yellow fever is admirably drawn. All the images of horror attendant on such a scene of universal desolation are well conceived and forcibly presented to the mind. If the reader will suffer his imagination to dwell on the description, his sensations will do justice to its force.

The situation of poor Laura after her supposed desertion by Belfield; and at his bed-side in the closing scene, is drawn in the most vivid colours, and must wring the drop of pity from the hardest heart.

The moral of the story is excellent. And throughout are dispersed a variety of pertinent reflections, so artfully disposed as not to detract in the least

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from the interest of the recital. It affords an impressive lesson to the imprudent female; and speaks home to the heart of the libertine. Those whom fortune has placed above the reach of temptation it may teach to commiserate the fate of others. And to those whose situation in life does not exempt them from danger, it will point out the necessity of the most guarded caution, and the inevitable misery consequent upon one single step of an imprudent or vitious nature. ORIN.

MR. FOX.

The following character of Mr. Fox we copy from the *Bombay Courier* of the 17th January. It is ascribed to SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

MR. FOX united, in a most remarkable degree, the seemingly repugnant characters of the mildest of men and the most vehement of orators. In private life he was gentle, modest, placable, kind, of simple manners, and so averse from parade and dogmatism, as to be not only unostentatious, but even somewhat inactive in conversation. His superiority was never felt but in the instruction which he imparted, or in the attention which his generous preference usually directed to the more obscure members of the company. The simplicity of his manners was far from excluding that perfect urbanity which flowed still more from the mildness of his nature, than from familiar intercourse with the most polished society of Europe. His conversation, when it was not repressed by modesty or indolence, was delightful. The pleasantry, perhaps, of no man of wit had so unlaboured an appearance. It seemed rather to escape from his mind than to be produced by it. He had lived on the most intimate terms with all his contemporaries distinguished by wit, politeness, or philosophy, or learning, or the talents of public life. In the course of thirty years he had known almost every man in Europe whose intercourse could strengthen, or enrich, or polish the mind. His own literature was various and elegant. In classical erudition, which by the custom of England, is more peculiarly called learning, he was inferior to few professed scholars. Like all men of genius, he delighted to take refuge in poetry, from the vulgarity and irritation of business. His own verses were easy and pleasing, and might have claimed no low place among those which the French call *Vers de societe*. The poetical character of his mind was displayed in his extraordinary partiality for the poetry of the two most poetical nations, or at least languages, of the West, those of the Greeks and the Italians. He disliked political conversation, and never willingly took any part in it. To

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speak of him justly, as an orator, would require a long essay. Everywhere natural, he carried into public something of that simple and negligent exterior which belonged to him in private. When he began to speak, a common observer might have thought him awkward; and even a consummate judge could only have been struck with the exquisite justness of his ideas, and the transparent simplicity of his manners. But no sooner had he spoken for some time, than he was changed into another being. He forgot himself and every thing around him. He thought only of his subject. His genius warmed and kindled as he went on. He darted fire into his audience. Torrents of impetuous and irresistible eloquence swept along their feelings and *conviction*. He certainly possessed, above all moderns, that union of *reason*, *simplicity*, and *vehemence*, which formed the prince of orators. He was the most *Demosthenean* speaker since Demosthenes. "I knew him," says Mr. Burke, in a pamphlet written after their unhappy difference, "when he was nineteen; since which time he has risen, by slow degrees, to be the most brilliant and accomplished debater that the world ever saw." The quiet dignity of a mind roused only by great objects, the absence of petty bustle, contempt of show, the abhorrence of intrigue, the plainness and downrightness, and the thorough good nature which distinguished Mr. Fox, seem to render him no very unfit representative of that old English national character, which, if it ever changed, we should be sanguine indeed to expect to see succeeded by a better. The simplicity of his character inspired confidence, the ardour of his eloquence roused enthusiasm, and the gentleness of his manners invited friendship. "I admired," says Mr. Gibbon, "the powers of a superiour man as they are blended, in his attractive character, with all the softness and simplicity of a child: no human being was ever more free from any taint of malignity, vanity, or falsehood."—From these qualities of his public and private character, it probably arose, that no English statesman ever preserved, during so long a period of adverse fortune, so many affectionate friends, and so many zealous adherents. The union of ardour in public sentiment, with mildness in social manners, was, in Mr. Fox, an hereditary quality. The same fascinating power over the attachment of all who came within his sphere, is said to have belonged to his father; and those who know the survivors of another generation, will feel that this delightful quality is not yet extinct in the race.

Perhaps nothing can more strongly prove the deep impression made by this part of Mr. Fox's character, than the words of Mr. Burke, who, in January, 1797, six years after all intercourse between them had ceased, speaking to a person honoured with some degree of Mr. Fox's friendship, said, "*To be sure he is a man made to be loved!*" and

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these emphatical words were uttered with a fervour of manner which left no doubt of their heart-felt sincerity.

These few hasty and honest sentences are sketched in a temper too sober and serious for intentional exaggeration, and with too pious an affection for the memory of Mr. Fox to profane it by intermixture with the factious brawls and wrangles of the day. His political conduct belongs to history. The measures which he supported or opposed may divide the opinion of posterity, as they have divided those of the present age. But he will most certainly command the unanimous reverence of future generations, by his pure sentiments towards the commonwealth, by his zeal for the civil and religious rights of all men, by his liberal principles, favourable to mild government, to the unfettered exercise of the human faculties, and the progressive civilization of mankind; by his ardent love for a country of which the well being and greatness were indeed inseparable from his own glory, and by his profound reverence for that free constitution, which he was universally admitted to understand better than any other man of his age, both in an exactly legal, and in a comprehensively philosophical sense.

DOCUMENTS.

In our first number we gave a biography of Commodore Truxtun. The following Documents should have accompanied it.

No. 1.

Benjamin Stoddert, Esq. Secretary of the Navy, to Commodore Truxtun, dated,

13th March, 1799.,

"I received this day, with heart-felt pleasure, your despatches, containing, besides other papers, letters of the 4th, 10th, and 17th of February. The letters were immediately laid before the President, who desires me to communicate to you his high approbation of the whole of your able and judicious conduct in the West-Indies, and to present to you, and, through you, to the officers and crew of the Constellation, his thanks for the good conduct, exact discipline, and bravery displayed in the action with and capture of the French frigate Insurgente on the 9th of February. I must, however, add, that he observes, and all the officers of government, indeed all others I have heard speak on the subject, that this was nothing but what we expected from Truxtun."

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No. 2.

Commodore Truxtun to the Secretary of the Navy, Dated 19th May, 1799, previous to paying off the Frigate Constellation. The men then being engaged for twelve Months only.

"The expedition on which I was sent being ended, and the time for which my crew were entered expired, as I have before mentioned, I beg leave to conclude with observing, that in all my acts and in all my actions, I have studiously endeavoured to keep steadily in view what I conceived to be the intention of government as nearly as circumstances would permit, and to govern those, whom I have had the honour and glory to command, with that mildness which is the characteristic of our invaluable constitution and laws; and I wish to hope, that there are none, who have been under my authority, possessing a spark of candour, or having the least reflection, who will not do me the justice to say, that their happiness and comfort, keeping always in view every point of duty and exact discipline, have not at all times been commensurate with the arduous task I have had to perform, in organizing a service amidst the great variety of incidents and scenes, new to a people engaged in the commencement of a military navy.

No. 3.

Address of the Officers and Company of the frigate Constellation, dated 4th February, 1800, presented by the undersigned Committee.

"To Commodore TRUXTUN.

Sir,

The Officers of every description, the Seamen, Marines, and every other of the crew, belonging to the United States ship Constellation, cannot suppress their lively feelings at the kind tribute you have paid to their respective meritorious exertions.

They with one voice proclaim that under such a commander, whose example would have made *cowardice brave*, they must have been less than men, not to have acted by the same stimulus of valour which they exhibited in the late engagement with the French national ship of 54 guns.

They have with sincere regret, to lament the loss of some of their faithful comrades, who fell in the lap of victory. The circumstance of losing the prize is a secondary consideration, which could only devolve pecuniary advantage to the survivors. The glory and honour of the combat being diffu-

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sed to the whole, in behalf of ourselves and the rest of the ship's company,

(Signed)

ANDREW STERETT, First Lieutenant.
BATA: CLINCH, Marine Officer
DANIEL ELDRIDGE, Master.
HENRY VAN DYKE, Midshipman.
JAMES MORGAN, Gunner.
P. N. DONALD, Carpenter.
M. LONG, Boatswain.
DAVID KEARNS, } Quarter-Masters who
JOHN M'FAYLE, } attended the wheel in the action.

No. 4.

Benjamin Stoddert, Esq. Secretary of the Navy, to Commodore Truxtun, dated

12*th March*, 1800.

"I am honoured with your letter of the 3d ult. inclosing an extract from your journal, relative to your glorious action with a French ship, of force greatly superior to your own, on the 2d ult. Both the letter and the extract have been laid before the President, who directs me to give you the strongest assurances of his high approbation of your own judicious and gallant conduct, and to request that you will present the officers and crew of the Constellation his thanks, for so nobly seconding your efforts to raise the character of their country, and to maintain the honour of its flag."

No. 5.

Inquiry by Congress.

In the House of Representatives of the United States.

Tuesday, March 18, 1800.

RESOLVED, That the Secretary of the Navy do lay before this House such information as he may be possessed of respecting the engagement which lately took place in the West-Indies between the Constellation and a French ship of war, and also upon the conduct of any officer or other person on board of said frigate, who may have particularly signalized themselves in the said action.

Extract from the Journal,

(Signed) J. W. CONDY, Clerk.

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Letter of the Secretary of the Navy in obedience to the foregoing Resolution.

Navy Department, March 20, 1800.

In obedience to the order of the House of Representatives of the United States of the 18th instant, the Secretary of the Navy has the honour to lay before the House a copy of Captain Truxtun's letter of the 3d of February, together with a copy of the extract from his journal referred to in the said letter, detailing the particulars of the engagement between the frigate Constellation under his command, and a heavy French ship, mounting, as he supposed, 54 guns.

The Secretary has received a number of letters, too voluminous to trouble the House with, of dates both prior and subsequent to the action, which leaves no doubt on his mind that the French ship so gallantly defended against the bravery and superior skill of Captain Truxtun, is the same that arrived at Guadaloupe from France in the month of December last, called La Vengeance, mounting 50 guns or upwards.

In confirmation of this opinion, the secretary takes the liberty of stating the substance of a letter received from Captain Baker, of the Delaware sloop of war, from B. H. Phillips, Esq. American consul at Curracoa, and from D. M. Clarkson, Esq. navy agent at St. Kitts.

Capt. Baker, in a letter dated Curracoa, 8th February, mentions that a French ship called La Vengeance, of 54 guns, had left Guadaloupe on her return to France about the 1st of February, had a very severe action with the Constellation the following night, and arrived at Curracoa on the 6th, in a most shattered condition—that he understood she had lost one hundred and forty men in the action, and when she escaped from the Constellation, had eight feet water in the hold.

Mr. Phillips, in a letter dated Curracoa the 9th February, to the Secretary of State, announces the arrival there of the French ship La Vengeance, of 56 guns, bound from Guadaloupe to France, with a valuable cargo and a large sum of specie, in a very distressed situation, having lost 160 men killed and wounded, and her masts and rigging nearly all shot away, in an engagement of five hours within pistol-shot, with the Constellation.

Mr. Clarkson states, in a letter dated St. Kitts, 16th February, "we are certain Captain Truxtun's gallant action was fought with La Vengeance, a French man of war of 54 guns and 500 picked men, from Guadaloupe for France."

As to the conduct of any particular officer or other person on board the Constellation, the Secretary has no information except what is to be found in the communications from Captain Truxtun, by which, but still more by the result of this heroic action it appears, that all the officers and men on board the Constellation, must have nobly performed their duty. The praise of having pursued for many hours a ship known to be of force so greatly superior to his own, to bring her to action, and of conducting that action with so much

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skill as to compensate for his great inferiority of force, belongs exclusively to the gallant commander.

It cannot be necessary for the Secretary to add to the eulogium bestowed by Captain Truxtun on the brave young midshipman James Jarvis, who gloriously preferred certain death to an abandonment of his post.

All which is respectfully submitted.

B. STODDERT, *Sec. of the Navy.*

No. 6.

Honourable Rufus King to Thomas Truxtun, Esq. dated London, 4th of February, 1801.

Dear Sir,

I HAVE the pleasure of sending you annexed copies of a letter, which I sometime ago received from the Master of Lloyd's, and my answer. The piece of plate referred to in this correspondence, will be delivered to the particular care of the master of the ship Two Friends, which will sail in a day or two for New-York.

As no one has been more persuaded of the importance of our little navy, nor more gratified by its conduct in every instance, in which its gallantry has had opportunity to show itself, I beg you to be assured, that no person could receive greater satisfaction than I do, in transmitting to you these suffrages in its favour, from a nation, familiar with naval talents, and capable of appreciating the merit it so highly applauds.

With great respect and esteem, I have the honour to be,

Dear Sir, your obedient and faithful servant,

(Signed) RUFUS KING.

N. B. The communication from the Merchants and Underwriters of Lloyd's, directed to him, they caused to be inscribed on the urn.

No. 7.

Honourable John Adams, late President of the United States, dated 30th November, 1802.

" Dear Sir,

The copy you have done me the honour to present to me of the Medal voted by Congress, and executed according to my direction to the Secretary of the Navy, I accept with great pleasure, not only from a personal regard to the giver, but I esteem every laurel conferred upon you for the glorious action of the first of February, 1800, as an honour done to our beloved country. From both of those motives, I have been highly gratified with the honour the gentlemen of Lloyd's Coffee House has done themselves in the handsome acknowledgment they have made of their obligation to you.

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I regret that the artist had not completed the Medal in season, that I might have had the satisfaction of presenting it to an officer who had so greatly deserved it; and I lament still more that I had not the power of promoting merit to its just rank in the navy, that of an admiral. The council which Themistocles gave to Athens—Pompey to Rome—Cromwell to England—De Witt to Holland—and Colbert to France, I have always given, and shall continue to give to my countrymen—That as the great questions of commerce between nations and empires must be decided by a military marine, and war or peace are determined by sea, all reasonable encouragement should be given to a navy. The trident of Neptune is the sceptre of the world.

With sincere esteem and affection, I have the honour to be,
Sir, your friend and servant,

JOHN ADAMS."

Commodore Truxtun.

No. 8.

The following is an extract of a letter from Benjamin Stoddert, Esq. late Secretary of the Navy, to Thomas Truxtun, Esq. dated Bladensburgh, 13th September, 1808, accompanying the enclosed.

"I now send you a letter from R. T. Lownes, Esq. to me *on your subject;* he is my brother-in-law, and is a man well known in this State and elsewhere, to be of the highest respectability. You are at liberty to make any use of this letter you please."

(COPY.)

Bladensburgh, September 13, 1808.

Dear Sir,

THE gentleman who commanded the French ship L'Eole, which lay so long at Annapolis, was first lieutenant of the Vengeance, at the time she was attacked by the Constellation, commanded by Commodore Truxtun. This gentleman had on all occasions, the magnanimity to speak in the highest terms of praise of his brave enemy Truxtun; and declared that the Vengeance struck twice; [I think it was three times] but perceiving that the fire from the Constellation continued, and concluding that it was the determination of the enemy to sink them, they renewed the combat from necessity, until, fortunately for them, the Constellation's mast went overboard, of which they took advantage and got off. This generous Frenchman frequently declared he had never met with an enemy so gallant as Truxtun, nor one more expert. This tribute from an enemy may be grateful to Commodore Truxtun, at a time when some of his own countrymen appear to have forgotten his distin-

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guished services; and as you are in correspondence with him, I wish you would communicate it to him.

Yours truly,

(Signed) R. T. LOWNES.

Benjamin Stoddert, Esq.

Extract from the answer of T. Truxtun to Benjamin Stoddert, Esq.

"Nothing was necessary to convince me that the French ship of war La Vengeance had struck to me, and was my prize, when the mainmast of the Constellation went over the side, and that she took advantage of the darkness of the night (the moon having gone down at about 1 A. M.) and made off, knowing I could not pursue her from my disabled situation, and the wreck being along side. In the morning at day-light (having bore up for Jamaica when cleared of the wreck, knowing I could not make, in our dismantled situation, a friendly port to windward) she was not to be seen, the weather being very hazy, I was of opinion that she had gone down; but her getting off under those circumstances was nothing uncommon. It was no more, nor indeed so much, as the escape of the Santa Anna, from Admiral Nelson's fleet off Trafalgar, after she had struck, and arriving safe at Cadiz: because Lord Nelson had look-out ships stationed to guard his prizes, whereas I was alone, and in a more than crippled state.

Among my official documents on this occasion which I had the honour to address to you as Secretary of the Navy under date third of February, 1800 (which documents I observe are printed in the British Naval Chronicle Vol. IV, pages 119 to 123) you will find in the circumstantial account, that I had no doubt but La Vengeance was my prize (as the captain of the French 74 L'Eole has declared) at the time my mainmast went over the side. The following are my own words officially given: "And thus as close and as sharp an action as ever was fought between two frigates, commenced and continued until within a few minutes of 1 A. M. when the enemy's fire was completely silenced, and he was again sheering off. It was at this moment that I considered him as my prize, and was trimming in the best manner I could my much-shattered sails, when I found the mainmast was totally unsupported by rigging, every shroud being shot away, and some of them in many places, so as to render stoppers useless, which, in fact, could not be applied with effect. I then gave orders for all the men to be sent up from the main gun deck, to endeavour to secure the mast, in order that we might get alongside of the enemy again as soon as possible.—But every effort was in vain, for it went over the side a few minutes after."

Lieutenant Robertson, now Captain Robertson, who directed several of the carronades on the quarter deck, and whose station being near my person in this engagement, will remember that at the time the fire of La Vengeance was silenced, we were close on her weather quarter, not half pistol-shot off, he observed to me in these words: "I cannot, sir, bring the carronades to bear." I replied to him, *Never mind, Robertson, she is all our own,*

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we have nothing to do but get alongside of her. In a moment after we became a wreck, and she took advantage of it, after having yielded to our close and persevered attack of five hours, and after a previous chace of twelve hours.

Be good enough, Sir, to present my best acknowledgments to your friend Mr. Lownes, for his obliging communication, which he rightly judged was very acceptable to my feelings. And it is grateful to find a foreigner and an enemy able to appreciate, and candid enough to declare my services."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE gentleman with the signature of G. W. F. who has favoured us with a very ingenious speculation on the Nature and Use of Wine, is respectfully thanked for his salutary cautions against the abuses of that liquor. He will permit us, however, to remark, that his description of its various adulterations, is calculated for a foreign rather than a domestic meridian. The frauds of London vintners have been amply exhibited in the records of many a Court of Justice, and it is familiar to all that a great proportion of the favourite beverage of Englishmen is *manufactured* anywhere, rather than at *Oporto*. Our scientific correspondent, who writes like a man of various reading, will find in one of ADDISON's early papers, a most admirable specimen of wit and humour on this fruitful subject. Abroad, the Judge has punished, the Wit has laughed, and the Moralist has reasoned in vain; but, in justice to our own country, it is firmly believed that when men choose to drink wine, either for *their stomach's sake*, or their *often infirmities*, or as *the balm of hurt minds*, or as a solace, amid cares and grief, in no region is it found in greater purity and perfection. Among those, whose peculiar traffic is in this liquor, may be enumerated some of the most respectable citizens of Philadelphia; men, who would shrink from vending poison like Shakspeare's apothecary, or the *balderdash brewings* of a London vintner.

This number of The Port Folio is rich in the articles of Dramatic Criticism. We recommend these essays very strongly to the attention of the public.

Our Literary friends at New-York and Boston are very respectfully requested to be liberal in their communications. We shall furnish letter-boxes as soon as possible. Meanwhile Essays may be left with Inskeep & Bradford, at New-York; or with Oliver C. Greenleaf, at Boston; or addressed to the Editor, No. 4, South Third-street.

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DUNCAN Mc. INTOSH.

Image de la Bienfaisance,
Son nom, ses vertus, ses bienfaits
Seront, dans le cœur des Français,
Gravés par la reconnaissance.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. I. APRIL, 1809. No. 4.

BIOGRAPHY——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MEMOIR OF MR. DUNCAN M'INTOSH.

DUNCAN M'INTOSH, the subject of the present article, and, of whom, we regret, we can present only a profile likeness, is a native of Scotland, and an American citizen. He resided a considerable time in Baltimore, from whence he removed to Aux Cayes, in the Island of St. Domingo, and established himself in the character of an American Merchant, in which capacity, he carried on a very extensive business with great reputation and success.

When that unfortunate colony became the prey of the revolted Blacks; and the white inhabitants had no other alternative than to fly from their homes, and abandon their all, or fall the victims of their unrelenting slaves, Mr. M'Intosh, though enabled, by his character of an American citizen, to remove unmolested with his ample fortune, conceived the heroic idea of remaining in that scene of murder and conflagration, to assist the unfortunate whites, even at the risk of his life, and the destruction of his property. How important were his efforts in this noble cause, will best be shewn by the following brief, but energetic description of them, which we have from the pen of one of the unfortunate exiles whom he saved:

"In an age of selfishness, immorality and irreligion, in a country abandoned for twelve years to all the horrors of intestine war, where the very air that was breathed, may be said to have been tainted with crimes; where sensibility was blunted daily by the death and sufferings of the numerous victims of a cruel war, and a still more destructive

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climate; at a crisis the most terrific ever recorded in history; when 400,000 assassins, thirsty for blood, intoxicated with fury, and rendered confident from the certainty of impunity, devoted to death a population of 25,000 unarmed individuals, there was found *one man*, a foreigner, and a stranger in the proscribed land, who might have departed without interruption, and taken with him the whole of an immense fortune, which he had by his own industry amassed in trade, *one man* who dared to brave the tempest; who opposed virtue to wickedness, benevolence to barbarity, and even made the insatiate cupidity of the assassins subservient to his humane undertakings; with his gold he bought victims out of the hands of their executioners; and others he rescued by force, in defiance of the decrees of death pronounced against all those who should conceal the French; he, for three months, maintained them in the different places where they had hid themselves; and was himself more than once thrown into those dungeons from which hundreds were daily led to the scaffold; and each time left his confinement only to renew with the same ardor his glorious, but perilous task of benevolence; by his indefatigable exertions, his perseverance, his pecuniary sacrifices (the amount of which he probably never calculated, or thought of, though it could not be less than 100,000 dollars) he was able, in the midst of a political tempest, of between seven and eight months continuance, to save in vessels which he freighted for that purpose, 1500 WOMEN AND CHILDREN, and more than 900 MEN! And this man was *DUNCAN M'INTOSH!*"

To an inhabitant of New-Orleans, we are indebted for the following more detailed account of the actions of Mr. M'Intosh, derived from the relations of those who were eye-witnesses of his exertions in the cause of humanity. We hope, soon, to have it in our power, to gratify our readers with the tribute of affection, with which the exiles are preparing to commemorate his virtues, by "*exhibiting his heart*" as portrayed in the principal, though secret acts of his dangerous career. These acts, though now registered only in the grateful remembrance of the objects of his benevolence, will be drawn from obscurity, and form a wreath of glory, worthy of the *HOWARD of St. Domingo.*

"The inhabitants of St. Domingo became acquainted with the uncommon worth of Mr. M'Intosh, during his agency among them as an American merchant. His cares, his attentions, were not confined to the protection and relief of the citizens of America only, but he appeared to study the happiness and interest of every individual; alleviating, as far as he possibly could, their distress whenever it met his notice, and while the manly firmness he displayed on all occasions

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where it was necessary, commanded the highest respect, his mild and gentle manners, and the benevolence which appeared in all his words and actions, gained him universal esteem, and all ranks of people were desirous of cultivating his friendship, previous to that unfortunate era, when he became their sole protector, under Heaven.

Every person in this country is in some measure acquainted with the horrors attending the dreadful revolution in St. Domingo, but to form an adequate idea of the sufferings of the wretched white inhabitants, they must have been residents among them at the time, for language fails in the attempt of delineating the soul-harrowing scenes, which deluged their fertile fields, with the blood of thousands of their innocent citizens, who fell victims to the ungovernable fury of these monsters of cruelty, the brigands; no age, no sex, were spared; the amiable lovely female, with her infant smiling and clinging to her breast, implored in vain for mercy. It was then the sublime virtues of Mr. M'Intosh became so brightly conspicuous. In the commencement of this unnatural revolution, when his unwearied exertions to stop the torrent of outrage and oppression, proved ineffectual, his anxious cares were then directed to afford the unfortunate sufferers every aid the peculiar circumstances of the moment required. When driven from their peaceful homes by their persecutors, they were received and sheltered under his hospitable roof; his sympathizing tenderness soothed their sorrows, his purse relieved their pecuniary necessities; his bounty, like the gentle dews of Heaven, knew no discrimination, but fell on all alike; great as had been the sufferings of the unhappy citizens of St. Domingo already, Heaven for its wise purposes, had reserved it seems, harder trials of their fortitude, and M'Intosh's virtues; for soon the merciless savages rushing from all parts, like clouds of locusts darkening the face of day, and threatening destruction to all around them; against whose multitudes every hope and idea of defence were precluded, seized on the unoffending, terror-struck whites, and in their insatiate thirst for blood, would have sacrificed them on the spot; but in that moment of horror, when their fate seemed inevitable, this God-like man, ever tenderly alive to the calls of humanity, flew to their aid; careless, fearless of his own danger, he rushed amidst the sanguinary multitude, overawing the assassins by the bold intrepidity of his manner, and by his persuasive eloquence, arresting their fury; and although the divinity who spoke within him, could not so far change the nature of these ruthless monsters, as to incline them to forego their barbarous purposes altogether, yet when glowing with compassion he plead a respite for the victims, pledging his life as the forfeit if he did not produce them when called for, his irresistible power was felt, they consented to suspend their murderous intentions.

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The interval gained for the unhappy sufferers, was employed by this noble-minded man in procuring them opportunities of escaping their executioners; intent only on their preservation, the imminent danger to which his own life was exposed, appeared not to give him one moment's reflection, although well aware that death inevitably attended the person who would be detected in the act of aiding or abetting their escape; his humane exertions were crowned with success, he saw them safely embarked, and favouring winds bearing them from the ill-fated shore, ere he returned to his home with the sweet consciousness of having been instrumental in preserving the lives of so many of his fellow-creatures, unallayed by one thought of the future consequences to himself.

That Supreme Power who "delights in virtue," and ever made his peculiar care alone, preserved the life of M'Intosh, whose active benevolence did not rest satisfied with having ensured the lives of these unfortunate people only, but knowing in their precipitate departure they had been obliged to abandon their property, and tenderly feeling for the distress their destitute situation must expose them to, in a strange country, determined to make every effort in his power to secure to them, as much as he possibly could, of what they had left behind. Innumerable difficulties he had to encounter, innumerable obstacles to surmount from the rapacity of the wretches around him, ere he effected his philanthropic design. Having at length, by his persevering zeal, obtained possession of their properties, he did not turn it to his own emolument or use. No! This generous man felt only that eager anxiety, which minds like his, are capable of feeling, to restore it to them as soon as possible, and on his arrival in the United States, the public papers will bear testimony to the disinterested nobleness of his conduct, as he immediately advertised for each, or by their agents, to come forward and receive their proportions; that they received it, their grateful acknowledgments have put beyond a doubt, and from the general tenor of his conduct, we are justified in saying, we do not believe they felt more pleasure in receiving, than he did in restoring it to them. Previous to his quitting the island, he obtained information that several of the inhabitants, who had fled in the commencement of this horrible revolution, had taken refuge in the woods, where they remained suffering all the hardships so miserable a situation exposed them to, and in constant terror and alarm, of being discovered by their sanguinary pursuers. This was too irresistible a call on the feeling heart of Mr. M'Intosh, to be unattended to; he determined to remain, and leave nothing unattempted until he could complete the glorious work he had began, by saving this unfortunate remnant likewise. The task was as arduous, as hazardous as any he had yet undertaken, but his undaunted soul was not to be shaken from the performance of an act of

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humanity, by difficulty or danger. At a considerable expense and personal fatigue, for even the hours allotted by nature for repose, were devoted by this amiable man to the accomplishment of his divine undertaking, he sought out the fugitives in their wretched retreats, and having previously made every necessary arrangement for their safety and comfort, received and concealed them in his house, until an opportunity was obtained to convey them in safety from the place, by which he enjoyed the additional felicity of rescuing so many more of his fellow-creatures from the horrid fate that awaited them.

The blood thirsty savages, disappointed and enraged at their prey being thus snatched from them, when they had promised themselves the horrible gratification of destroying, directed all their vengeance against Mr. M'Intosh, and as they could not assail his life, his wealth became the object of their rapacity; they seized on his property in all directions, plundering and destroying, as best suited their diabolical purposes, until they had deprived him of all. We cannot help regretting that this generous man should have been so considerable a sufferer by his philanthrophy, although no complaint ever fell from his lips on the subject; on the contrary, with that magnanimity so peculiar to himself, has declared he thought "the lives of his fellow-creatures cheaply purchased at the expense of his fortune."

When Mr. M'Intosh returned to the United States, he landed at New-Orleans, a stranger, as he supposed, known to but few, even by name. He was recognized, however, by the eye of affection; his arrival was announced throughout the city; his praises were soon on every tongue; and crowds of those who were indebted to him for their lives and present comforts, pressed forward to behold their deliverer and benefactor. His fellow citizens, proud to acknowledge him an American, joined in the homage paid to his virtues. Meetings were immediately held by the St. Domingans, in which, it was determined by every possible means to express the sentiments of affection and gratitude, which they felt for him. In one of these meetings, it was voted that a gold medal should be struck, and an engraving executed, to hand down to posterity, the memory of their benefactor, with a testimonial of their gratitude. It was also determined that a portrait should be painted of him, and deposited with an appropriate ceremony and solemn procession of the late inhabitants of St. Domingo, in one of the chambers of the city Hall; on the express condition, however, that, should circumstances ever admit of it, the portrait shall be sent to St. Domingo, as its permanent station. After this, they invited him to a splendid entertainment, given in honour of his arrival. How sublime and affecting must have been the scene, when he was conducted into the room, where the company awaited him! Upwards of one hundred persons rose, and received, with enthusiastic effusions of gratitude,

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the man to whom most of them owed their own lives, or the lives of relatives or friends. We will attempt to describe it in the eloquent language of one who was present at this affecting ceremony:

"Emotions of love, reverence, and delight, appeared in the animated countenances of the St. Domingans; their hearts seemed too full for utterance; and, while the tear of tender recollection bathed their cheeks, they essayed in broken phrases, and exclamations of gratitude, to express their feelings, passing at once, by their exquisite sensibility, the highest eulogium on *his* virtues, and *their own* hearts. The expressive countenance of Mr. M'Intosh, which exhibits all the benevolence of his heart, showed the fulness of content, that satisfied delight, which can be felt, but never be described; for, if to a philanthropic mind, the preservation of a fellow-creature affords the highest gratification, what must his sensations have been in that moment, when, surrounded by so many whom he had preserved, he was hailed as their protector, their benefactor, their guardian angel; every heart partook in the luxury of the moment, every eye bore testimony to the tenderness of the scene, forming one of the most interesting groups, imagination can conceive."

On his arrival in Philadelphia, to which he was called by his mercantile pursuits, Mr. M'Intosh again received those attentions his merits claimed, and, from which, his retiring modesty could not escape. A deputation of the inhabitants of St. Domingo immediately waited on him; and, after an appropriate address, invited him to a public dinner, to be given as a testimonial of their respect and veneration for his character and services.

On the 24th February, a sumptuous entertainment was prepared at the Mansion House, at which about one hundred and thirty persons were present, all eager to do honour to the man whom they emphatically styled "*the Lascasas*" of their unfortunate country.

Heart-felt joy, intermingled with sportive mirth, and grateful effusions, gave zest to the feast; and, while wit and wine went round, Genius diffused the glow of enthusiasm, by recounting the deeds of "the best of men," in strains the most sublime and pathetic.

We have obtained for our miscellany, a copy of an Ode by Mr. Simon Chaudron, and one of the songs by Mr. Garesches, written for the occasion. We hope that some of our friends, who have leisure and ability, will furnish us with an English version of the Ode and Song.

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ODE

DEDIÉE A DUNCAN M'INTOSH,

Liberateur de plus de deux Mille Français, lors du massacre de St. Domingue.

Où vont ces vengeurs de la France?
Ces infatigables soldats,
Qui bravaient pour votre défense
Vos ennemis et vos climats.
Ils vous quittent, leur chef l'ordonne,*
Aux Tigres il vous abandonne,
Un vil esclave est son vainqueur.
De deux Tirans celui qui reste,†
Bientot de votre sort funeste
Français, consommera l'horreur.

Des blasphêmes, des cris sauvages,
Affreux précurseurs de la mort,
Ont retenti sur ces rivages:
Peuple proscrit, quel est ton sort!
Où porter ta douleur profonde.
Tu n'as que les gouffres de l'onde,
Et pour refuge et pour cercueil;
Au meurtre l'affricain s'apprête,
Et tu ne peux sauver ta tête,
Ou de l'un, ou de l'autre ecueil.

Ah! qui peut nombrer vos victimes?
Revoltés lâches et cruels.
Grand Dieu! dis nous pourquoi ces crimes,
Sont dans tes decrèts éternels.
Là, c'est la pudique innocence,
Honteuse de son existence,
Et de l'audace d'un bourreau,
La meurt, immolé sur sa mère,
Un enfant qui, de la lumière
N'aura qu'entrevu le flambeau.

Mais, si l'Eternelle justice
Est sourde á la voix du malheur,
Le juste sera-t-il complice,
De son silence destructeur....

* Rochambeau. † Dessalines.

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De M'Intosh l'ame sublime,
Croit son salut illégitime.
Quand tout meurt dans ce triste lieu;
Emporté par la bienfaisance,
Au sein du péril il sélance,
Agit, et parle en demi-Dieu.

" Où fuyez vous mères tremblantes?
" Portez vous au devant des coups,
" Tant de victimes innocentes
" Que n'ont pu sauver vos époux?
" Retardez du moins leur supplice,
" Dans ma demeure protectrice,
" Cachez ces fruits de votre amour:
" Demain, luîra pour l'innocence;
" Le sommeil de la providence,
" Ne saurait durer plus d'un jour.

Il dit: mais, dans cette retraite
Les bourreaux entendent des cris:
Déja, leur foule s'inquiète
D'un crime a leur fureur surpris.
Brigands avides de pillage,
L'or seul peut détourner leur rage:
M'Intosh pieux séducteur,
Corrompt leur horde criminelle,
Et dans sa main pure et fidelle,
L'or est un Dieu libérateur.

A cet échange sans exemple
Il a consacré son trésor:
C'est la charité dans son temple
Rachetant du sang pour de l'or.
Les meutriers de l'innocence,
Y viennent á sa bienfaisance
Vendre deux mille infortunés;
Et quand l'or ne peut lui suffire
Ses pleurs alors savent séduire,
Ces cannibales étonnés.

Tendres fils, qui pleurez un pére,
Vierges, qui n'avez plus d'appui,
Comment fuir cette horrible terre
Où le crime règne aujourdhui?...
Rassurez vous, jeunes victimes,
La main qui ferma les abymes

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Tout prêts à vous ensevelir;
Va, sur une rive chérie
Vous créer un autre patrie,
Heureuse de vous accueillir.

Si le Ciel eut mis dans mon ame
La vive et brulante chaleur,
Dont la bienfaisance t'enflame
Quant la pitie parle á ton cœur.
Je voudrais de ta pure gloire,
Immortaliser la mémoire
Par le charme puissant des vers;
Je voudrais d'un oubli coupable
Garantir le nom vénérable
Que je proclame á l'univers.

Oui, sur cette sanglante plage,
Si l'orphelin revient un jour;
Je prévois déja quel hommage
Tu recevras de son amour.
Dans sa patrie encor fumante,
Sa piété reconnaissante,
Te consacrera des autels;
Et les tems, Juges équitables,
Béniront les faits mémorables
Du plus généreux des mortels.

—

By V. M. Garesché.

Déesse que le monde encense,
Au lieu d'en suivre les leçons!
Accours aimable bienfaisance,
Et viens animer mes chansons!
Une plus brilliante lumière,
A deja frappé ma paupière,
Et dissipé l'obscurité:
Oui, c'est toi modeste déesse,
Qui du flambeau de la sagesse.
Eclaire ma temerité,

Qu'epris d'une coupable gloire,
Un autre grave sur l'airain,
Des noms qui retracent l'histoire,
Des destructeurs du genre humain;

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Charmé d'une gloire plus belle,
Je veux que mon vers ne rappelle,
Qu'un heros de l'humanité ;
Français, tressons lui des guirlandes ;
Et que l'encens de nos offrandes,
Parvienne à la Divinité.

Sur ces infortunés rivages,
Où l'africain brisa ses fers,
Quelles clameurs, quels cris sauvages,
Troublent le silence des airs?
Où va cette troupe rebelle ?
Dans sa main le glaive étincelle,
La mort, de sang marque ses pas ;
Et la flamme court et dévore,
Le toit qui protegeait encore,
Ceux qu'avoit epargné son bras.

Qu'elle affreuse ardeur de vengeance,
Peut inspirer de tels forfaits!
Eh quoi ! la vieillesse et l'enfance,
Ont tombé sous les mêmes traits!
Les noirs enfans de l'Ethiopie,
A leur implacable furie,
Ne sauroient-ils mettre aucun frein!
Toi, chaste fille de memoire,
Faut-il que cette affreuse histoire,
Soit transmise par ton burin!

C'est sur ce theatre du crime,
Et parmi ces debris sanglants,
Que fort de sa vertu sublime,
Un mortel brava des tirants.
Le fer suspendu sur sa tête,
Les supplices...rien ne l'arrête,
La crainte ne peut rien sur lui ;
Il rit de leur vaine menace,
Brave leur insolente audace,
Et sa vertu fait son appui.

L'or qui sur ce triste rivage,
Autrefois peupla les tombeaux,
Aujourd'hui dans la main d'un sage,
Ne sert qu'a soulager des maux,
Ici, l'or écartant le crime,
Sauve les jours d'une victime
Tremblante sous le fer vengeur;
Là, des bras d'un monstre homicide,

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Il rachette un sexe timide,
Qu'il preserve du deshonneur.

Toi qui desarmas du tonnerre,
Le bras de la ferocité!
Ange de paix que sur la terre,
Envoya la Divinité!
O M'Intosh, que ton exemple,
Chez la foule qui te contemple,
Inspire des imitateurs;
Et que cette celeste flamme,
Qui brule toujours dans ton âme,
Vienne échauffer aussi nos cœurs.

Humanité, vertu sacrée!
L'encens fume sur tes autels;
C'est toi que la divine Astrée,
A deputé vers les mortels;
Jusqu'au sein du triomphe même,
Tu frappes d'un juste anathême
L'oppresseur, le cruel guerrier;
Mais pour le héros d'Amerique
Tu joignis le chêne civique,
A la couronne de lauzier.

Que devient la gloire homicide
De ces soldats devastateurs,
Qui n'ont pris du metier d'Alcide,
Que les degoutantes horreurs?
Elle fuit sans laisser de trace,
Semblable à ce flambeau qu'on passe,
Au milieu de l'obscurité;
Ou semblable au boulet rapide
Qui s'échappe à travers le vide
Qu'il fend avec velocité.

Mais toi de qui toute la vie,
Fut destinée aux malheureux;
Toi, M'Intosh pour qui l'envie
A retenu son souffle affreux;
Ne redoutes rien pour ta gloire,
Ton nom suivra dans la memoire,
Ceux des Antonins, des Titus;
On nourrira la tendre enfance
Du récit de ta bienfaisance,
Pour former son âme aux vertus.

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TRIBUTE OF FRATERNAL GRATITUDE.

Lodge 51 of the Masonic Order, of this city, anxious to evince their approbation of the conduct of him who had proved himself a Mason, "in deed as well as in name," Resolved, that BROTHER M'INTOSH be forever inscribed in the Rolls of the Order HONORARY MEMBER of their Lodge.

The Resolution of the Lodge was announced to Brother M'Intosh by a committee of three of its members, who were commissioned to present him his honorary Diploma; and, at the same time, to declare the high sense entertained by the brethren of his meritorious exertions in the cause of humanity. On this occasion, he was addressed by Brother Samuel F. Bradford, on the part of the committee, in the following words:

SIR AND BROTHER,

The virtuous Patriot, and the enlightened Statesman find the rewards of their services in the pen of the Historian, or the chissel of the Sculptor; and the voice of Fame is loud in the praises of even those, misnamed heroes, whose march is in blood, and whose trophies are founded on the destruction of mankind.

The Masonic Order, appreciating the milder virtues, and proud to rank you among the most distinguished of its votaries, has deputed us a committee of Lodge 51, to tender you the homage of its sincere attachment, and to pay that tribute of gratitude, which is your due as a Mason, and a man.

Though we have never before been personally acquainted with you, yet we have known you in the records of our order; we have known you by report as a correct merchant, and an honourable man; and, above all, we have known you by the benedictions of the fugitives of Saint Domingo, and by the highest of titles—THE HERO OF HUMANITY!

In the hour of death and desolation, when carnage, with indiscriminating fury, threatened destruction to the white population of that unfortunate Island, you stepped forth a guardian Angel; and, though your power was not commensurate with your wishes, your protecting shield saved thousands from an untimely fate.

In this awful crisis, when your life was in constant jeopardy, and your treasure lavished with a prodigal hand in the cause of humanity, your exertions were unremitting and efficient. By those exertions, numbers, who believed the partners of their domestic felicity forever severed from them, are restored to their embraces; by those exertions, youthful love found the lost object of its affections on a foreign shore; children have clasped their supposed butchered parents; and

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parents bent with rapture over children, whom they had mourned as dead.

You have your reward: the sweet reward of an approving conscience. You have "laid up treasures that fade not away," and "the blessings of thousands ready to perish rest on your head."

May your future days be prosperous and happy, as your past have been serviceable. Your acts shall be inscribed in the hallowed depository of our mysteries; they will ascend on high, borne on the incense of grateful hearts, and be recorded in the imperishable volume of that Lodge, "not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens."

To the address, Brother M'Intosh made the following reply:

MY RESPECTED BRETHREN,

I received with great sensibility this affectionate mark of the friendship and attachment of the respectable Lodge, which you represent. The services it has been my lot to render to a number of my fellow creatures, in an hour of death and desolation, for which you have honoured me with such high commendation, were demanded of me by my obligations as a man, and a Christian, and in rendering them I have done no more than my duty. Yet I cannot deny that, while your goodness has too highly appreciated the part I have taken, in alleviating the horrors of the unfortunate and distressed inhabitants of St. Domingo, next to the approbation of my own conscience, no earthly recompense could be more grateful to my heart, than the applause of my Masonic Brethren, who would, I trust, individually, act the same part, on any occasion that might require it.

Be pleased to convey to the Lodge, my sincere congratulations on their present state of harmony and prosperity, and my prayers for its long continuance. In the social delights of our humane and benevolent society, in the pleasing employment of dispensing charity to the destitute and needy, and in the fulfilment of the important duties of life, may your members be found preeminently conspicuous; and, whenever it shall please the *Supreme Grand Master to close their labours*, in this *terrestrial Lodge*, may they be *advanced* to well-merited honours in that *Celestial Grand Lodge*, for the enjoyment of which their conduct here has so well qualified and *prepared* them.

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A BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE

OF THE LATE

EDWIN LEROY M'CALL, M. B.

In sketching the following biographical notice of Dr. Edwin Leroy M'Call, late of Savannah, in the State of Georgia, the object of the writer is, not to throw around the memory of the deceased a gaudy tissue of unfounded panegyric, but, by a simple statement of acknowledged truths, to pay to departed genius and worth a tribute which he knows to be justly due.

The subject of this notice fell a victim to disease before the period of the complete evolution and polishing of his elegant mind. Notwithstanding this, he was a bud of science of such ample promise, a professional germ of such flattering hope, that his death must be regarded as a national loss. For, had he been permitted to measure out the usual span of human life, the talents and virtues which threw into his character their blended lustre, would necessarily have rendered him a national ornament. To the nation, then, it belongs to cherish his fame, and to receive his portrait, though green in youth and drawn by a feeble and trembling hand, into the gallery of portraits of her distinguished worthies.

Biographical memoirs, when written with ability and taste, are sought after with avidity as sources of entertainment. But a higher and more important use of this species of composition is, to hold forth models of conduct and standards of imitation, for the youth of our country. For this purpose, though the lives of men advanced in years, abound most in matter, and are, therefore, most richly fraught with instruction, it does not follow that they are in all respects best calculated to answer the true end of biography. I think it appears, as well from our observation of others, as from the feelings of our own minds, that we are most inclined to an imitation and generous emulation of our equals in years. The youth of eighteen does not, cannot feel the same lively interest in the brilliant exploits of the man of forty-five, that he does in those of the gallant stripling, who, like himself, has not yet attained the gristle of manhood. Would you wish to lead the youthful mind into the flowery paths of Morality and Religion? Are you desirous to entice it into the delightful walks of Literature and Science? Or, is it your intention to fire it with a love of military glory? In either case, dwell not on the characters of men advanced in years, but tell the story of an amiable youth eminent for the qualities and virtues you wish to inspire, and your effort is likely to be crowned with success.

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It is principally from considerations like these, that the following brief biographical memoir is laid before the youth of the United States. Though it is certainly true, that the much-lamented subject of it did not achieve a single action, nor leave behind him a single monument capable of transmitting his name with eclat to posterity, yet it is equally true, that the whole tenor of his life, whether it be regarded in a moral, social, intellectual, or religious point of view, furnishes a bright example for the imitation of his fellows. It is a pure and steady light, beaming on the paths of virtue and honour, and pointing the way to utility and fame. It will never lead astray those who adopt it as the cynosure of their actions. Should it, as here portrayed, rouse to a generous and successful emulation the bosom of but one American youth, the writer of this article will feel that he has not lived in vain for his country.

Dr. M'Call was born in one of the western counties of North-Carolina. He was second son of the Rev. Thomas Harris M'Call, D. D. a clergyman of the Presbyterian Church, of great eminence and exemplary piety. While yet a child, his father, who was preeminent in that country, for eloquence, science, and classical learning, was called to the Presidency of Mount-Zion-Parnassus College, just then established at Wynnsborough, in the State of South-Carolina. It was in this institution, while flourishing under the auspices of his illustrious father, that Dr. M'Call received the rudiments of a sound education, and imbibed a love of literature and knowledge. It was also here, in his occasional excursions through the groves and forests of the surrounding country, that he contracted that love and veneration for the productions of nature, and that attachment to rural scenery, which constituted a predominant feature in his character.

Before the education of his son was completed, the Rev. Dr. M'Call relinquished his situation in the college over which he had, for several years, presided with great reputation, and removed to Savannah, in the State of Georgia. To this removal he had been invited by the most flattering prospects of utility and fame. For, like all men of liberal and exalted minds, he cherished the love of fame as one of the darling inmates of his bosom. Nor was this noble ambition at all incompatible with the zealous and faithful performance of the various duties of the clerical profession. On the other hand, it even rendered this performance more able and complete. For it was an apostolic ambition, purified and quickened by piety, and having for its object the best and most permanent interests of man. But it was not long before the heats of the climate and the insalubrity of the atmosphere of Savannah, operating on a system already debilitated by a pursuit of knowledge too ardent, and an attention to professional duties too laborious, snatched from the world this illustrious divine.

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This melancholy event was fraught with more than the common measure of calamity to young M'Call. For, having been, some time previously, deprived of his mother, he was now, at an early and very critical period of his life, thrown on the world in the condition of an orphan. Too young to have profited, as yet, by the lessons of Experience, he had nothing but his intuitive perception to direct him. But the mildly twinkling day-star of his character, now just beginning to unfold its lustre, did not suffer him to pass unnoticed. Like a jewel of rich value amid a mass of common matter, it attracted the attention and excited the admiration of all around him. Nor did his opening virtues, and the amiableness of his disposition and manners, fail to procure for him the offices of friendship. Those offices, however, came wholly unsolicited; for an unusual degree of diffidence, connected with a proud independence of character, prevented him from becoming an applicant for favours. True friendship and benevolence spontaneously sought him out, and promptly received him as a favourite to their bosom.

One gentleman in particular, directed by the suggestions of an enlightened understanding, and yielding to the impulses of a noble heart, stepped forward, on this occasion, as the steady and active patron of young M'Call. Did not an apprehension of wounding feelings of great sensibility, forbid it, justice would induce me to publish to the world the name of this fosterer of youthful genius and worth. But his own virtues will rear to him a monument more permanent, and will pronounce on him a eulogium more honourable, than anything that could flow from the feeble efforts of my pen. I may be permitted, however, to add, that he is a practitioner of medicine, who then resided and still resides in the town of Savannah, and that a rare assemblage of talents, philanthropy, and medical skill, combine to render him an ornament to society and an honour to his profession.

From the kindness and protection of his benevolent guardian, whose care and attention were truly parental, young M'Call soon began to derive every consolation his condition admitted, for the loss he had sustained in the death of his pious and distinguished father. From a cheerless situation, where every-thing around him wore the hue of despondency, he was suddenly translated, as if by a magical hand, to the brightening region of expectation and hope. A grateful and strong attachment to the person of his patron was in time very naturally succeeded by an equal attachment to his professional pursuits. He, accordingly, when in his eighteenth year, commenced the study of medicine under the same gentleman who had generously volunteered as the director of his early destinies.

It was now that the talents of the deceased, being directed to objects worthy of their exertions, began more particularly to unfold their

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lustre. For, as the flint yields its spark only to a violent collision with the steel, so genius manifests its native brightness only when engaged on elevated and important subjects. The classical, literary, and scientific acquirements of our young philosopher (for so we shall now venture to denominate him) were already far beyond those of the common college youth of our country. This gave him a decided ascendency over most of his fellows in the new course of studies on which he had just entered. For, notwithstanding the dreams of certain visionaries to the contrary, it is an unquestionable truth, that without a classical education, professional studies, whether on the subject of law, physic, or divinity, prove to the beginner laborious and irksome in the highest degree. Without such an education the mind of the pupil is neither sufficiently expanded, nor properly formed to habits of study; nor has he a competent knowledge of the technical language which is to serve him as the chief vehicle of science.

But far different from this was the case with young M'Call. Possessed of a mind opened and enriched by early culture, and marked by a strong predilection for the knowledge of nature, his professional studies were unaccompanied with difficulty. On the other hand, such was to him the facility of their acquisition, and such the rapidity of his advancement in them, that they might have been ranked in the catalogue of his pleasures and amusements. Darting into every thing with a kind of intuitive penetration, it was not long till he had exhausted the various sources of improvement with which it was in the power of his preceptor to furnish him. Nor were these sources either deficient in number or wanting in substantial richness and variety. Whether they be regarded in relation to the science of books, or the more prompt and practical knowledge derived from observation, experience, and oral instruction, they were equal to the best that the Southern States can afford.

That nothing might be wanting to render his professional education complete, he repaired to Philadelphia in the autumn of the year 1803, to prosecute his studies in the University of Pennsylvania. Here, new and rich sources of improvement bursting in all their variety and lustre on his view, poured into his bosom new and more exquisite sensations of satisfaction and delight. For to him nothing was pleasing without being instructive and useful, and instruction in every form was surrounded with charms. His application was uninterrupted, his researches diversified, extensive, and profound. Medicine, with all its collateral branches, was the object of his pursuit. To the sciences of Botany, Natural History, Chymistry, and Physiology, he was peculiarly attached. To these he devoted himself with the most distinguished assiduity and success. Whatever was to be derived from books, from lectures,

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from hospitals, or from medical societies, became his in rapid succession, for his active and enterprising mind laid under unceasing contribution all these several sources of knowledge. Thus, laudably aspiring to an acquaintance with every accessible page in the great volume of physical science, he continued his studies in the University of Pennsylvania till the spring of 1806, when he was, with great reputation, admitted to the degree of Doctor of Medicine. On that occasion, the subject of his interesting thesis was "The Mutual Subserviences of the different Parts of the Body, and the Power of one to perform the Function of another." This brief and hasty essay, which consists principally of a rich collection and lucid arrangement of facts, deserves to hold a respectable rank among the physiological productions of our country.

It is not pretended that the deceased was a finished writer. Literary excellence like this requires for its attainment maturity in years, an extensive acquaintance with the best English authors, and long-continued practice in the art of composition. It must be acknowledged however, that, considering his age, he was capable of wielding a ready and a distinguished pen. It is a subject of particular regret, that none of his poetic effusions have found their way into public print, nor exist, perhaps, at present, even in a manuscript form. For though we do not contend that he was equal to the higher walks of poetry, yet we well know, that in the minor departments of that field of fancy and taste, his productions possessed both beauty and excellence. Had he lived to the prime of manhood, and paid only an occasional court to the Muses, they must have acknowledged him as a legitimate and favourite son, and woven for him a wreath of no fading verdure.

Dr. M'Call having brought his pupilage to an honourable termination, new objects began to present themselves to his view. He became now strongly solicitous to apply his professional knowledge to its only proper end, the alleviation of the distresses of his fellow-creatures. For a spirit of active benevolence was no less predominant in his bosom than a love of science. He, accordingly, returned to Savannah, where he was immediately taken into partnership by the friend and patron under whom he had commenced his medical studies. An alliance like this, while it manifested the high degree of confidence reposed in him by a character beyond all others competent to judge of his qualifications and his worth, secured to him a certain and prompt introduction into profitable business. His prospects, though uncommonly bright and flattering, appeared, for a time, to be even more than realised by his success. But, alas! the period was short!—the prospects were not less transitory than fair! For, in the words of the poet, "The time of his fading was come, and the blast that was destined to scatter his leaves"

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Dr. M'Call, like many other men of exalted intellectual endowments, had received from nature a very feeble and delicate frame. From his father, whom he resembled both in constitution and in the exquisite texture of his mind, he inherited a predisposition to pulmonary consumption. These were two physical evils over which he had no control, and in subjecting himself to which he had no agency. But unfortunately they were associated with a third, no less operative and injurious, and this was entirely of his own creation. For, while prosecuting his professional studies in the University of Pennsylvania, the intensity of his application had been greatly disproportioned to the strength of his system. In preparing himself to become the protector and restorer of the health of others, he had been highly, perhaps I might say culpably, regardless of his own. The ruthless disease, which had been long and watchfully lying in ambush, selected these unguarded moments to make its insidious and too successful attack. By slow and gradual approaches it fastened itself unnoticed on the vitals of its victim, never again to relinquish its hold.

To physicians of observation it is well known, that when a pulmonary affection has once actually invaded the system, a sudden transition from a sedentary to an active life, is a very precarious, not to say, a hazardous expedient. If the change be not successful in removing the disease, it seldom fails to accelerate its progress, and to render the issue more certainly fatal.

Such was the melancholy case with the much-lamented subject of this memoir. An affection of the lungs, which had scarcely even whispered its treacherous intentions, during the sedentary term of his pupilage, spoke its dreadful purposes in a voice of thunder, as soon as he had commenced the practice of his profession. It forced him, in a short time, to relinquish his benevolent labours in Savannah for the good of others, and to go in quest of his own health to a less sultry and more salubrious sky. But, alas! the inestimable object of his research was nowhere to be found. For him no Hygean fount existed, nor did breezes salute him with healing on their wings. Wherever he directed his languid footsteps, Disease pursued and harassed him with unrelenting rage. Like the hind tranxfixt by the arrow of the huntsman, he carried with him in his bosom the shaft of certain death. In vain did he fly to the air of different situations, and fruitless were the ablest efforts of art for his relief. Even that precocious skill, which in the course of a short life, he had himself so often and so successfully exerted for the benefit of others, was of no avail in his own case. Though it retarded the progress, it was unable completely to arrest the arm of the disease. It afforded temporary ease from sufferings, and added

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somewhat to the buoyancy of hope, but was never productive of any permanent good.

Thus, for nearly two years, did our unfortunate sufferer shift from place to place, and from remedy to remedy, in pursuit of that health which he had once enjoyed, but which it was now his destiny to experience no more. At length, wearied with a succession of unavailing efforts, and, resigned to the solemn issue that was fast approaching, he took up his residence at Wynnsborough, a place which had been the scene of his earliest pleasures, and which was still a source of the most grateful recollections. Here, as the virtues, worth, and amiable deportment of his father continued to be held in the most lively remembrance, they procured a very cordial and affectionate reception to his afflicted son. Not a bosom in the place refused to sympathise with him in his sufferings, nor was there a hand reluctant to minister to his comforts. Thus, though unable to snatch him from the grasp of impending fate, did the kind inhabitants of this abode of his childhood, endeavour to strew flowers in his path as he descended to the tomb. Nor did he linger long amid these tender solaces of friendship and affection. A few fleeting months now filled up the measure of his earthly existence. He expired on the of 23d December, 1808, a firm believer in the truths of Christianity, and experiencing those cheering hopes and beatific prospects, which that holy religion is calculated to impart. When we call to mind the morality, the piety, and the social worth, which met in the character of this inestimable young man, we believe him to have been as pure and as amiable a spirit as ever left the earth.

RHETORIC——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

INTRODUCTORY LECTURE

ON

THE ARTS OF READING AND PUBLIC SPEAKING,

DELIVERED IN THE PHILADELPHIA ACADEMY, NOV. 17, 1806, AND IN THE HALL OF THE UNIVERSITY, NOV. 16, 1807.

(*Concluded from page* 211.)

WITH regard to action, the great rule is the same as in pronunciation; to follow nature, and to avoid affectation. The action of the body and the several parts of it, must correspond with the pronunciation, as

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that does with the style, and the style with the subject; a perfect harmony of all which constitutes the complete orator.

There is a peculiar style of action, adapted severally to the pulpit, the bar, and the stage. The action and gestures which, in the pulpit, would be sufficiently animated and expressive, would be cold and inanimate on the stage, which frequently calls not only for the most violent contorsions of face, but the most extravagant gesticulations, according to the incidents and characters there represented. So that an actor, in order to acquire celebrity, must be a perfect Proteus, and always appear to be himself the character he represents.

The general character of the action proper for the pulpit is, that it should always be accommodated to the solemnity and importance of the subjects there discussed, and to the dignity and sanctity of the place. The speaker's pronunciation should be perfectly distinct and harmonious, and his deportment and gesture impressive and graceful. No man, therefore, should embrace the clerical profession, unless he is endowed by nature with talents for that profession; and, among other essential qualifications, with a voice possessed of considerable strength, and such a conformation of the organs of speech, as will enable him to acquire a clear and distinct articulation. He should carefully guard against a monotonous delivery: the tones and inflexions of his voice should be exactly accommodated to his subject; he should sometimes persuade and allure in the mild accents of gospel love, and sometimes threaten and alarm by boldly declaring the terrors of the law, and thundering out the denunciations of the Almighty against impenitence and vice. In general, an air of complacency and benevolence, as well as of devotion, should be visible in his countenance: every appearance of affectation, and of its opposite error, coldness, should be sedulously guarded against. The attitude of the body should be erect, with an easy and majestic air, neither indulging unnatural and extravagant gestures, nor remaining constantly straight and motionless, like a speaking statue.

The motions of his hands and arms should be slow and graceful, and never raised above his head, except in the attitude of prayer, or of directing the attention to heaven. The preacher who is incessantly in action, clasping or throwing out his hands, and twisting his body, may justly be called a clerical mountebank. As the object of a sermon is to convince, to affect, to persuade; the voice, the countenance, and the action should be studiously calculated to produce those important and happy effects.

The celebrated poet, Cowper, thus finely contrasts the correct and dignified, with the finical and affected preacher:

> I venerate the man, whose heart is warm,
> Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life

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Coincident, exhibit lucid proof.
That he is honest in the sacred cause.
To such I render more than mere respect,
Whose actions say that they respect themselves.
But loose in morals, and in manners vain;
In conversation frivolous, in dress
Extreme, at once rapacious and profuse,
Frequent in park, with lady at his side,
Ambling and prattling scandal as he goes,
But rare at home, and never at his books,
Or with his pen, save when he scrawls a card;
Constant at routs, familiar with a round
Of ladyships, a stranger to the poor;
Ambitious of preferment for its gold,
And well prepar'd by ignorance and sloth,
By infidelity and love o' th' world
To make God's work a sinecure; a slave
To his own pleasures and his patron's pride.
From such apostles, Oh ye mitred heads
Preserve the church! and lay not careless hands
On sculls that cannot teach, and will not learn.

Would I describe a preacher, such as Paul,
Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own,
Paul should himself direct me. I would trace
His master strokes, and draw from his design.
I would express him simple, grave, sincere;
In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain;
And plain in manner. Decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture. Much impress'd
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too. Affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men.
Behold the picture!—Is it like?—Like whom?
The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,
And then skip down again. Pronounce a text,
Cry, hem; and reading what they never wrote
Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
And with a well-bred whisper close the scene.

In man or woman, but far most in man,
And most of all in man that ministers
And serves the altar, in my soul I loathe
All affectation. 'Tis my perfect scorn;
Object of my implacable disgust.
What!—will a man play tricks, will he indulge
A silly fond conceit of his fair form
And just proportion, fashionable mein
And pretty face, in presence of his God?
Or will he seek to dazzle me with tropes,
As with the di'mond on his lily hand,
And play his brilliant parts before my eyes,
When I am hungry for the bread of life?

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He mocks his Maker, prostitutes and shames
His noble office, and instead of truth
Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock.
Therefore avaunt! all attitude and stare,
And start theatric, practised at the glass.
I seek divine simplicity in him
Who handles things divine; and all beside,
Though learn'd with labor, and though much admir'd
By curious eyes and judgments ill inform'd,
To me is odious as the nasal twang
At conventicle heard, where worthy men
Misled by custom, strain celestial themes
Through the prest nostrils, spectacle bestrid.
Some, descent in demeanor while they preach,
That task perform'd, relapse into themselves,
And having spoken wisely, at the close
Grow wanton, and give proof to ev'ry eye—
Whoe'er was edified, themselves were not.
Forth comes the pocket mirror. First we stroke
An eyebrow; next, compose a straggling lock;
Then with an air, most gracefully perform'd,
Fall back into our seat; extend an arm
And lay it at its ease with gentle care,
With handkerchief in hand, depending low.
The better hand more busy, gives the nose
Its bergamot, or aids th' indebted eye
With op'ra glass to watch the moving scene,
And recognize the slow retiring fair.
Now this is fulsome; and offends me more
Than in a churchman slovenly neglect
And rustic coarseness would. An heavenly mind
May be indiff'rent to her house of clay,
And slight the hovel as beneath her care;
But how a body so fantastic, trim,
And quaint in its deportment and attire,
Can lodge a heavenly mind—demands a doubt.

He that negociates between God and man,
As God's ambassador, the grand concerns
Of judgment and of mercy, should beware
Of lightness in his speech. 'Tis pitiful
To court a grin, when you should woo a soul;
To break a jest, when pity would inspire
Pathetic exhortation; and t' address
The skittish fancy with facetious tales,
When sent with God's commission to the heart.
So did not Paul. Direct me to a quip,
Or merry turn, in all he ever wrote,
And I consent you take it for your text,
Your only one, till sides and benches fail.
No: he was serious in a serious cause,
And understood too well the weighty terms
That he had ta'en in charge. He would not stoop
To conquer those by jocular exploits,
Whom truth and soberness assail'd in vain.

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The general faults of pulpit orators may be comprised under five heads, viz. *Effeminacy*, *Harshness*, *Bawling*, *Whining*, and *Monotony*.

It is not easy to say which of these faults is the most disagreeable. An effeminate and affected softness of expression in an orator who is speaking on the sublimest and most sacred truths is intolerable. A fribble in the pulpit is the most despicable of the whole offspring of vanity. A vain young man, thus trifling in the pulpit, and seeming to have no other view than to "lead captive silly women," is not only an object of the utmost contempt, but, in consideration of the disgrace and the burlesque air he throws upon religion, by the absurd affectation of his elocution, he is certainly chargeable with no inferior degree of criminality.

Other preachers there are, who murder their accents and emphasis, and torture a voice naturally liquid, clear, or inclined to tenuity, by labouring at a hoarse and guttural, because falsely imagined sonorous, solemn, and dignified expression. This error sometimes proceeds from a mistaken idea of what is called Force in elocution, and sometimes it is one of the many unhappy and disagreeable consequences of imitation. For the same reasons that hoarseness of tone is to be guarded against, laboured loudness is to be avoided. This is not speaking, but bawling; it is not elocution, but vociferation, which some preachers aim at in this painful and unnatural exertion of the lungs: they mistake loudness for force, and noise for oratory.

Yet, disagreeable as is a bawling preacher, a whining, canting one is infinitely more so. The one stuns the ear, the other offends the understanding, while both are equally destitute of harmony and propriety of elocution. Whining is alike irrational and detestable both in prayer and preaching. And it is the more unpardonable as it is seldom so much an effect of devotion as an affectation of it, uttered in tones suited to the importunate cravings of a spoiled and fawning child, or the lamentations of a miserable mendicant.

I remember to have heard of a benevolent Frenchman, who, ignorant of our language, accidentally went into a place of worship in this country, while the preacher was sighing out his dolorous accents in this "Praise-God-barebones" style; and, commiserating extremely his apparent distress, and hoping that the circumstances were not quite so bad as he seemed to represent them, called out, from the momentary impulse of humanity, "Courage, Monsieur!"

The last fault which I enumerated, viz. monotony, is the most difficult of all to correct, as it is almost always the result of organs so ill constructed for harmonious utterance, that all endeavours to conquer it entirely are generally in vain. There are voices which no art can teach to sing; and it is the same with regard to elocution, which Cicero not improperly calls "Cantus obscurior." The command of modu-

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lation, and the variety of inflection, are never to be attained by those whose organs are capable of emitting only uniform and unelastic sounds. Such preaching resembles the beating of a frying-pan for the collection of bees.

These are the most offensive faults in preachers, and when they appear, confirm the just, though facetious assertion of Dr. South, that "many a man knocks his head against a pulpit, who is much better calculated to *make* it than to *fill* it."

The oratory of the Statesman or Barrister, in the senate, in the council, at the bar, or other public assembly, is of a more unconfined nature than that of the Divine. To persuade, to move the passions, and to gain an ascendency over his antagonist, either by fair argument, by ridicule, by sophistry, or by persuasion, require a suavity in the tone of voice, a dignity of deportment, a gracefulness of action, and a command of countenance, which are not always to be found combined in the professors of these sciences. The barrister, in particular, should at all times be prepared to encounter casuistry, criticism, jest, and sarcasm: he must be ever on the alert, prompt to reply, and cautious of reprehension; his countenance should, therefore, be grave and commanding: he should carefully avoid all appearance of grimace in his action, all peculiarity and continuity of motion, and all stiffness and awkwardness of gesticulation; and, as his subjects are various, so should be also his looks and gesture; sometimes exhibiting an air of gravity and solemnity, and at others of gayety and good humour, free from every species of buffoonery and affectation, that he may not afford the least opportunity for pleasantry, for ridicule, or contempt. He should neither saw the air with his arms and clinched fist, beat the table therewith, thrust his hands into his pockets, nor play with his watch-chain.

The third species of oratory is that adapted to the Stage. And here the various powers of utterance and of action are most conspicuously displayed. The versatility of character required in an Actor, involves the possession of every accomplishment, and an acquaintance with the peculiarities of every profession, with the language and manners of every nation. The dignity of the monarch, the air, the ease, and urbanity of the gentleman, the roughness and simplicity of the plebean, the softness and insinuating assiduity of the lover, and the boisterous mirth and unpolished address of the peasant or the tar, should be always under command.

The celebrated Mr. Garrick, the phoenix of the stage, was, equally natural and inimitable, in the personification of King Richard or King Lear, of Romeo or Ranger, and of Scrub and Abel Drugger.

Thus, in order to give oratory its full force, and render it irresistibly impressive upon the mind, as well as the external organs of the

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hearer, it is not only necessary that the pronunciation, the countenance, and gesture, be regulated according to the established rules; but, the time, the place, the subject, and the occasion should also be duly attended to, and influence the public speaker in every department.

After all, it is impossible to acquire a correct and judicious pronunciation, a command of the various modulations of the voice, and strict propriety of gesture, merely from written rules, without practice, and an assiduous imitation of the best examples.

The plan of my proposed course of instruction having been misunderstood by some, I have thought it expedient, in the course of this address, to state to you the nature of it. It will, perhaps, also be proper, before I conclude, to give a short analysis of the subjects of the intended lectures, in the order in which they will be delivered; they are,

1. On Articulation, or the construction and proper use of the organs of speech in producing those various sounds, which constitute the human voice.

2. On the nature and proper use of Accent.

3. On the nature and proper use of Emphasis, by which the truth and force of sentiment is conveyed.

4. On the Quantity of syllables.

5. On Pauses, the judicious observance of which gives expression and animation to the subject discussed.

6. On Tones, or on the nature, modulation, and operation of the human voice, in forming, by its inflexions, those many expressions of sentiment and passion, which give energy to language and efficacy to thought.

7. On Looks, their proper application to language, and powerful influence when judiciously exerted.

8. On Gesture.

9. On the construction and proper recitation of the various species of verse, the correct application of the poetical pauses, and the means of producing the three great objects of poetic numbers, Melody, Harmony, and Expression.

11. Of the different Figures of speech, and the peculiar method of justly communicating to each its proper expression, both in reading and recitation.

12. Of the peculiarities attached to the correct reading and recitation of Narration, Dialogue, Soliloquy, Address, and works of sentiment and imagination.

These, with other branches of the subjects which may present themselves for discussion, will be attended, when necessary, with illustrations from the best authors.

I am well aware of the magnitude, importance, and difficulty of the undertaking I have encountered, and that a just and sufficiently

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ample discussion of the several subjects proposed, with the necessary exemplifications arising from them, demands exertions of genius, of judgment, and of taste, far superior to any I can possibly presume to suppose myself capable of making. The undertaking, however, is not the suggestion of my own mind; but the attempt is made in compliance with the solicitations of some partial friends, who have formed the flattering, though, I fear, delusive idea, that by directing my attention to the subjects, in the mode I have already stated, I might in some degree render myself useful.

Relying, therefore, upon their benevolence to pardon the deficiencies and errors which may occur, I will perform the task assigned me with as much accuracy as my feeble abilities, and restricted opportunities for preparation, will permit.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE USEFUL ARTS.

In a prior number of The Port Folio we described at some length, assisted by the light of ingenious chymists and physicians, the admirable qualities of those artificial mineral waters, which are now so generally quaffed, not only by the invalid, but by the jovial man of the world. More than one establishment of this nature having recently taken place in this city, as moreover there is a brilliant prospect of these waters becoming a fashionable beverage throughout the United States, and as the use of these salutary streams is not only indicated by the judicious physician, but is sanctioned both by Fashion and Experience, we avail ourselves of the present opportunity to give something like a detailed description of many of the mineral springs of Europe, which the physician, the apothecary, and the chymist have so happily imitated, both at home and abroad. On this subject, we have, of course, liberally extracted from the works of foreigners, but we should be happy to obtain a scientific memoir on this subject from some ingenious American. As the topic is by no means exhausted, we shall probably resume it in some future number.

One of the most celebrated of the foreign mineral springs is that of Seltzer, in the village of Neider Seltzer, in the bishopric of Triers. This village is situated in a fine woody country, about ten miles from Frankfort, and thirty-six from Coblentz, in a district which abounds

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with valuable mineral springs. The water is brought over to this country in stone bottles, closely corked and sealed, containing about three pints each, and when well secured, it will keep unaltered for a considerable length of time.

The properties and analysis of this water have been fully ascertained by Hoffman, Bergman, and others, and they are such as to render it very interesting to the chymist and the physician. Seltzer water, when fresh or well preserved, is perfectly clear and pellucid, and sparkles much when poured into a glass. To the tongue it is somewhat pungent; but much less so than might be supposed from its mere appearance, and has a gently saline and decidedly alkaline taste. If it be exposed to the air for above a day, or even be kept in vessels carelessly corked, it entirely loses its pungency and the alkaline, or lixivious flavour becomes proportionably stronger.

Seltzer is a saline water, slightly alkaline, highly acidulated with carbonic acid, containing more of this volatile principle than is sufficient to saturate the alkali and the earths which it holds in solution, and hence it is somewhat acidulous to the taste, and shows the presence of an acid by chymical tests, notwithstanding the alkali which is also and at the same time indicated by other re-agents. It is, however, a hard water and curdles soap, the soda not being in sufficient quantity to prevent this effect. This water is observed by Hoffman to become not only vapid but putrescent, and strongly fœtid when exposed to the air. Perhaps this may be owing to a small quantity of vegetable extractive matter. It requires, therefore, to be kept closely corked, and the mouth of the bottles covered with a cement, to prevent the escape of the carbonic acid, for as long as this antiseptic acid remains, the water continues perfectly sweet.

Seltzer water is the only example we possess of a water saline, alkaline, and at the same time, highly acidulated. Most of the other strongly carbonated waters are more or less chalybeate, and no other of the saline waters contains so much carbonic acid.

The effects of this water, when drank in moderate doses, are to raise the spirits and increase the appetite; it produces no particular determination to the bowels, as its saline contents are in very small quantities, but it pretty certainly increases the flow of urine. It is chiefly to the strong impregnation with carbonic acid, and to the small proportion of soda which it contains, that we are to look for the explanation of the very important benefit which is derived from it in a variety of diseases.

Few mineral waters have acquired a higher reputation than that of Seltzer, and we may add that few deserve greater consideration from the real medical virtues which it possesses, and from the variety of disorders to which it is applicable. Hoffman has spoken of it with the

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highest commendation, and if we must allow something for the natural partiality which a German writer must feel for his own mineral springs, we must, however, admit that the greater number of his observations on this subject have been amply confirmed by later practitioners. The cases for which Seltzer water may be used with an undoubted prospect of advantage, seem to be the following. It is particularly serviceable in relieving some of the symptoms that indicate a morbid affection of the lungs: in slow hectic fever, attended with frequent flushing and profuse night sweats and with constant cough and purulent expectoration; it will often, in a high degree, check the violence of perspiration, diminish the discharge from the lungs, and correct its fetor, and under the operation of this medicine, the patient will for a time be able to gain quieter nights and more appetite. This excellent property of allaying feverish irritation may also be applied in many anomalous cases, where a tendency to hectic fever is suspected.

Another class of disorders for which this water often brings considerable relief, is in those exanthematous eruptions of the skin that are attended with general irritation, which were formerly ascribed to a scorbutic acrimony of the humours. Miliary eruptions, and all those that are not merely local and with which the stomach strongly sympathizes, often give way to the use of this water.

From the nature of both the active contents of Seltzer water, the soda and carbonic acid, we might expect great benefit from its use in various derangements of the alimentary canal; and accordingly we find that this is one of the most important of its uses. Foulness of stomach, bilious vomiting, acidity and heart-burn, spasmodic pains in any part of the alimentary canal, are the symptoms for which this medicine brings the greatest relief.

On account of the property of this water in relieving spasmodic pains, and from its rapid determination to the kidnies, and, perhaps, its alkaline contents, it has been sometimes employed with great advantage in diseases of the urinary organs, especially those that are attended with the formation of calculus. What power it may exercise over these concretions is not yet fully determined; but it is certain that under the use of this medicine, the mucous, sabulous, and often purulent discharge, that accompany the urine, is rendered much less painful, and in general, micturition is much less difficult. A large proportion of the Seltzer water, either genuine or artificial, that is consumed in this country, is for the relief of these disorders. Even in gonorrhœa, either simple or venereal, Hoffman asserts the advantage to be derived from this medicine.

In hypochondriac complaints and their attendant symptoms, especially those of dyspepsia, Seltzer water is of considerable service in cor-

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rooting the strong tendency to spasmodic pains in the stomach, and other irregularities of the alimentary canal. Seltzer water mixes soon with milk, and will not soon coagulate it. This mixture is strongly recommended by Hoffman in cases of hectic fever with expectoration, and it may also be sometimes advisable, in order to dilute the water, which in its most active state proves too powerful for very irritable habits.

The usual dose of this water is from half a pint to a pint.

Seltzer water is one that may be drank freely in most cases, and seems to require less precaution in its exhibition than most of the other mineral waters whose sensible properties and medicinal powers are so considerable. The chief precaution necessary during its use is to preserve a regular state of the bowels. From its pleasant taste and the exhilirating effects which it produces on the spirits, it is largely used at table as a common drink in Germany and Holland; and the circumstance of agreeable flavour is no small recommendation with patients who, during a long indisposition and irritability of stomach, have conceived an utter aversion to any of the numerous class of tonics and stimulants that stand on the list of the Materia Medica.

Of all the mineral waters for the use of those who drink them, not so much as an article of luxury as an article of the *Materia Medica*, that which is denominated Soda water, from the powerful alkali it exhibits, is perhaps one of the most salutary. Its physical properties are completely enumerated below, but they who are disposed to mingle it either with milk, beer, or wine, will find it a useful addition to either of those articles.

Soda Water.

This is well known to have great effect in complaints of the kidnies, ureters, or bladder, when these organs are either obstructed or irritated by calculous matter, or are in an irritable, corroded, or ulcerated state. While this water abates the acrimony of the humours, it dissolves and washes out the mucus and clears the kidneys, ureters and bladder from any matter of this kind that may be lodged in them; and it tends not only to prevent the generation of a calculus, or to stop the increase of one, but to diminish, as a solvent, such as is already formed. It affords the most desirable relief in the strangury. In cases of acidity in the stomach and indigestion, this water will be found very serviceable. Even in the gout those who have taken of this water for the stone or gravel have been cured of both diseases by means of soda.

It may be taken to the quantity of a pint or more, daily, at three stated periods; morning, noon, and night, an hour previously to the several meals of the day.

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If it should produce any uneasiness in the stomach (which is seldom the case) a tea-spoonful or two of rum, brandy, or any spicy medicated tincture may be added.

In very cold weather it is sometimes best taken with warm milk. No regimen is particularly required, but such as temperance dictates.

It must be remembered that the three sorts of single, double, and triple acidulous Soda water, so denominated from the quantity of Soda salt it contains, are recommended to be taken in proportion as the stomach can bear, or as the disease requires a larger portion of the Soda. The double is generally used.

It is said that the late Premier, Mr. Pitt, was in the daily habit of drinking this water during those fatiguing hours of the morning when he was occupied by the cares of his official bureau. Whether Mr. Pitt derived health or pleasure from this beverage, we will not stay to inquire, but merely add, that it is one of the most grateful liquors to which we may be conducted by the Naiad of the mineral spring.

Pyrmont Water.

This celebrated chalybeate spring at Pyrmont, in the province of Westphalia, is known over most parts of Europe as a water which possesses most remarkable sensible properties, and very valuable medical virtues.

When first taken from the spring it is quite clear and transparent, and sends forth a copious stream of air bubbles for a considerable time, in which respect it far exceeds any of the mineral waters that we are acquainted with.

The taste is highly agreeable, being strongly acidulated and possessing a pungency very similar to that of brisk Champaigne wine, but it is at the same time strongly chalybeate and a little bitterish. The taste of iron it retains for a long time, even though exposed to the open air. On account of the abundance of gas, if the fresh water be immediately bottled and well corked and afterwards removed to a warm place, the bottles are very liable to burst with the expansion of the air; hence when they are filled for exportation, they are suffered to stand a while uncorked to allow a passage for some of the carbonic acid gas, though enough remains to enable the water to retain all its properties.

The sensible effects which this water occasions highly correspond with the chymical analysis. When fresh from the spring, and drank copiously, especially on an empty stomach, it strikes the nose with a very pungent flavour, and produces a kind of temporary intoxication. At all times too it enlivens the spirits and increases the appetite. The first water sometimes acts as a cathartic, but this effect on the bowels is very uncertain, and seems rather to depend on the state of body of

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the patient and the generally stimulating property of the carbonated chalybeate.

The diseases to which this mineral water may be advantageously applied are the same as those for which the Spa and others of the acidulated chalybeates are resorted to; that is, in all cases of debility that require an active tonic that is not permanently heating; various disorders in the alimentary canal, especially bilious vomiting and diarrhœa. The precautions required in beginning a course of these waters are similar to those of Spa, and the cases in which they are contra-indicated, the same. Pyrmont water has, however, been thought to be considerably rougher in its operation, and more active; and hence Hoffman concludes that it is peculiarly well fitted for the use of the Westphalians, who are in general of a robust constitution, and live upon hard strong food. It is certain that whatever effects are produced on delicate stomachs by a hard water, may be here apprehended from the large proportion of earthy salts, and this is one circumstance in which an artificial mineral water has a decided advantage over a natural one. Pyrmont water mixes pretty smoothly with milk, and in this form it has been particularly recommended in gouty cases; and as it is so powerfully impregnated with active principles, it will bear a considerable dilution where this may be thought necessary, and still retain so much of the iron and carbonic acid, as to be equal in strength to most of the common acidulous chalybeates.

The dose of this water is about the same as that of Spa, under similar circumstances; but it may be observed that the country people who flock to this fountain of health on all occasions, partly for a variety of complaints, and partly to enjoy the kind of intoxication which it generally produces, have in general no other idea of proportioning the dose to their complaints than that of drinking it as copiously as the stomach will bear. When attention is paid to quantity, we may reckon about three pints as a daily allowance in common cases.

SUPPLEMENT TO VOLTAIRE'S LETTERS.

THE following interesting and elegant article is a version from the *Journal de l'Empire*, by a favourite correspondent, who has not only the power to translate, but the power to judge of what is most valuable in foreign literature. Although the name of Voltaire has been trumpeted throughout the earth, and the versatility of his talents sufficiently acknowledged, both by friend and foe, yet so voluminous and expensive

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are his writings that many a polite scholar, perfectly familiar with his Candide, his Henriade, and his Histories is an utter stranger to many pieces written in the decline of our voluble author. Although such is the complexion of many of the pages of this infidel wit, we might hope that they might be *a fountain sealed* to the majority of men, yet, when Voltaire can refrain from ridiculing Religion, insulting Decency, and misrepresenting Politics, he is entitled to the attention of the scholar and the wit. The style of this extraordinary Frenchman is always brilliant, and his sentiments are sometimes just and useful. In the progress of the very valuable Review, of which this is a slight introduction, the curious reader will perceive a new proof of the astonishing inaccuracy of the rapid and superficial philosopher of Ferney. We may admire him as a dramatic writer. We may laugh with him as a novelist. We may relish him as a poet, but as an historian, or a reasoner, he is not entitled to much respect; and, when he has the audacity to criticise Shakspeare, or meddle with the idiom of the English, he either provokes our anger at his malignity, or our contempt for his weakness.

EDITOR.

Supplement to the Collection of the Letters of Voltaire. Paris, published by Xhrouet, 2 vols. 8vo. pr. 12 francs.

THE hundred volumes, or little less, which we have already, do not then complete the works of Voltaire? More than twenty volumes of letters do not contain all the correspondence of this indefatigable writer; who, embracing every subject, and assuming every style, composed, at the same time, long poems and little pamphlets; tragedies as well as wanton epistles, and light tales, works sometimes noble and dignified, sometimes improper and shameful; philosophical treatises, in which the cause of wisdom, moderation, justice, and the reciprocal courtesies which men, especially literary men, owe to each other, were supported often with dignity, and always with infinite talent and grace: and detestable libels, which trample on all justice, all wisdom, all moderation, filled with atrocious insults on estimable writers: and who, multiplying in a way till then unknown, volumes of verse and prose, astonished the republic of letters more by the fertility of his genius than the charms and the graces of his talents; while in the midst of all these various productions, he maintained the most extensive correspondence which the history of literature has recorded.

No one ridiculed more agreeably than Voltaire, the inexhaustible fertility of certain writers and the prodigious multiplication of books. "In spite of the law against multiplying beings unnecessarily," with a great deal of pleasantry he laughs at Dr. Caramuel, who projected writing neither more nor less than a hundred volumes, and had made

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considerable advances towards so fine a scheme. Yet Voltaire himself, without announcing it in form, is at least as far advanced, though Caramuel, it is true, intended his volumes should be folios. Voltaire talks too of one Rhingelberg, who absolutely pretended to make a thousand volumes; which is nothing to Mercurius Trismegistus, who composed, as Iamblichus says, thirty-six thousand, five hundred and twenty-five books. It is not the first time that Voltaire, employing his familiar figure, exaggeration, ridiculed in others, what he did himself more than any one else. God forbid that I should compare him with Caramuel, Rhingelberg, or even Trismegistus, whose merit and talents it is, besides, very difficult now to appreciate. He certainly had a right to make more volumes than they, because he made them more agreeable; but has he not abused this right? How many thoughts, and pages, and chapters, both in prose and verse, are there in his numerous collection, which, had they been in the works of those adversaries against whom he waged so gay, but often so unjust and cruel a warfare, would have been the objects of his ridicule, and become, under his keen pen, an inexhaustible source of cutting pleasantries. If, for instance, Rousseau, or Lefranc de Pompignan, or Mr. Larcher, had so little respected either themselves or the public, as to offer to it images so vulgar, disgusting, and absolutely void of taste and interest, as Voltaire submits to his readers in the second section of the word Ignorance, (Questions on the Encyclopedia) how would they have been covered with biting sarcasms and satire. If all the pieces, which, like that, excite only disgust, and deserve only contempt, were retrenched from the works of Voltaire, without being too rigid, more than ten volumes would be suppressed. It would certainly have added to his reputation, it would have purified it, and rendered it less contested, to have expunged these infamous parts from the most complete edition of his works. But how can this be explained to the greedy speculators who see in every copy sold six francs for every additional volume, and in whose eyes this simple calculation is sovereign reason, or to the fanatic admirers, who revere every thing in their idol. These are the two classes who swell editions uselessly, who add volume to volume, and "multiply beings without necessity." I venture to say that there was absolutely none to print this supplement to the twenty-four volumes already given by the editors of Kell. I consider these two new volumes as a tax on those, who, having only ninety-two volumes of Voltaire's works, will be obliged to have ninety-four, till something better comes, and as a deceitful bait to public curiosity, which will be but ill satisfied. I believe that I am as sensible as any one else, to the charms of that talent which animates the works of Voltaire, and which sparkles particularly in his correspondence. But is there not a period at which the greatest admirer of that talent wishes to stop, and beyond which he finds only satiety and

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weariness. Are we not tired of a wit, which, in this multitude of letters, is occupied with nothing, with objects either indifferent and forgotten, or respectable and sacred, always frivolous and superficial, often culpable and dangerous? Have we not then enough of these letters to Thiriot, this obscure correspondent, this contemptible agent; enough to Mr. d'Argental, and have not we heard repeated often enough for forty years, "that he placed himself under the shadow of his wings," that he "kissed the end of his wings"? Do we not know enough already of the dotage of the old man of Ferney, talking forever of his Scythians, his Guebers, and his laws of Minos, fatiguing all his correspondents with details of these miserable pieces, the changes he wishes in them, the corrections he sends, the advice to the players who are to perform them, his solicitations to hasten the representation of them. What pleasure can be found in these new proofs of so excessive and ridiculous an infatuation, and in learning that Madame Denis partook of it. "Madame Denis," writes Voltaire, "thinks that I have done nothing better than the Scythians, and I am of her opinion." Yet this is almost all that we find, or rather that we find again, in this supplement. I defy any one to produce from it a single important fact, a single anecdote not already known, a single interesting dissertation, or a single literary view. It absolutely leaves no impression on the mind, nor is it possible to conceive a more trifling production. But I am wrong—we still see in it the stamp of those unjust, violent, and hateful passions which tormented the life of Voltaire, and which will always obscure his glory in the estimation of those who think, and with justice, that genius and wit cannot excuse everything. But thirty volumes of his works already attested sufficiently the excesses of his passions. It was not necessary again to introduce him furiously persecuting his enemies and loading them with vulgar reproaches, with a shameless indecency of expression, disregarding truth, every moment disavowing his own works, recommending to his friends to deny theirs, and writing letters full of interest, and compliments, and tender wishes to persons who, in other letters and in other works, he outrageously abused. We did not want to see him again ridiculously flattering little wits, while he slandered some men of real merit, or substituting almost always for truth and a just discernment of men and things, his passions, his prejudices, his hatreds, the interests of a tyrannical philosophy, and the most irritable self-love. Such is the character of these two volumes, as well as of the whole correspondence. Yet the blind adorers of Voltaire would wish us to admire these letters, not only as models of grace, wit, spriteliness, and refined pleasantry, (which we admit, except that these two are not as good as the former volumes) but also, that we should admire his moral character at least as much as his genius. Such is the pretension of one of them, Mr. Ginguene, who has lately given us to understand it, with a good deal of

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haughtiness in the Mercury of France. He begins with supposing, and with truth, that more just and impartial than himself, we would not adopt his foolish enthusiasm, and then abuses us, no doubt in order to imitate as much as he can the object of his boundless admiration and philosophical worship. He concludes by transforming us into owls, and metamorphoses himself into a pretty, gay, spritely lark, delighting all eyes with its grace, all ears with the harmony of its notes. Yet we shall see that this lark is neither just nor polite, at least, that he was neither, a moment before his metamorphose. A certain Countess of Benting thought, it seems, that she ought to burn some of Voltaire's letters. One would suppose that a lady might be pardoned for being shocked at the indecencies and impieties so often to be found in his letters. But the worshippers of the Grand Lama wish to lose none of the emanations from their divinity. Mr. G. regards the conduct of this good German lady as a "stupid barbarity." He "curses her with all his heart," calls her a "nonsensical countess," with infinite grace, politeness, and urbanity, and continues, "I wish they would publish the correspondence of a Benting and other scrupulous people of the same stamp, to see if it would display as much goodness, friendship, and generosity as in this reprobate Voltaire." Must we remind Mr. G. that among the "scrupulous people of the same stamp" would be the Fenelons, the Bossuets, the Pascals, the Racines, the Lamoignons, the Montansiers, the D' Aguesseaus, the Boileaus, and a host of illustrious men and celebrated women, who are not very commonly called "nonsensical." We have the letters of some of them, and if they contained such contempt for all truth and justice, or one half the calumnies and atrocious abuse which dishonour the correspondence of Voltaire, Mr. Guniguene, and his friends would triumph completely, and draw from it terrible conclusions. Let us, in fact, compare his correspondence with those of the philosophers of antiquity; let Mr. G. reperuse the letters of Cicero or Pliny, and candidly say, whether they do not breathe more goodness, mildness, and candour; more love of country and of mankind, a purer soul and a finer moral character than the correspondence of Voltaire. Let us conclude that these kind things have escaped him in a moment of whim, and whether we consider the substance of his piece, (of which we have not mentioned what is most out of place) or the form of it, we shall perceive that his whim is a very unfortunate one.

There are some people who think that they completely refute you when they say, "you are a slanderer of Voltaire;" and as I shall certainly not escape this easy convenient refutation, I will anticipate and repel it beforehand. No! I do not detract from Voltaire. Of all men, he, perhaps, possesses in the highest degree, those happy gifts which we properly call talents, those light engaging graces, that seducing art of discovering analogies between objects the most opposite, contra-

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rieties between those apparently most blended together, singular relations, and pleasant contrasts. I like his clear, correct, original prose; in the light and witty style, I consider him, as perhaps the first of our poets, if not for the perfection of his poetry, at least for its variety, its number, and beauty; while in the serious and noble style he is still one of our greatest poets, though at a great distance from our first models. After doing this, certainly ample, justice to his talents, his wit, and his genius, why should I not render it equally to his heart and his moral character, if I thought it equally worthy of praise? I deplore, I confess, that in literary discussions on works of genius, we are obliged to mingle considerations personal to the character of their author, but there are circumstances which render it indispensable. How indeed can we refrain from it, when the immorality and the vices of the character are stamped on every page of the works, when literary works are often only expressions of the obliquity of the mind, and the passions of the man, when these passions are continually directed to defame virtue, virtuous men, and the principles which preserve society, and when in short, zealous sectaries, continuing this system of defamation, oppose for ever the pretended wisdom, the pretended virtues, and the false principles of their chief, to the real friends of justice, order, and morals. There is scarcely anything more odious among men than falsehood. There is nothing more contrary to the character of a man of honour, yet there is nothing which we meet more frequently in the works of Voltaire. You see him constantly disregard truth, betray it every instant, disguise his own sentiments, deny his own works, flatter with one hand, and tear to pieces with the other, the same individual, and commit himself in a way which can only be expressed by the odious word, falsehood. This supplement presents a crowd of examples of it. Here you see him asserting that he "*never read a line of Freron;*" there acknowledge that "*Freron has sometimes made him laugh.*" This to be sure is of little consequence, but it is shameful even in little things to contradict ourself thus. The works of Mr. Bordes are excellent, when he writes to Mr. Bordes, and "*he would have liked to have made them himself;*" but when he is writing to Mr. Chardon they are "*silly things,*" he "*would have been very sorry to have been their author,*" and "*he flatters himself they will not be attributed to him.*" But here are more serious falsehoods: Voltaire had made some abominable verses against the Marquis of Thibouville, with whom he was on terms of friendship and active correspondence; he is indeed one of those to whom the most of the letters in the supplement are addressed. All these letters are full of expressions of interest, affection, and attachment. In one of them Voltaire approaches the delicate subject of these infamous verses which had already circulated, and admire the

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frankness with which he writes: "They tell me that you are thrust into this rhapsody along with Mr. D'Argental; but I had not seen what could relate to you; it is an abomination which ought to be forgotten. *It would make me die of grief.* Madame Denis is as much afflicted as myself; let us forget the horrors of human society. You should come and take the air here, *in order to punish the scoundrels who abuse your name and mine in so miserable a way.*" At the foot of the letter, the Editors, that we may not pretend to be ignorant of it, assure us, that these verses so formally disavowed by Voltaire, were really written by him. Nor is this the only service of the kind, which they do to his memory. In the years 1759, 60—61, Voltaire corresponded with king Stanislas, who had loaded him with kindness, and at whose court he had resided a long time: he wrote to him, and received from him, letters filled with marks of affection. "King Stanislas," writes he to Marmontel, "has written me a letter full of the greatest kindness, &c.:" "King Stanislas," says he in a letter to Thiriot, "has sent me his book; here is my answer, see if it is polite." Yet about the same time, when writing to the same Thiriot, he calls Stanislas, "a fool, making bad books with an Ex-Jesuit Secretary," and in the same letter praises highly Augustus who had dethroned Stanislas: a sentiment in which there was neither justice, nor patriotism, nor gratitude, nor politeness, nor frankness. At this time France was carrying on the unfortunate seven years war. Voltaire was embittering as much as he could the Duke of Choiseul against the king of Prussia. The king had written a bitter satire against the minister, and confided it to Voltaire; Voltaire delivered it up to the minister, as may be seen in the other volumes of his correspondence. I think he was doubly wrong; first, in receiving this piece, and secondly, in betraying the confidence of his correspondent, when this treachery could have no effect, but to prolong the war, and its attendant calamities, and when besides, he was protesting to the king of Prussia, that he let nothing *transpire* of the piece, and that Madame Denis who *trembled* in reading it, *had instantly burnt it*, (Correspondence with the king of Prussia, Letter of 19th May, 1759.) In the supplement Voltaire still urges the Duke of Choiseul, not to treat with the king of Prussia. "The Russians, and the Austrians must crush Luc, (the king of Prussia) this year, unless he escapes by a miracle. If Luc is destroyed, you become the arbiter of Europe." "I wish," he writes to Mr. D'Argental, "that the English and Luc may be beaten, and that neither Zulima, nor Cassandra, may be hissed." His wishes were not granted. Zulima and Cassandra were hissed, or deserved to be, and Luc was not beaten. It was at least well to desire it because Luc was the enemy of France, and certainly it is not this wish of Voltaire's that I blame, but I was curious to see in what style he wrote to the king of

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Prussia, at that time, and I find *that he congratulated him on his successes*, (2d May, 1758.) In August 1759, he writes "your verses are charming, and if your majesty has beaten your enemies, they are still better." It is true, that in 1760, he no longer congratulates him, he writes to him rarely, and his letters are almost always to obtain reparation for the rather light treatment which Madame Denis had received by his orders at Frankfort. The king laughs at the captious philosopher, or haughtily keeps him at a distance. It was no doubt for this that Voltaire wished Luc to be beaten. It was not patriotism, but resentment, and a little revenge, that inspired him. That this was the case, is not mere conjecture; at least it is confirmed by a letter in the Supplement, in which Voltaire says with bitterness to the Marquis of Thibouville, "my niece thought that fifty thousand Frenchmen could avenge her for the four bayonets of Frankfort, but she was mistaken." And are these the letters which are to be opposed, as a monument of generous sentiments to all the "scrupulous people of this stamp," as Mr. G. nobly calls them. And what would be the case, if on searching through the twenty or thirty volumes of his correspondence, I were to discover through this seductive varnish of grace, wit, and gayety, all the proofs of injustice, hypocrisy, low flattery, implacable hatred, and barbarous hopes, which disgrace them. But what most characterizes them, is that dishonesty which makes him diguise his sentiments, betray truths, that are notorious, and calumniate virtue, against his own conviction. This is the character of the greater part of his works. I have already had occasion to remark one trait of this, in speaking of the life of Fenelon, and the reflections of Mr. Esmenard, induce me to return to the subject. Let us first relate the fact. Voltaire, to the great glory of Fenelon, wished to make him pass for a hypocrite, who publicly professed principles, which in his heart he detested. In support of this opinion he cites a very ridiculous couplet, which he attributes to Fenelon, and a letter written to him by Ramsay, in which, speaking of the Archbishop of Cambray, he says, "if he had been born in England, he would have developed his genius, and given a spring to his principles which had never been well known." Some writer denied the authenticity of this letter. Voltaire answers him by abuse, pretends that he can only say, that he has the letter; and to prove it, cites in English the letter he had already given in French. I confess I did not find this proof very convincing. However, Mr. Esmenard thinks that Ramsay really wrote this letter, but that he only alludes to the political principles of Fenelon, which might have been developed more freely in England, than in France, and not those principles against which Voltaire had declared an implacable warfare, and from which he wanted to detach Fenelon, in order to deprive them of the support of so fine a genius, and so virtuous a heart. I will not

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dissemble that, in reading the life of Fenelon I had conceived the same idea: I do not say this because I am very sensible to the honour of having thought a moment like Mr. Esmenard, for I shall shortly prove that both of us were wrong. But let us first hear Mr. Esmenard. "This explanation," says he, "appeared to me very simple, and I confess it is dear to me, for I do not wish to consider the author of the Henriade as guilty of forgery, any more than the Archbishop of Cambray a hypocrite, those to whom either of these opinions is equally dear, are at liberty to keep theirs. I do not envy them the melancholy pleasure of staining what is most sacred among men, the immortality of genius, and of virtue." This is high-spirited. I admire very sincerely the zeal of Mr. Esmenard for virtue, but I observe that he but badly defends genius. In fact, if Mr. Ramsay alluded only to the political principles of Fenelon, Voltaire should have known it as well as Mr. Esmenard; what in him is only conjecture from a single phrase, at the distance of half a century, was certainty to Voltaire, who had the entire letter in his hands, and could not mistake its meaning. Why then does he give it one totally different? Does Mr. Esmenard believe that a man is guilty of forgery, when he counterfeits a letter, and not so when he only gives knowingly a false and culpable interpretation of it? This would be a very loose doctrine on so serious a subject. Yet it must be admitted, if his explanation was a justification for *genius;* but it appears that Mr. Esmenard is not only deceived in his apologetical explanation, but even in his conjecture. In fact, the English phrase cited by Voltaire, was never written by an Englishman, if we can believe an Englishman, Sir Herbert Croft, who speaks French too well to leave a doubt of his being well informed in all the rules, the syntax, and the refinements of his native language, and who therefore should be considered as an excellent judge of this subject. In a letter which he has done me the honour to write to me, from Amiens, he assures me that the English phrase cited by Voltaire is evidently a translation from a French phrase, by a Frenchman imperfectly acquainted with English. The sentence quoted by Voltaire is thus: "Were he born in a free country, he voll'd have display'd his whole genius, and give a full carrier to his own principles never known," (Age of Lewis XIV. ch. 38.) Now Mr. Herbert Croft asserts, that any well educated Englishman, such as Mr. Ramsay, would have written it thus: *Had* he *been* born in a free country, he *would* have displayed his whole genius, and *given* a full *career* to his own principles *which were* never known. "If painters," says Sir Herbert Croft, "decide with certainty on the manner of different masters, and between an original, and a copy, we have means still more certain to guide us in judging a literary translation." He then contends that any Englishman would have begun the phrase, not by the words *were he born*, but

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by these, *had he been born;* a turn of phrase necessarily required by the words which follow *would have displayed;* he thinks moreover, that an Englishman would have been contented with the word *principles*, without saying *his own principles*, and that he certainly would not have written *never known*, without adding *completely*, or prefixing the words, *which were*. He proves, in short, that this bad English sentence cannot be ascribed, either to a Scotch, or Irish idiom, or the ignorance of the transcriber, so that it is an evident fabrication.

One of the greatest excesses of Voltaire, and that which is least worthy of a frank, generous man, is the profusion of eulogiums dictated by flattery, interest, or vanity, on persons either obscure or contemptible, and the prodigality with which he lavishes abuse on those who have the misfortune to displease him, who have not flattered his self-love, or shared his sentiments, his affections, or his enmities. To whom would one think he gives, in the supplement and elsewhere, the name of Pollio, a Roman Consul, the friend of Augustus, Virgil, and Horace, the author of beautiful histories and tragedies, and the conqueror of Dalmatia: to a farmer-general Lapopliniere, who never made any conquests, who never was known except for his immense wealth, and for being made ridiculous by his wife. Would we believe that to such a person he wrote, "I pity you much, Sir, for you have *great talents*, taste, facility, and a rich imagination. You will probably *be the ornament of the age* which I am about to quit."

But in return, there is no sort of abuse which he has not added in this supplement to what he had already vomited forth in prose and verse against Rousseau. "I could not guess," says he, "why he (Rousseau) advised Emilius to marry the daughter of the hangman, but I now see very well it was to keep a friend in time of need." Abusive letters against Rousseau had been carried off from the department of Foreign Affairs and put into the hands of Voltaire. He was impatient to print them, but afraid of being disgraced by the Duke of Choiseul and the Duke of Prassin, who were justly provoked at this violation of their ministry, he procures a solicitation to them for permission to print the letters, and charges the *divine angels*, with this diabolical negociation. This is the only reproach made against Voltaire by his new panegyrist in the Mercury; he felt the injuries to Rousseau, but applauds the others; the rest of mankind, the *mob*, the *stupid race*, were born for it, and should think themselves very much honoured by it.

Nothing was more implacable than the hatred of Voltaire. He hated furiously; he hated forever. The King of Prussia nobly reproaches him for it more than once in his correspondence. He begs

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him to "let a man (Maupertius) die in peace, whom he had cruelly persecuted." He is obliged often to repeat the same form: "leave in peace," says he, "the manes of Louis XV;" for death itself could not, it appears, disarm Voltaire; "he has exiled you from his kingdom; he has made war against me unjustly. It is allowed to show sensibility for wrongs that we feel, but we must also learn to pardon. The dark and atrabilious passion of revenge is not proper for men whose existence is but a moment." The King of Prussia speaks very well, but he preaches in vain; Voltaire is still devoured by this "dark and atrabilious passion of revenge." To the thousand proofs of it contained in his other works, this supplement adds others. The President de Brosses was among the candidates for a seat in the French Academy, and certainly was entitled to it. But an old dispute existed between him and Voltaire; who now wrote to Duclos, Secretary of the Academy, to Marshal Richelieu, and another person, beseeching every one to prevent the election of Brosses, whom he painted in the most odious colours, saying that he would *die with mortification*, he would *suffer sudden death*, on hearing of his success. And who did he oppose to President de Brosses? Who did he wish in his place? If I were to name him, it would be seen that neither justice nor the cause of letters were of any weight in the scale against his revenge. It is true that the dispute between them was an interested one, and he was very sensible to differences of that sort, although it has lately been attempted to make him pass for a very generous man, and he has been admired for having, with an income of one hundred thousand crowns, made a present of twenty-five louis to one of his most devoted servants and admirers. Madame Denis did not think thus of his generosity; and among the monuments which this supplement raises to his glory, may be distinguished the letter from his niece, in which she says, "*Avarice stabs you*," or in a more polite variation, "*The love of money torments you. Do not force me to hate you. You are the last of men with regard to the heart. I will conceal as much as I can the vices of your heart.* We see that Madame Denis is out of temper; but ill temper, though it exaggerates, does not invent defects; above all, it does not invent one opposed to the character of the person we wish to mortify, and surely Madame Denis would not have written thus to a person known for his *vigilant generosity and the noble use of his wealth.* Admire however the fanaticism of the blind and enthusiastical partisans of Voltaire. This correspondence, filled with such marks of bad faith, calumny, implacable vengeance, and vulgarity, is given as a proof, not only of his genius, but the nobleness, the generosity of his character. "His enemies," say they, (and thus they call the enemies of his principles,

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his vices, his fury) "his enemies are right; it should be all burnt in order to give credit to the calumnies and false opinions against the author." As if these letters themselves do not bear testimony against the character of their author. They attest also his genius. This we do not deny; but it should be acknowledged that the best letters of Voltaire have been published, and that, as is almost always the case, the supplement is not worth the rest of the work. We may say further, that although this writer is certainly one of the best jesters that ever lived, his pleasantries are sometimes very bad, and without going out of this supplement, and quoting only what can be done decently, is there much wit in this compliment addressed to the King of Prussia, which is intended to be very gay: "May I be as knavish as a Jesuit, as beggarly as a Chymist, as stupid as a Capuchin, if I have anything in view but your glory." Is there much delicacy in this sarcasm: "A man by the name of Nonote, an ex-Jesuit, has done me the honour of printing two volumes against me to get bread. I do not believe it will be superfine." It is known that one of Voltaire's pretensions was to end his letters, not by the common usual compliments, which long use has not rendered better, but by delicate happy strokes; he most commonly succeeds; but not when he concludes a letter to Chabanon in this way: "when you are in the Academy you will be disgusted with it, but never be disgusted with the friendship which you have excited in me." This is in a very bad taste.

But we must say a word of the work of the editor. Voltaire was accustomed to sprinkle his letters with quotations from Horace, Virgil, and the Latin poets most known. Sometimes he parodies the passages. The editor has taken the trouble of translating them at the foot of the pages. But in this he is very capricious. Sometimes he translates, sometimes he does not. He lets us know, in a note, the meaning of "*sub gladio oportet cognoscere malos*," &c. but he is determined we shall not know what "*ærugo mera, quid novi, de gente jesuitica, tuus sum, interim vale*," and a crowd of other citations, which are neither easier nor more difficult than those he explains. Sometimes he takes the pains of translating in a note what Voltaire translates in the text, as, for instance, that line of Horace which Voltaire addressed in French and Latin to the Duke of Choiseul,

Principibus placuisse viris non intima laus est.

It appears that the editor is not satisfied with Voltaire's translations. He will permit me to say that I am not very well contented with his own. He has made a blunder into which a scholar of the sixth form would not have fallen, because he would have translated

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plainly without seeking difficulties where every thing was clear. In trying to be profound, he has made a clumsy mistake. The fact was this: Voltaire, it was said, had requested that the ears of the Grand Inquisitor should be sent to him. The Pope on hearing of this strange demand, answered gayly; "Make my compliments to Mr. Voltaire, but tell him his commission is impracticable, the Grand Inquisitor has neither eyes nor ears." The Pope's answer, says Voltaire, is very pretty, but he must, at the bottom, think the pretended request very indiscreet. I have written to Cardinal Bernis, begging him to inquire into the truth of this pleasantry, and how far it was carried. *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes, et Romanos ridentes.* It is evident from the Latin itself and the French which precedes it, that this passage means I am afraid of the Greeks even when they make presents, and of the Romans even when they laugh. But the editor, to avoid doing like Lubin, who translates simply, *Collegium*, College, has rendered the passage thus: "I fear the Greeks when they make presents, and *laugh at the Romans*," which, in Voltaire's letter, would have no sense whatever. This mistake, it is true, does no harm except to the learning of the editor. But there are other notes less innocent, as where, without proof, a defamatory accusation is made against Mr. De la Harpe. Voltaire complains that some young man had stolen his manuscripts, and the editor puts in a note, "It is asserted that this young man is Mr. De la Harpe. Who asserts it? and even if it were asserted, would that give any one a right to print it? Let the editor make blunders, let him write nonsense. He has full permission to do so. But let him not, without proof, commit an outrage which even proof would not justify. What is the meaning too of this disrespectful and insulting style: "A man by the name of Moreau, author of The Cacouacs, a libel against the Encyclopædia, and of The Dutch Observer, another libel." Mr. Moreau was an author too well known, and too honourably known, to be spoken of in this contemptuous way, as "A man of the name of Moreau." The history of The Cacouacs is not a libel, but an agreeable essay full of keen irony against the Encyclopædia, which is itself often a libel; and The Dutch Observer was a political gazette written with moderation and propriety, against the enemies of France. The editor is not well informed in bibliography. He does not know well even the author whose works he publishes. He professes to give only letters hitherto unpublished, yet several in the supplement are already in print. That I believe is one in which Voltaire so nobly asks King Stanislas for bread and candle; certainly that written on the subject of a prosecution at Lyons against some persons accused of robbery and parricide. I think he is mistaken in ascribing to the Abbe Duverne the letter of a divine to the Abbe Sabattier; it was, at the time, una-

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nimously attributed to Condorcet; he mistakes too, and it is much worse than a bibliographical error, when he asserts that the Duke of Nivernois is one of the decendants of Cardinal Mazarin. There should be no descendant of Cardinal Mazarin. But since he would make notes, he ought to have known the sources from which he might have obtained materials for more appropriate ones than those he has given. It would have been of service too to write them in French, or at least in a sort of French that should not be ridiculous. "He (the Abbe St. Pierre) was excluded from the Academy, to the shame of this company, on the occasion of the Polysinody." To the shame, on the occasion, Academy, company, Polysinody. The editor does not much vary his style, and is very fond of rhymes.

Σ.

TRAVELS——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE,

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

LETTER LXIV.

NEARLY opposite to the English Benedictines, stood the convent of the Carmelites, where Mad. de la Valiere retired from the torments of jealousy, and the struggles of a wounded conscience—you will see in one of Mad. de Sevigné's letters a description of those remains of beauty, which were still to be admired in this lady after so many years of austere devotion and self-denial. Her answer to Mad. de Montespan, who asked if she was really as happy at the Carmelites as the world pretended, is perhaps as good a definition of a convent life, as could be given. I will not pretend to say that I am happy, was the answer, but I am satisfied. A part of the ancient convent has been converted to a very good use; it has been made to accommodate the abbe Sicard, of whose success in the instruction of the deaf and dumb, I will give you some account hereafter. A little higher up the street,

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is the Val de Grace, a very handsome building, formerly a church, and erected by Anne of Austria, in gratitude to Heaven for the birth of a son, who was afterwards Louis XIV. The front is in a very magnificent style, but the handsome altar, the pavement of marble in different compartments, and the vaulted roof of inimitable sculpture, were what principally engaged the attention, and commanded the admiration of every traveller; it is now a magazine of stores for the army. Not far from the Val de Grace is the ancient abbey of Port Royal, formerly the retreat of many pious and distinguished men, and the very cradle of Jansenism, which, from an obscure dispute whether certain propositions were, or were not, in a book which nobody read, assumed at length the appearance of a party, that Louis XIV thought infected by republican ideas. He had objected to some officer's accompanying the duke of Orleans into Spain, on a report of his being a Jansenist, but withdrew his objection upon being told, that the officer, so far from being a Jansenist, was not even a believer in God. This abbey, like the convent of the Carmelites, has been applied to a very worthy use—it is the great Foundling Hospital of Paris, and there are annually upon an average, about six thousand children received there: no questions are asked of the persons who bring them, and after having been taken care of for ten days or a fortnight, they are sent into the country to nurses hired for that purpose. I have heard a Frenchman compare, with exultation, the facility of reception at the foundling hospital in Paris with the difficulties which the wretched mother would experience in similar circumstances in London. But I question whether the custom in Paris does not, to a very great degree, promote the evil that it is meant to alleviate. The matron of the institution is a very sensible and well-behaved old lady; she told me, that she had for more than fifty years, fulfilled the same duty at the former foundling hospital and here, and that upwords of 300,000 children had passed through her hands. It would be a melancholy fact to ascertain how few of the 300,000 are alive at this moment, and interesting perhaps to trace the destiny of some of them. Formerly, children were brought here from all parts of the kingdom, but the matron assured us, that the capital alone had furnished for some years past as many as the hospital could receive, and that during the last year the number had

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amounted to nearly 7000—a sad proof of the increasing libertinism in Paris, or of increasing poverty, or perhaps of both. There was something extremely affecting in this assemblage of our little helpless fellow-creatures ranged along in their cradles, or on their beds, with neatness and apparent comfort, treated as members of the great brotherhood of mankind, and receiving that succour without which they must have perished. In the chapel of the hospital is the statue of the founder, St. Vincent de Paul, and surely if the rank in heaven of any individual mortal after death is to be presumed, it may be his: the first services of St. Vincent were in his character of preceptor in a noble family of Paris, sometime in the commencement of the century before the last, and during the reign of Louis XIII, but he was soon, by his natural activity, carried into scenes more suited to that strong benevolence of soul, which animated all his actions; and as a slave at Tunis, was made to endure for a time, the worst perhaps of all situations that man is exposed to from the cruelty and violence of his fellow creatures. Having for some years afterwards officiated as chaplain general to the gallies, he returned to Paris, and found means to establish three different orders of charitable persons, devoting themselves to the service and assistance of the unfortune, and making it the employment of their lives to penetrate those retreats where modest poverty conceals itself, or, as Johnson expressed it, "where lonely want retires to die." But his great work was the establishment of the Foundling Hospital. It had been long customary to sell such new-born children as had been left exposed by their parents and seemed likely to live, at 20 sous a piece, in the Rue St. Landry, and these were purchased either for purposes of deception in rich families, where a child was required to effect the descent of property, or to relieve some unfortunate or some diseased mother from the inconveniencies of milk. His first step was to found a Hospital for twelve children, and he was soon afterwards able by his zealous exhortations, conveyed in the most affecting eloquence, and by the sacrifice of all he possessed, to save such as were found at the porches of the different churches. Perceiving, however, that the warmth of that charity which had procured him the co-operation of so many persons at first was beginning to abate, that the children he had saved would be again deserted, and those outrages to humanity,

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which he had so successfully resisted, would soon re-commence, he called a meeting of all who had ever approved of his proposals, and assisted his pious views; by far the greater part of the company consisted of persons of your sex, and I am sure you will easily conceive their feelings, when the good St. Vincent, having ordered a number of the children that had been rescued from destruction, to be placed in the midst of the church where the meeting was held, ascended the pulpit, and concluded a very affecting address in something like the following words.—Behold then these little creatures, whom their own cruel mothers had forsaken, and whom you, ladies, have adopted as your own; forget now for a moment, the tender tie which unites their destiny to yours, and do all of you conceive yourselves called upon to act as their judges, and to decide their fate. If that pity, which has hitherto preserved these helpless objects be withdrawn, they must all perish—their lives, then, depend upon your decision—tell me therefore, sisters, shall these children live, or must they all die? They could answer him only with their tears, but so powerful were the effects of this happy moment, that the means were immediately furnished for establishing a Foundling Hospital, and for endowing it with a perpetual rent of about 2000*l.* sterling. It is a circumstance which ought to be known, for the honour of human nature in its worst moments, that amid all the devastation of pictures and of statues, which took place during the Revolution, those of St. Vincent were always respected. In the statue which I now allude to, he is represented as descending the steps of some public building with a new-born infant wrapt up in his cloak and against his bosom, and the sculptor has very happily expressed a degree of joy in the good man's countenance, at having saved a fellow creature, mingled at the same time with a sentiment of regret at the appearance of another infant who lies lifeless at his feet. I cannot conceive how people should crowd about the Apollo, or the Laocoon of the Louvre, and leave such a statue as this unnoticed. Returning down the Rue St. Jaques, you pass the Val de Grace, the Carmelites, and the English Benedictines, and arrive immediately after at the Pantheon; this was originally intended as a church, and it was meant that it should receive the shrine of St. Genevieve, who, from a humble shepherdess on the banks of the Seine, had become, after a lapse

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of ages, the patroness of Paris. The shrine was to have been placed immediately under the centre of the superb and highly ornamented dome, that rises to the height of 305 feet above the pavement, the faithful might then, from all quarters of the church, have had easy access to the remains of this holy maiden, to whose particular intercession in heaven, it was supposed, the inhabitants of Paris owed whatever they had enjoyed of happiness and prosperity. It was customary upon some great occasion, as when rain was required for the fruits of the earth, or when there was too much rain, to carry this revered shrine in procession, and it was then adorned with every thing valuable that the company of jewellers could furnish. Twenty persons dressed in white, and with naked feet, were the bearers, and St. Marcel himself was brought from a neighbouring church by his votaries, to join in the procession; but Mad. de Sevigné will give you the best account of this solemnity, and will tell you that it required ten more men at least to carry each of the saints home again, when their shrines had once approached within a short distance of each other. They had been acquainted in this world some centuries ago, and had retained an inclination for each other's company ever since. From this outrageous degree of nonsense the mind of the Parisian passed, as might have been expected, during the ferment of the Revolution, to the opposite extreme. What became of the gallant St. Marcel, I know not, but the shrine of St. Genevieve was ransacked, and her remains, after having been treated with every species of insult, were conveyed to the place de Gréve, and burnt by the executioner. The church, now become the Pantheon, is a very handsome edifice, and is intended, it is said, to receive the remains of those illustrious men, who do honour to their country by their writings, and their exploits in war. The remains of Mirabeau had been deposited there, but they were removed on the discovery of a correspondence which he had carried on with the court, as were those of Marat, after the fall of Jacobinism; and in order to avoid such inconsistencies hereafter, it is now understood that no one, however distinguished, can be interred in the Pantheon, until ten years shall have rolled away after his death. The tombs of Rousseau and of Voltaire are, as yet, the only monuments to be seen

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there, and as these have been placed on a lower floor below the pavement, they appear to very little advantage, and do no credit to the intention of the government. I am surprised that none of the wits of Paris should have imagined a conversation in the nature of Lord Lyttleton's dialogues of the dead, between these two great authors, as they remain here, side by side, during the long and tedious nights of winter; they might each very properly allow that a fair experiment had been made of their principles in matters of religion and politics; that all power had been for a time concentrated in, and exercised by, the people, and Christianity driven out from among Frenchmen; and that the result had been fatal to good government, and to every sort of morality—to the arts and sciences, and to all the decencies of common life. A noble prospect of all Paris is commanded from the top of the Pantheon, and as I foresee that the objects I have yet to speak of may occupy several letters, I will avail myself of the situation, and conduct you, in imagination, to the upper gallery, whence we may cast a rapid glance over the greater part of Paris. The city, divided into nearly two equal portions by the river is at our feet, and the circular line of barriers at the outlet of every street which communicates with the country, shows how the inhabitants of this great metropolis are shut in whenever their master pleases, as sheep are by a butcher. A good map, and some previous knowledge of the city, enables one easily to point out the different churches, hospitals, and palaces, and to distinguish the military school, where the present Emperor received his education, at the expense of the late King; the Hotel of the Invalids, and the Champ de Mars. It was on this fatal spot, that Louis XVI accepted of a Constitution which was his destruction; it was here that Bailley, one of the most humane and enlightened men of the age, drank to the very lees the cup of human misery—and it was here, that the representatives of the nation could for six years successively, swear eternal hatred to that form of government to which they have since sworn allegiance. The Hotel of the Invalids is particularly conspicuous, and the more to our satisfaction, from our knowing that two or three hundred officers, and from three to four thousand soldiers, are comfortably accommodated there for the rest of their lives. You will see a description of this great and magnificent building in any book of travels into France, and particularly of the dome;

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which, though superb in execution, was a very useless and costly addition to so charitable an establishment. Several hundred standards, taken in war, are here displayed in a very graceful manner. I saw three or four English among them, but what surprised me was a jack and ensign of the American navy; I think our ambassador might be directed to inquire upon what occasion they were taken, for no such event was ever, I believe, known in America. I observed among the standards, that those of Russia and of the German powers were dark and gloomy and torn with bullets, those of Italy were gaudy and for the most part entire, and those of Turkey were singular with a certain semi-barbarian air, which is not unbecoming. The kitchen of the hotel is a dark and gloomy cavern, where Polyphemus might have stretched himself at full length, after having supped on two of the companions of Ulysses, and it seemed every way worthy of such a master; but the library made us amends—it is a light and handsome room, where an excellent collection of books is provided for the use of the pensioners, and where I had the pleasure to see several of them reading at a very convenient circular table, while others were looking over maps, or taking notes. At the upper end of the room is a picture of Buonaparte, when first consul, by his favourite painter, David, in which, though I have heard it much commended, I could see but very little merit. He is represented as on horseback, at the moment of passing the St. Bernard. But no horse, of such horses, to use the language of Homer, as are born in these degenerate days, could possibly gallop in such a place, nor could any man keep his seat in such a position—the whole composition, in short, is defective. I would have seated him on one of those blocks of granite, which lie scattered over the surface of the little plain of St. Bernard, and were probably brought there by some great convulsion of nature; and I would have expressed in his countenance the pleasure which a great conqueror might be supposed to feel, at beholding his army file off before him, after a successful struggle with difficulties which, to the rest of mankind, had appeared insurmountable. I would have made him smile with complacency, for I am told he has been seen to smile, and I would have rendered the whole picture as pleasing a representation as possible of the most brilliant event in the life of this great man. But David has given him a dark and gloomy air; and, were it not for the insignia of command, one

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would suppose it the portrait of some officer of captain Rolando's, who, after assassinating a traveller, was endeavouring to escape, at the risk of his neck, from the pursuit of the holy brotherhood. Between the Luxembourg, the Invalids, and the river, is the Fauxbourg St. Germain, where the greater part of the principal nobility resided at the time of the royal government. Their hotels are in general at the extremity of a court, separated from the street by high walls, and with spacious gardens behind. A great number of these have been sold as national property, and are converted into lumber houses or stores; for the new rich, who might alone apply such buildings to their former purposes, choose to be in the busier part of Paris, and nearer the Thullieries; but some are yet in possession of the rightful proprietor, and I am told that the best company, in the proper sense of the word, is still to be met with in the Fauxbourg St. Germain. Some few persons of noble birth who had originally taken a part in the Revolution, have been since carried along by the torrent, and now fill offices in the government, or about the person of the emperor; they are not many in number however, and it has not been without threats of banishment and confiscation to them, and all their connexions, that a few ladies of ancient name have been prevailed upon to stand upon the list of attendants on the empress. On visiting a cotton manufactory, I was surprised to find a Monsieur de Montmorency, and some other noblemen, of ancient and illustrious family also, among the directors of it; the Duke de Liancourt, whose travels in America have been published, has converted the castle of his ancestors into a similar establishment; he confines himself to a small corner, which serves for every purpose of housekeeping, and has been heard to declare that he never before knew what happiness was: I have, upon two or three occasions, found myself in the company of this ancient nobility, and have been struck with their cheerful acquiescence to the will of fortune, and at that dignified politeness of demeanor, which does not exist elsewhere. Immediately below us, for I must still suppose you in the gallery of the Pantheon, is the quarter once called the University, from being chiefly the property of that ancient body which had been erected into a corporation by the earlier kings of France, and was in possession of very extensive municipal rights. The two inhabited islands of the river are before you on the north; that of the city, which has the palace of Justice at one

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extremity, and the church of Notre Dame near the other, is a collection of narrow dirty streets, and dark houses, of I know not how many stories, and that of St. Louis consists of regular streets which cross each other at right angles; it was formerly the residence of people of the robe (as lawyers and judges are called in French), and has now the appearance of one of our towns in America at the time of the yellow fever. To the east and south-east of the Pantheon are the Fauxbourgs St. Victor and St. Marceau, remarkable for having furnished, during the whole of the revolution, a crowd of needy and desperate individuals, whom the different parties have used as instruments against each other; and remarkable also for manners and customs, extremely remote from those of the brilliant parts of Paris. I should like, before we quitted the Pantheon, to give you some idea of that noble building, the purposes of which may be changed a great many times yet before it can be completely finished. It is in the best style of architecture, with a front composed of twenty-two Corinthian columns fifty-eight feet in height; fifty-two others of smaller dimensions surround the exterior of the dome; the interior of the building consists of four naves, decorated with one hundred and thirty Corinthian columns, and in the centre of these is the dome, which presents sixteen others, that support a spherical roof, from which rises a second and more elevated vault. It would, if finished, be such as you might suppose the Temple of Fame, in Roman or in Grecian times; and the present intention is, that the whole shall be surmounted by a colossal statue of the goddess, with all her attributes. From the Pantheon we will go to the Gobelins, which have been so frequently and so well described, and then to the ancient church of St. Medard. There is no art perhaps, in which the first rude essays are more remote from subsequent perfection than that of tapestry. The veteran of the fish-market, with a face marked by bruises, and in all the glow of habitual intemperance, is not more removed in appearance from the *elegante*, who shivers at a breeze, than the hangings we sometimes meet with under the name of tapestry, are from the production of the Gobelins. Their performance is always a copy from some picture, and their mode of working resembles weaving rather than embroidery; the threads are perpendicular—these they intermingle in all the infinite variety of colours that the subject requires, working on the wrong side,

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reversing every thing, consequently, as an engraver does, when he works without the assistance of a mirror, and unable, but in imagination to trace the progress of their work; they sometimes rise, indeed, and go round the frame to observe the resemblance to the original, and occasionally undo a part of what they had completed. The workmen are in the employment of government, and receive less wages than a negro man does for sawing wood in America. They are, as you may suppose, with such wages, rather meanly dressed, and have a squalid unwholesome appearance, from being so continually confined to a sitting posture. To approach one of these persons at work, and to behold what rises under his forming hands, is to have an idea of something like creation—Zeuxis, selecting from the assembled beauty of Greece those traits which might best become the goddess of love; the bold approach of some, the reluctance of others, the bashfulness which hides itself behind a companion, and the perfection of the human form in every limb and feature are, I might almost say, divinely expressed; other copies of a great variety of the best pictures are to be seen here; but I was principally struck with that of Zeuxis painting Venus, and that of admiral Coligni, who meets his murderer at the door, and seems to say to him—Young man, respect these grey hairs.

THE SCRIBBLER, NO. III.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

RIDICULE, says some one, is the test of truth. If we judge by the ordinary practice of mankind, this opinion seems to be generally adopted, for nothing is more common than to use this weapon against those whose conduct or opinions, we disapprove; yet, why this opinion has been sanctioned by the approbation of all, and the practice of as many as are qualified for the undertaking, I am quite at a loss to conceive. The purpose which ridicule designs to effect is laughter, and the means adopted for this end are universally, an aggravation, distortion, or concealment of the truth. It is absolutely necessary to heighten the natural colours of most objects, to enlarge their proper lineaments and features, or to show some of them disconnected with others, which are their genuine attendants, in order to render them ridiculous.

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If we examine any instance of ridicule, either in books, or conversation, we shall not fail to find it such as I have mentioned. If we are acquainted with the original of which the ludicrous portrait is presented to us, we fail not to perceive the monstrous interval between them: nor, indeed, is it easy to find any natural or possible features whatever, in any picture designedly ridiculous. The scene very seldom bears any resemblance not only to the particular object designed to be exhibited, but to any thing within the bounds of possibility.

It cannot, however, be denied that objects sometimes occur which, in order to excite ridicule, need be only truly and faithfully portrayed. Such objects are very few. In painting them, the dealers in ridicule, are never satisfied with adhering to the truth, though their purpose would be sufficiently answered by adhering to it. They have an invincible propensity to be unjust, and to trick out the victim of their cruelty, with some preposterous feature which does not belong to him.

Since, then, the most venerable and lovely person; the most pure and enlightened conduct; the most generous and irreproachable opinion can be made, by the sons of wit and of malice, ridiculous, by taking away somewhat that really belongs to it, and giving it somewhat that it has no title to; since objects ridiculous in some degree are never formally exposed to the ridicule, they merely deserve; but always, by the addition of fictitious circumstances, to more than they deserve, how comes it that ridicule has ever been considered as the test of truth?

Another and more important error lurks in the common practice and opinions on this head. No conduct or opinion of any kind deserves to be ridiculed. Laughter is not the effect which any conduct or opinion ought to produce. If there be a fault or error in it, it cannot fail to produce mischief, or unhappiness somewhere; but of what texture must be that mind to which guilt and misery are objects of laughter? It is true that we daily see crimes and misery treated with laughter and derision, by many persons of intelligence and probity, but this arises from their ignorance of the true nature of the object of their mirth, or their casual inattention to it. They view it, not in its true light, and with its inseparable circumstances. Their mirth, is, itself, the offspring of lamentable folly; their laughter is the child of disgraceful ignorance.

There are few objects that excite the ridicule and laughter of the vulgar, more than the freaks of drunkenness. The drunken wretch of either sex in the streets, is pursued by a troop of joyous laughing souls of all ages. The drunken man has even been thought worthy of being brought upon the stage, not for the detestation or the pity, but the amusement of the audience, and the delighted shouts of the ragged vulgar in the gallery, are not seldom re-echoed by the applauding

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clappings of the well-dressed mob in the boxes: Yet no fastidious refinement, surely, is evinced by those who derive nothing but horror and compassion from such a spectacle. No singular sagacity, may we be allowed to think, is required to comprehend the dismal and terrific consequences of this vice to the victim himself, as well as to the unfortunate beings who own him for a kinsman, or a friend. I have often thought, indeed, that nothing more strongly evinced the selfishness and cruelty of human nature, than the ridicule which drunkenness commonly excites. Those to whom such a spectacle, exhibited by their own parent, wife, or child, would be the greatest of imaginable woes, find it infinitely entertaining in those who happen to be strangers to them. They make not the case of the kindred of this reprobate their own. Though this suggestion of sympathy should seem to be extremely obvious, how few are they, whose hearts it finds accessible?

I remember, in times that are, happily, long past, when the hospital for maniacs in this city, used to be a favourite resort of the dissolute and idle, on sundays and holydays. The thrifty system that then prevailed allowed every one to enter who paid his doit, and every one was suffered to go where he pleased. The visitants generally repaired to the vaulted gallery, which separates the cells of the lunatics: there, little wickets being open in the cell-doors, they had opportunities of looking in, and making themselves merry with the incoherent exclamations and unmeaning gesticulations of the tenant. To heighten the amusement, it was common to provoke the maniac by insulting gestures or speeches. The threats and execrations of the madman, and the ineffectual efforts at revenge which he made, with his face, or his arm through the wicket, made this dismal vault resound with peals of laughter. To strike, with a club, the hand extended through the opening, to catch the weapon, was accounted excellent sport, and I have seen some of the unhappy victims tormented in this way for many hours.*

These may be considered as rare and violent examples of the folly and cruelty of ridicule; but, in truth, the most harmless and allowable ridicule, differs from this only in the degree of its absurdity and wickedness, while that ridicule, which brings ignominy or contempt on objects by decking them with false colours and distorted features, is still more criminal: nothing is more piercing than contempt, *sharper than the serpent's tooth* is the sting of derision. Hence virtue and wisdom, both as to their effects on the fate of the possessor, and their

* This incident is a simple fact, of which the writer, when very young, was more than once a witness in the Pennsylvania Hospital.

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influence in general happiness, lie at the mercy of unfeeling, or unprincipled wit. It is unfortunate for human happiness, that the most deadly of all weapons is, at the same time, managed with most ease, that very few can examine impartially or deeply, or reason coolly, or accurately, while millions can laugh, and raise a laugh with the utmost success against an adversary.

There are some, who may think him, who employed his days in laughing at the miseries and vices of mankind, more worthy of imitation, than the rueful sage, who found, in the survey of human life, perpetual occasion for weeping. The first may not have been very compassionate or considerate, but was certainly the happier of the two. If laughter, in such cases be absurd, or cruel, yet the philosopher himself was happy in the occupation. Weeping, in the other case, is misery in him who weeps, and is a still more egregious folly, since it is injurious to the mourner, without being of any use to the object of his commiseration. But this is not altogether true. Relief and amendment can only be expected from him, who pities. The more he is agonized with his compassion, the stronger is his inclination to heal the error, or remove the distress, which occasions it. The laugher, on the contrary, finds joy in his mirth, and would be very sorry to be deprived of the occasion, which excites it. If ridicule amend the object of it, it is without any such design in him, who deals in ridicule. We often hear ridicule defended on this score, but this plea is remarkably fallacious, since ridicule, will certainly instil a passion much more hurtful, than most of the faults against which it is levelled, and, so far from certainly curing the original defect, it may render it more inveterate and radical. If I lay down a darling habit in order to avoid your ridicule, I shall take up instead a deadly enmity against you, and the last I shall certainly do, whether I do the first or not. He will appear to me entitled to nothing less than unextinguishable vengeance, who derives joy from my misfortune, and hastens to blazon it abroad to the world, instead of warning me against it in private. My reformation, by depriving him of occasions of satire, will mortify and disappoint his vain and selfish heart, and though I may rejoice in the ultimate consequence, it will be impossible to abhor the author of it. The potion he administered for poison, has, after a painful struggle, restored me to better health than ever, but is he not a poisoner and assassin still? In order to judge rightly of the wisdom, discretion, and benevolence of ridicule and satire, nothing is necessary, but to imagine ourselves to be its object.

Almost every work, famous for satirical wit, affords an example of the injustice of ridicule, and a long chain of memorable cases might be mentioned, beginning as high as Socrates, in which ridicule has done irreparable mischief. The trophies of her salutary conquests

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are few, while those of her flagitious murders cannot be reckoned for number. For one unquestionable malefactor, whom she has chastised into remorse and reformation, she has brought innocent and meritorious thousands to ignominy, ruin, and death.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE LITERARY WORLD.

THE employment of what the booksellers quaintly, but expressively, call a *taking* title, is become a sort of fashion, among the novelists of England. The popularity of Mr. Surr's "Winter in London," has diffused winter all over the kingdom, and has generated a Winter in Bath, and a Winter in Kent, and Winter every where. Miss Sidney Owenson has lately written the history of a "Wild Irish Girl," and, *as we expected*, one Mr. Dennis Jasper Murphy, who we suppose is a mere man of buckram, and whose tremendous name is what the French call his *nomme de guerre*, has followed his fair countrywoman with the "Wild Irish *Boy*." The adventures of this Hibernian lad have just been reprinted in New-York, and are by no means ill written, or barren of entertainment and instruction. The style often rises to elegance, and the concealed author is certainly a man of genius and observation. He has already distinguished himself by a work of imagination, entitled the Fatal Revenge, or the family of Montorio, a novel of much celebrity, which has likewise been reprinted here, and which will be read with rapture by those, who relish Mrs. Radcliffe, or who are fond of an inside view of the cells of the Inquisition. The Wild Irish Boy is dedicated, with great address, to that munificent nobleman the Earl of Moira. From this elegant dedication we will transcribe a single paragraph, which, we think, is at once evincive of the author's powers of language, and of modesty associated with the spirit of an aspiring adventurer. "I am an Irishman, unnoticed and unknown, a professional man without preferment, and an author without celebrity. No man covets obscurity, yet I would not willingly emerge from mine, till I am called forth, and feel that I deserve to be called forth; that Society owes me something, and is solicitous to repay me; that I have a place and a name on earth. "*Ex fumo dare lucem*," I think an excellent motto for a man, not indignant of concealment, but not "formed for concealment."

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The following extract, though not very favourable to the literary and moral character of MOORE, is inserted here as a specimen of style, and as the frank, though apparently reluctant, opinion of one of his own countrymen. Our Wild Irish Boy's hypothesis, that the occasional levity of Mr. Moore's muse, renders her totally incapable of the highest flights of poetry, has already been abundantly refuted by the poet himself.

"A figure, very different from the last, now entered. A young man of diminutive stature, but of an intelligent countenance, and a most easy and felicitous address. I fear, said Bellamy, you can hardly bestow the praise of purity on the productions of your countryman, Anacreon Moore. I fear, said I, the want of that praise excludes him from more. The merit of a writer must be, in some measure, connected with that of his subject, and the subjects that writer has chosen are such as to exclude all praise, but that of brilliant levity of sentiment, and exquisite versification. By what evil genius his choice was directed I cannot conceive, but I lament its influence has been equally unfortunate for poetry and for himself. He was formed to enlarge the territories and honours of poetry; but, like *Vasco*, his expedition has terminated in being *thrown away* on the *island of Love*. A dull writer defeats the mischief of his own depravity, but the pointed and polished shafts of Moore, like those of his favourite Deity, tingle in the blood with delicious irritation, and convey sweet poison through the most balmy and seductive medium. I speak of him with real sorrow; he might have done much—he has done nothing, but what I hope he will yet wish undone. No writer I have ever read, possessed so much the power of picturesque and living description of nature, or of luscious and yet lively, and uncloying harmony of sound. He is a writer, of whose powers the world can no more form a just estimate, than we could of Pope, from his Paraphrase on the first Psalm, or of Homer, if we had read no more than his Loves of Venus and Anchises. Before the wreath of his Fancy had well bloomed, he hung their *blushing honours* on the image of the garden god. I fear no other power will now receive his vows. It is possible to injure the mind's eye, as well as the bodily, by a constant contemplation of one object: the object that Moore has contemplated, must of itself, give an obliquity to the intellectual sight. He has talked and written of love, till, I fear, he can no longer write of any thing else. His ideas, which, like those of every writer, must, in some measure, be supplied from external sources, do not appear to me to be drawn from sources either deep or various. I am afraid, like his own *Little*, he has only read what he pleased, as well as written what he pleased. If his reading has been extensive, the power of assimilation which his mind possesses must be amazingly strong. It is a perfect fountain of Salmacis, whoever enters it becomes voluptuous and debilitated. His language, which, at first, presents an

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endless and unwearying range of diversified elegance, if closely examined, betrays repetition, artfully concealed, like the boundaries of the gardens of the Serail, it escapes the eye under a fence of roses.

"It is painful to speak with severity of a man, whose suavity of manner, facility of information, and easy dissipation of life, present a kind of innocent and infantile luxury. But we should remember, that the levities of a man are vices in the author. No one need publish the frolics of his intemperance, or expose the nudities of his indulgence. While Alcibiades riots in the recesses of his luxury, the injury is only done to himself; but when he sallies out to outrage sanctity, the offence becomes serious and cognizable. For a man, possessing so many powers of giving delight, between whose lips and whose pen, Harmony seems to have divided her existence, eminently skilled in pleasing those whom all are proud to please, capable of effecting the rare union of sentiment with sound; of being at once the poet of the senses, and the minstrel of the heart; for such a man there may be, there must be, a thousand excuses, if HE SINK INTO THE SOFTNESS AROUND HIM; but, for the attempt to communicate what he must have felt the injuries of himfelf, for the attempt to add seduction to pleasure, and teach Impurity a new species of sentimental Logic, to add an impulse to the lapse of vicious feeling, and modulate the *death dance* of vice with the harmony of a lyre strung by heaven; for this, there can be no excuse, even at the bar of literature; and if he carries the cause to a higher court, I doubt still more tremblingly, his acquittal there."

All this is an elegant exhibit of polished composition; nor are we at all disposed to molest our critic's morality, because it appears to be agreed on all hands, and, as we well know, acknowledged by Mr. Moore himself, that many of his juvenile poems are of a too ardent character. But when our Wild Irish Boy fancies, that because the poet's page sometimes reveals all the softness of SAPPHO, sometimes all the voluptuousness of MINNERMUS, now the indelicacy of CATULLUS, and now the license of OVID, the versatile MOORE is incapable of other and better things, we think the critic does the highest injustice, not merely to the man, but to Mind itself. Such is the astonishing pliancy of genius, so boundless its resources, so extensive in its flights, so unlimited in its operations, that an Alcibiades, a Julius Cæsar, a Picus Mirandula, or a Sir William Jones, can be considered as a phenomenon, only by a vulgar remarker. In fact, in the very volume which has been the most obnoxious to the fastidious severity of Criticism, and to the indignant reproaches of Morality, which has caused the monk to cower beneath his cowl, and the prude to bridle behind her fan, contains the most splendid proofs of consummate ability in the loftiest compositions of the lyric, and, above all, of the satirical muse.

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What can be more impassioned, what more beautiful, what more sublime, what more allied to the very best manner of Juvenal and Persius, of Johnson and Churchill, than many of Moore's poetical epistles? We challenge the whole force of Criticism to bring any piece in her whole park of artillery to bear upon one of these points. Here the author is perfectly invulnerable. The writers in that highly respectable Journal, the British Critic, a large portion of whom are clergymen of the established church, men of the gravest character and the purest morals, associated with a stern severity of judgment, the stores of learning, the powers of genius, and the delicacy of taste, declared, in a strain of unexampled liberality, their favourable opinion of the talents displayed in Mr. Moore's earliest effusions, and when these critics officially advert to one of his latest productions, they offer to him, as a "a piece of friendly advice," the following suggestion, which we publish in their own words. "Let him *republish*, in a smaller size, all the poems in that volume, which are not morally exceptionable, and we will answer for an extensive sale. The author, we hesitate not to say, is, in many respects A TRUE POET; and we should be happy to praise his talents, and point out his merits, if he would give us such an opportunity." This is liberal and noble. Our judicious critics accurately draw the line of discrimination between the frolic Fancy, and the legitimate labours of Mr. Moore. They advise him as parents, and they praise him as judges. We hope he will richly profit by every hint from such wise and good men. In the giddiness of indiscreet days, stimulated by the fervour of fancy, and the force of feeling, mingling with the *juvenes protervi* of a dissipated metropolis, beguiled by Fashion, and seduced by Beauty, the modern Anacreon has, perhaps, made more than one sacrifice to that Venus, whose attribute is not wisdom, and whose epithet is not *Uranian*. But he has recognized his errors, and has not only traced the thorny path of Contrition, but has made rapid advances to those steeps of Fame, whence he may gaze, with a serene eye, upon every critic and every competitor. Let him persevere in this lofty purpose, let him court the Dryads of the country, instead of the dames of fashion, and it requires no prophet's skill to predict that his honoured name will be familiarly associated with the most classic authors of the Augustan age of his country.

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LITERARY INTELLIGENCE——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THORNTON ABBEY: A Series of Letters on Religious Subjects.

A scrupulosity of temper in the use of any lawful means to promote the Spiritual or Temporal welfare of mankind, receives no countenance either from Reason or Revelation, &c.

2 *vols.* 12*mo. London, printed. Philadelphia, reprinted.*

IN the United States, the right of printing any book, not wicked, however foolish or insipid, is guarantied to any person disposed to pass it through the Press. Hence arises a kind of necessity for reviews: because, among the crowd of authors offering themselves candidates for public applause some of course must be undeserving of the wreath. But although the task of criticising is useful and laborious, yet it is invidious. He, therefore, who presumes to occupy the Bench in the Court of Criticism, in order to be completely qualified for his station, ought to be well versed in all the statutes of literature: and moreover, he ought to have the eyes of Argus, the patience of Job, the wisdom of Solomon, the meekness of Moses, and the strength of Johnson: thus fortified, he might undertake to pronounce judgment without fear, favour, or affection. Such are the desirable qualifications of this sort of High Chancellor. But a person less variously endowed, may be permitted to notice a book of minor pretensions; and, therefore, as I have not yet seen any remarks relative to the work named above, I take the liberty to offer some. Whatever may be your rules with regard to sectarian principles, the *benign spirit* of these Letters on Religious Subjects seems to entitle them to particular notice.

Opening the volume, THORNTON ABBEY caught my eye. Ho! said I, here's a novel; I never read such works; the world is inundated with as much trash of this kind as would require a lifetime to read. But proceeding, *A Series of Letters on Religious Subjects*—a novel on religious subjects! It must be something incongruous. To me, of grave, studious habits, the titlepage was repulsive. But I ventured to read the work, and can, as a *Lawyer*, though not as a *Divine*, from a perusal of the whole of the evidence, give my opinion, that the reader of these volumes will be both pleased and instructed. The author's style is perspicuous; and he has skilfully interwoven with the usual incidents, the common charm of novels, a theme of piety grateful to the Christian of whatever denomination. Several sects are mentioned, but so delicately, that no offence can be taken by the liberal. There is a *sprinkling* of the Divine Oracles throughout the work which renders it *unique* and valuable: it is free from asperity; inculcates the practice of the most beneficent precepts; exhibits the brightest examples; and is admirably adapted to those volatile beings who, considering divine subjects trite or abstruse, devote their time to reading light and frivolous books. It leads them gently by the hand

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into the delightful fold of the Shepherd of Israel. The Infidel is reclaimed, and the parties are, finally, made Baptists; but this is no more than the winding up of the plan, no more than a necessary, and surely a *happy* catastrophe. We must be either of Paul, or Apollos.

In the Preface to the work, the publisher observes of the author:

"Having observed that much evil was conveyed to the rising generation by the enchanting works of fiction, it was his wish to convey truth and godliness through that medium."

His attempt is praiseworthy, and will be no doubt attended with useful effects.

Mr. Neville, the careful father of the accomplished, amiable, and what is rarely associated with superior acquirements or beauty, the *pious* Eusebia, was of opinion "that the minds of youth uncultivated, may be compared to lands neglected by the husbandman, which receive all the seeds scattered at random by the winds," and spared no pains to enrich the minds of his children with useful learning, and to render them orthodox in religion. But Eusebia, meek, modest, and learned, inheriting a little of the perverse or *curious* spirit of her great-grandmother, in despite of the admonitions of her parent, and her tutor Father Albino, strays from the Church of Rome, for a long time wanders about like a lost sheep, and continues to interest us to the end of the history, when she is unexpectedly married to Mr. Clifford, whom she had happily contributed to convert from Infidelity to a genuine belief and exemplary practice of the injunctions of a Christian Church.

The matchless Eusebia, disputing with Mr. Clifford and asked by him, "Whom do *you* call Christians?" thus elegantly replies: "those who imbibe the doctrine, the precepts, and the example of Christ. Did he, by any of these, teach his followers to destroy or injure those who believed not?"

If any there be, sufficiently captious, or cold to the precepts of the Gospel, to condemn the work without reading it, I would answer, read it—"Who art thou? O great mountain! Before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain."

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE MONITOR—No. I.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I REQUEST the favour of a page or two in each of the numbers of your useful production, for hints and recommendations, intended for the public benefit; that is, just so long, as you deem my lucubrations likely to produce the end proposed.

UNSEATED LANDS.

Perhaps there is hardly any thing in the political regulations of America, that is more disgraceful than the system that prevails in some of these States, respecting unseated lands. It is pregnant with ruinous consequences to many of the landholders, and opens scenes of rapacity and fraud, which loudly call for a reform. These lands are, as they ought to be, taxed for the purpose of promoting the settlement of them, by discouraging a tendency towards monopoly of vast tracts of lands, in the hands of wealthy individuals, equal to German and Italian principalities. The owners of those lands, or a large proportion of them at least, reside at a great distance. They are, generally, ignorant of the amount of the taxes, and of the place where they are to be paid; and, even if they know them, are liable to neglect the payment, owing to the pressure of business, and that spirit of procrastination which holds almost universal empire over mankind. The lands are in consequence of this neglect, sold for the taxes. Combinations are formed by neighbouring settlers, and under the solemn mockery of the semblance of justice, tracts worth probably hundreds or thousands of dollars, are sold for as many cents. This is no ideal case. A valued friend of mine has irretrievably lost 1000 acres of land in the State of Ohio, that cost him 2000 dollars, for about three years taxes, amounting to about 20 dollars! It is not easy to conceive of greater injustice perpetrated almost without murmur on the part of the sufferers. It is no small aggravation of the severity of the case, that many of the landholders have been compelled to take these very lands in payment of just debts, long due to them by traders to the westward, and which debts were finally liquidated by receiving the lands at extravagant prices.

The remedy is easy and simple. It is not a mere matter of speculation. It has been tried, and found efficacious. New-York, to her immortal honour, has relieved herself from the shame and disgrace of such scenes of rapine.

The unpaid taxes on unseated lands form a distinct fund, which bears interest at fourteen per cent. The interest is yearly added to the

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principal. To this objections may be made, as it is actually compound interest. But the objection is grounded wholly on inveterate prejudice, for, as the tax ought, if right, to be paid yearly, and as in that case the money might be put out to interest, which would be so much increase of the capital of the State; it is but reasonable that the State should not suffer by the delinquency of its citizens, nor would it be just that they should benefit by that delinquency.

The amount of the taxes and interest forms a lien upon the lands, and is an effectual bar against any alienation of them, while it remains unpaid.

Notwithstanding the high percentage, and the compound interest, the lands generally raise in value, in a much greater proportion than the increase of the amount of the debt to the State.

To the powerful State of Pennsylvania, let me say in the words of Scripture:

Go—do thou likewise.

—

TURNPIKE ROADS.

In travelling through the State of New-York, last Spring, I observed several turnpike gates staked back, so as to prevent their being shut. On inquiring, I was informed that there are commissioners, who are directed by law to inspect the turnpike roads (I am uncertain whether once or twice a year), and if they find them not in proper order, it is their duty to stake back the gates, which is a virtual suspension of the collection of toll, till they are put into complete repair. The reader need not be informed, that the apprehension of this interdiction induces the managers to industry, and watchfulness; and when it has taken place, that great exertions are made to remove the evil.

This regulation, like the former, is worthy of adoption in our State.

—

SWIMMING.

Many valuable lives are yearly lost through ignorance of the very simple art of swimming. And with all the advantages we possess of proximity to the Schuylkill and Delaware, there are great numbers of our young people, particularly of the middle and upper classes of society, brought up in total ignorance of this healthful, and necessary art. Very many parents regard with horror the idea of trusting their children in the river, "till," as the old woman said, "they have learned to swim." I propose a simple remedy for this difficulty, which will afford a decent man or two, a comfortable living every Spring, Sum-

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mer, and fall. Let a man of this description undertake for a moderate compensation to give lessons on the art of swimming, to a select number of pupils, whom he will be able to take sufficient care of, and guard against danger. I am egregiously mistaken if there would not be very handsome encouragement for such an undertaking.

Q.

ORIGINAL POETRY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE SOLDIER OF THE ALPS.

In the vallies yet lingered the shadows of night,
Though red on the glaciers the morning sun shone,
When our moss-covered church-tower first broke on my sight,
As I cross'd the vast oak o'er the cataract thrown.

For beyond that old church-tower, embosomed in pines,
Was the spot which contained all the bliss of my life,
Near yon grey granite rock, where the red ash reclines,
Stood the cottage where dwelt my loved children and wife.

Long since did the blast of the war-trumpet cease,
The drum slept in silence, the colours were furled,
Serene over France rose the day-star of Peace,
And the beams of its splendour gave light to the world.

When near to the land of my fathers I drew,
And the dawn-light her features of grandeur unveiled,
As I caught the first glimpse of her ice-mountains blue,
Our old native Alps with what rapture I hailed.

"Oh! soon, I exclaimed, will those mountains be passed,
And soon shall I stop at my own cottage door,
There my children's caresses will greet me at last,
And the arms of my wife will enfold me once more.

"While the fulness of joy leaves me powerless to speak,
Emotions which language can never define,
When her sweet tears of transport drop warm on my cheek,
And I feel her fond heart beat once more against mine.

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"Then my boy, when our tumults of rapture subside,
Will anxiously ask how our soldiers have sped,
Will flourish my bay'net with infantile pride,
And exultingly place my plumed cap on his head.

"Then my sweet girl will boast how her chamois has grown,
And make him repeat all his antics with glee,
Then she'll haste to the vine that she claims as her own,
And fondly select its ripe clusters for me.

"And when round our fire we assemble to-night,
With what interest they'll list to my tale of the war,
How our shining arms gleamed on St. Bernard's vast height,
While the clouds in white billows rolled under us far.

"Then I'll tell how the legions of Austria we braved,
How we fought on Marengo's victorious day,
When the colours of conquest dejectedly waved
Where streamed the last blood of the gallant Dessaix."

'Twas thus in fond fancy my bosom beat light
As I crossed the rude bridge where the wild waters roll,
When each well-known scene crowded fast on my sight,
And Hope's glowing visions came warm to my soul.

Through the pine-grove I hastened with footsteps of air,
Already my lov'd ones I felt in embrace,
When I came—of my cot not a vestige was there—
But a hilloc of snow was heap'd high in its place.

The heart-rending story too soon did I hear—
An avalanche, loosed from the near mountain's side,
Our cottage o'erwhelmed in its thundering career,
And beneath it my wife and my children had died.

IMOGEN.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE MODERN LAURA.

I've seen the wild rose gem the field,
In all the pride of vernal bloom;
Its tints to Laura's blush must yield:
Its fragrance, to her breath's perfume.

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Around the tombs, where sleep the brave,
I've seen an Eglantine display
Her lucid folds, and gently lave,
With virgin dews, the hallowed clay.

But purer is the tear, which gleams
In Laura's blue and brilliant eye;
And richer is the flush, which beams
From lips, which, with the ruby vie.

Had Laura's smile, of radiant power,
Her frank and fascinating air,
Illumed the famed Italian bower
When GENIUS SHONE RESPLENDENT THERE;

No Bard would then for wedded charms
Have cherished an unhallowed flame;
But chaster fires, more sweet alarms,
Her beauty, wit, and worth would claim.

That spell of innocence and truth,
The magic which her glance displays,
Thus blended with the glow of youth,
Had, then, embellished PETRARCH'S lays.

E.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

AT the close of Dr. Downman's poem, entitled *INFANCY*, the benefits of inoculation for small-pox are described, and a eulogium delivered on Mrs. Montague for the share she had in the introduction of that practice into Great Britain. By some slight omissions, additions, and alterations, it will be found, that the passages alluded to, apply, with greater truth and effect, to Vaccination and its promoter, Dr. Jenner. The result of the attempt is now presented to the Editor of The Port Folio, with all due deference, by

A SUBSCRIBER.

ADDRESS TO A MOTHER.

To happy mansions, objects of delight
And joyful prospects turn, to where thy child,
By Vaccination mild, hath overcome

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The plague variolous!* as Hercules
The spotted snakes defeating, transport flush'd
Alcmena's glowing cheek, so over thine
I see the kindled radiance. Whether born
In Ethiopic wilds, or mid the sands
Of parch'd Arabia, or where spread the shores
Girding the Caspian; from his natal place
Pursuing Mahomet's wide wasting arms
The monster* rush'd on Europe, pale Dismay,
Horror, and Death rapacious in his train.
For many a century without control
When raged his fury, by pernicious skies
Aroused or propagated far and wide
By fell Contagion he destroyed mankind.
The cities groaned; the matron o'er her babe
In unavailing trance of anguish hung.
The lover offer'd up his fruitless vows,
And wearied heaven, importunately fond,
To save the beauty which his soul ador'd.
The babe, the mother's self became his prey;
The youth and virgin sunk into the tomb.
If life were granted, beauty was effaced;
Each decent feature tumid and enlarg'd,
Roughen'd or dented with unseemly scars.

Med'cine was whelm'd with shame, the Roman page
Was silent, nor the Grecian could afford
An antidote for evils Grecia's sons
Had ne'er imagined. Rhazes wrote in vain;
And even Sydenham's efforts had their bounds.
For the cold lymph with prejudice was shunn'd;
And Sydenham, though he oft by freer air
Tam'd the devouring heat, and shook the throne
Of learned ignorance, declaring war
Against its regimen, adverse to life,
And compounds teeming with destructive fire,
Alexipharmic poisons; could not change
The rank malignant nature of the pest:
Which still, when favouring constitutions reign'd
And in peculiar habits, all his art
Baffled invincible; his art, beyond
All mortals else and only not divine.

* Small-Pox.

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Inoculation next by Montagu
Cherish'd and introduced, appear'd to quell
The spotted plague; but later times have prov'd,
That, spreading far and wide contagion dire
It aggravated what it seem'd to check,
And added fuel to the raging flame.†

The triumph was reserved for Jenner's hands:
Thine was the deed, illustrious friend of man!
What Physic ne'er conjectur'd, what describ'd
Seem'd to Philosophy an idle tale,
Or curious only, He by patriot love
Inspir'd, his country rising on his view,
Prov'd as a truth, and prov'd it on her sons.

Yet this is he whom Envy's poison'd lines
Hath dar'd to censure, (flowing through the quills
Of false observers.)‡ He hath been the cause
Of heart-felt joy to thousands, thousands live,
And still shall live through him. Their labours please
None but the sceptic or the darkling crew
Whom neither Science nor Hygeia owns;
While he, the sage with generous aim unlock'd
The springs of Satisfaction and Delight,
And with perennial comfort bless'd the world.

Let me then urge this duty; nor to fear
Or Superstition yielding, let thy child
Encounter in his hideous shape the fiend,§
And brave his violence. For whither, say,
To what sequestered haunt canst thou retreat
Where he will not pursue? How vain thy flight!
How sure thy victory, if as Art directs
And wise Experience, thou anticipate‖

† Dr. Heberden has proved that the number of deaths from Small-Pox, in Great-Britain, has increased since the introduction of *inoculation*, as it necessarily tends to spread the contagion.

‡ Drs. Rowley and Mosely, of London, have written against vaccination with all the asperity of prejudice, and have treated Dr. Jenner with the greatest illiberality. They have been to Jenner what Zoilus was to Homer.

§ Small-Pox.

‖ It appears to be the opinion of some ingenious and experienced physicians, that the Cow-Pox is a milder species of Small-Pox, and by proper attention may be preserved and perpetuated in this mild and effectual state.

Jam nova progenies *cælo* dimittitur alto. VIR.

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His threaten'd blow! So when the Patriarch's arm
Was stretch'd to wound his son, an angel came,
And sav'd the victim from impending death.
Gentle and harmless we may call the power
Of genuine *Vaccination*, which regards
Nor times, nor seasons, nor disturbs the child
If to dentition's wonted state arriv'd;
Though then the lab'ring frame can ill endure
Variolous infection, whose success
Demands a nice selection of the time
Propitious to its pow'r, lest spasms dire
By the contagious vapour rais'd, invade
Sudden the precincts warm of light and life.
This¶ too the cold of winter bids us shun,
Potent the vessels to contract, increase
Their tonic force, and in the system stir
Fierce inflammation. And the summer heat;
By which all putrid ferments are sublim'd,
And render'd doubly fatal. These extremes
Avoided, in the temperate months alone
Each prudent matron ventur'd to resolve
To obey the calls of duty and of love.

But Vaccination no restraints like these
Will own, and bounteous as the light
Of heaven, with freedom spreads its blessings pure
To every season and each age alike.

Need we in this our era when mature
And vigorous Reason prospers, groundless fears
Oppose by arguments? The groundless fears
Of doubt or superstition? In thy mind
Nor terror should, nor can with justice dwell.
But lest as naturally seen, by art
Unmodified, uncheck'd the stern disease
Should thy young charge assault. If he escape
His lot is fortunate. Assaulted thus,
Oft from a hundred only, many die;
From many hundred thousands scarcely one
If rightly vaccinated. Nor believe
Kind Providence unfriendly to the deed.

¶ Variolous inoculation.

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From Providence flows reason to mankind;
And reason teaches us to fly from ill,
And covet good. Th' invention, the success,
Is the true warrant of approving heaven.
Who would not rather cross a shallow truth
When first the rising tide begins, than wait
Hemm'd in a nook till with impetuous force
It sweeps him from his station? Who refuse
By Franklin's pointed rod to draw the stream
Of lightning on their roofs, because the cloud,
Might harmless pass above? thus safe convey'd
In unterrific silence to the ground.
For Jenner then again the verse prepare
And bring th' harmonious strain! why through the realms
Of Europe are not votive statues placed
Honouring their benefactor? From the Straits
Of Gades, south, to where the towers ascend
Of fam'd Petropolis? or crossing wide
Th' Atlantic foam, why in the new-found world
That more to him than its discoverer owes;
Or mid the varied tribes of Asia's sons,
Appears no structure sacred to his praise?
Yet shall Imagination rear the dome
And fix th' expressive marble. Hither come,
Ye nymphs and swains with flowery garlands deck'd
Your polish'd foreheads; grateful hither come
Ye guardian genii! hither, glowing Love,
And spotless Beauty! Youth, with radiant eyes,
And blooming Health! while underneath the beech,
Or oak, which waves its consecrated shade,
Humanity and Wisdom smiling view
The festive throng, mid whom the Graces play,
And quitting their proud bowers and lofty hill,
The Muses utter notes divinely sweet,
Such as of yore they sang, when Gratitude
Tun'd to the friends and patrons of mankind
The genuine lyre, ennobled by its theme.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

O LOVE! sweet pain! tormenting pleasure!
O, anguish! pleasing beyond measure!
Dipp'd in Nectar is thy dart,
It wounds, but sweet, O! sweet the smart.
I saw, to guard Cecilia's eye,
Cupid with threat'ning arrows by,
I saw his bow of silver bent,
My rapturous gazes to resent;
A while my gazes I restrain,
But O! could not but look again,
Tho' by his threat'ning arrows slain!
I saw his chains, prepar'd to bind
My wounded heart; yet had no mind
Him to oppose; but gaz'd and sigh'd,
While he his silken fetters tied!
If I but *will* to break his chain,
In spite of him, I'm free again,
But O! I know not why of late,
I willing wear the chains I hate!
I love, yet curse love's tyranny;
I slav'ry choose, yet would be free;
I weep my fate, and yet, how strange,
Would not with kings my fate exchange!
I blame, yet woo; lament, tho' pleas'd,
Am sooth'd by Hope; with doubtings teas'd.
O! sweetly miserable state!
Give me, kind Heaven, the maniac's fate;
That my oblivious, wilder'd brain,
May fancy bliss, and feel not pain!

J. H.

MORTUARY.

On the 12th Inst. departed this life Miss HETTY PHILLIPS, in the 46th year of her age.

The merits of this lady were not of a kind to force themselves upon the gaze of the world; for though she possessed, in an eminent degree, the milder virtues of the human heart, yet they were veiled by such

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modesty and diffidence, that a cursory observer, though acquainted with her for years, might have been ignorant of her worth. Her deportment was mild, but dignified; for she knew too well the respect due to herself, ever to condescend to any thing that would derogate from it. She never wished to excite the notice of others, yet invariably received the attention and respect of all, who were capable of discerning the excellence of her character. Her capacity was good, and her sense of propriety acute. Few could vie with her in integrity and delicacy of feeling. She was truly thankful for the blessings bestowed upon her by Providence, and endeavoured to be resigned to its afflictive dispensations. The death of her brother, Benjamin H. Phillips, late American Consul, at Curracoa, was a severe trial of her fortitude; for she entertained an uncommonly strong affection for him: yet she bowed submissively to the will of Heaven. Sensible that every affliction was sent for her good, she endeavoured, as far as was in her power, to obey the will of her Maker, and strove to obtain that knowledge and faith which would ensure her a place in the Mansions of the Blessed. It was her earnest prayer to be taken from this world suddenly, and before the decrepitude of age should render her a burthen to her friends, so great was her fear of outliving her usefulness; and Heaven was not unmindful of her prayer, for the illness which terminated her life, was but of few minutes duration. Though she experienced that apprehension of death natural to the human mind; yet she beheld its approach without terror, supported by the conviction, that

> ——— "the dread path once trod,
> Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
> And bids the pure in heart behold their God."

Such was the conduct through life of this amiable woman, who lived beloved, and died lamented by all who knew her.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The authoress of the poetical article, addressed "to the modern Laura," in this number, and signed E. which, we have reason to think, was written at New-York, is thanked for a performance of so much genius, taste, and sensibility. We shall be always pleased to receive *poetical* performances of such a character; but as we under-

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stand that when she invokes the MORAL MUSE in *prose*, she is listened to with a very favourable ear, we indulge the hope that she will furnish us with a series of speculations upon those topics of letters and life, which the genius of an accomplished woman is best calculated to discuss.

The pathetic "Lamentation of an unfortunate Mother over the Tomb of her Son," is a memorable proof of the ardour of maternal affection, and of the vigour of a powerful mind, even when oppressed by the weight of tremendous calamity. We remember the object of her tenderness, a beautiful and interesting boy; and we believe that he ripened into a most accomplished man. In breaking the ligaments of this loathsome life, he has made his escape from its various thraldoms. He is now manumitted from its miseries. He is now a citizen of no mean city. Let us cherish the hope that among glorified spirits he is eternally enrolled, and

> On flowers reposed and with fresh garlands crown'd
> Quaffs immortality and joy.

A *well written* article, even upon topics repugnant to our feelings, and prejudices, should nevertheless be sometimes admitted by a liberal man into a liberal miscellany, whose object is to please the greater number. In The Port Folio for March, we inserted a Biography of the late celebrated CHARLES FOX, though we do not profess to be one of his partizans. Still we have never been blind to the brilliancy of his genius, the simplicity of his manners, or the versatility of his talents. He, whom BURKE, at a period of opposition and enmity, whom GIBBON, whom even PITT extolled, must have been no vulgar mortal. As a gentleman, as a scholar, as a companion, as a friend—he was unquestionably entitled to all the praise of his contemporaries. His elegant Biographer, Sir JAMES MACKINTOSH, having confined himself to the delineation of the moral, social, and literary qualities of Mr. Fox, we felt no hesitation to admit an elegant article, which, in our deliberate opinion, contains nothing more than a just tribute.

The Analysis of Antony's Speech is subtle, ingenious, and eloquent. The critics may differ, respecting our friend's hypothesis, but no one may doubt of its plausibility, or of the strength, by which it is supported. We think our valuable correspondent has a peculiar talent for those delightful investigations, so dear to the lovers of polite literature, and we urge him to be as lavish of this sort of criticism, as the multiplied avocations of a noble profession will allow to one, who is endowed with the happy privilege of speaking, as well as of writing well.

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The gentleman, whose appropriate signature is R. H. R. and who delineates with so much accuracy and beauty those sylvan scenes, which inspire all his rural enthusiasm, we fervently hope will remember that he is a *Poet*, as well as a Painter. In many of the earlier volumes of The Port Folio, his compositions in verse, whether of a pensive or a gay complexion, were very favourably received, not only by the partiality of friendship, but by the scrutinizing severity of the stranger. Amid the cares of an occupation, which permits him to take a wide survey of Nature, let him sketch her more delicate, as well as her robuster features; and while many judiciously consult him, as an accomplished man of business, let the few, sometimes, have an opportunity to hearken to him, as the poet of the groves. Whenever this gentleman finds leisure, or inclination to task the powers of his fancy, he is sure to have a favorable verdict from all the judges in the court of criticism. We know him to be so perfectly well read in the Latin and Italian poets, particularly those of a descriptive, an amatory, or an epigrammatic character, that if he will not, habitually, translate from them himself, none is better qualified to indicate them to the attention of other amateurs.

The reviewer of Ashe's *fictitious* Travels in America, has ably vindicated an injured and defamed country, and fully exposed all the absurdities of a deliberate *romancer*. Must we look in vain for some enlightened, scientific, and candid foreigner, whose tour through our territories will render us common justice? The habit of grossly misrepresenting the manners, genius, and face of our country, contributes most perniciously to the strengthening of those prejudices, which time, as well as good policy, ought long since to have destroyed. With regard to Mr. Thomas Ashe, the last traducer of the United States, he comes forward in the imposing guise of a gentleman, who is therefore supposed to be governed by all the laws of Honour, Urbanity, and Truth. But when, in one sweeping clause, he denies to the Eastern States both manners and morals; when he first freezes New England with his polar ice, and then broils her amid all the fervours of a torrid noon; when he stoutly insists that she *hates* Great Britain with vindictiveness; when he talks about the bigotry of the north, and of the banditties of the south, and swears lustily that *wild cats* are always on the watch here to devour men; with all our respect for the character of an accomplished and manly Briton, we are compelled to think of this wild wanderer that he has not the most perfect pretensions to so illustrious a character.

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The SCRIBBLER, whose unpretending title is by no means descriptive of his powers, has, in a recent speculation upon the hackneyed topic of ridicule, framed both a novel and ingenious theory, which he has supported with great dexterity of argument. Of the various answers to my lord SHAFTSBURY's famous assertion, scarcely one has escaped our regard; although many of these were from the pens of the most learned Divines and subtlest disputants in the kingdom, and although we had supposed the question was long since perfectly settled against his lordship, yet our correspondent has been by no means engaged in a work of supererogation, but has discussed a very curious topic, with the feelings of humanity, and the force of reason.

A sinister circumstance, entirely foreign from our control, and repugnant to our wishes, has precluded from this number its usual complement of plates. Though our prospectus gives us a latitude to insert from one to three engravings, it shall be our constant endeavour to be uniform in the number; and we shall never confine ourselves to one, unless compelled by some untoward accident. The editor mentions this in terms *explanatory*, not apologetical. The reign of apology is past. The public have now a right to expect from us a sedulous discharge of duty. We are conscious that, in the language of men of the sword, and of gallant cavaliers, we are *on the ground*. In that situation, it imports us *rather to fight*, than to frame excuses.

A valued friend, who in our first number favoured us, and pleased the public, with an interesting article, under the general head of miscellany, is requested to persevere in his researches, with respect to the history, geography, habits and character of modern Spain. This section of Europe, excites, at this epoch, a very high and vivid interest. From his knowledge of the language, from his habits of reading, from his industry and zeal, we have a perfect pledge of his ability in this behalf.

The biography of the gallant TRUXTUN, inserted in our first number, we are delighted to perceive has not only been perused, with the greatest partiality, by the public, but, with perfect propriety, is considered as the harbinger of a series of the lives of those illustrious men, who have invigorated the commerce, extended the fame, and emblazoned the flag of America. At the commencement of our labours, this was a favorite object of the editor; and when we had the good fortune to persuade one of our best friends to undertake the agreeable task of recording the exploits of a brave seaman, who has augmented the nautical glories of our country, we were fully satisfied that the execution of the essay would be worthy of its theme. Nor

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was this confidence without the broadest foundation, because the gentleman, to whom we were indebted for the elegant memoir in question, adds to his splendid literary talents the experience, the enthusiasm, and THE SPIRIT OF A MARINER. Like the illustrious subject of his narrative, *he* too has fought, and conquered the pirates of the ocean.

We cannot neglect this opportunity to add that our opinion entirely harmonizes with that of our worthy friend respecting the maritime merit of America. Our hardy seamen and their bold commanders have nobly distinguished themselves on the waters of the Atlantic, and amid the perils of the Mediterranean. Place the American in any situation at sea, where Glory allures, or Danger menaces, and, in all the cardinal points of gallantry, enterprize, perseverance, and skill, he proudly emulates even the lords of the ocean. Both History and Experience abundantly confirm this assertion; and the editor cannot resist the liberal impulse, which urges him to declare, that, enjoying the privilege of an acquaintance with many of the officers of the American navy, he has constant reason to admire their undaunted spirit and their courteous demeanour; and to remark, with the greatest complacency, that they display not one particle of the mere seaman's roughness, but the manners, principles, and sentiments of gentlemen.

We understand that the biography of COMMODORE PREBLE, another renowned name in our maritime annals, is in a state of great forwardness. This interesting memoir of a great and good man is supported by the most authentic authorities, and the biographer, we have a right to aver, is a gentleman, whose liberal mind and cultivated talents will enable him to furnish an affectionate, as well as an elegant tribute to departed worth.

The biography of the benevolent PENN, that illustrious *Friend*, to whom Pennsylvania and Philadelphia are indebted for much of their renown, is honorable to the head and heart of the author. There is, somewhere, a folio life of the great proprietary, but it is an extremely tame, tiresome, and heavy performance. Our correspondent has very neatly and succinctly exhibited the principal points in Mr. Penn's character, and has spoken more to the purpose in a page, than his predecessor in a volume. The verbal alteration, suggested by Mr. S. came too late for insertion. We shall be glad to hear frequently from this gentleman, and hope that he will often employ his pen upon topics connected, either with the liberal arts, or polite literature.

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"Evening at Occoquan" exhibits a picturesque scene in Virginia. This, with its companion piece, has appeared before in most of our Journals, but as the author has had leisure to revise his verses, he has sent us a *corrected* copy, in which we discover many judicious alterations. The polite reader will instantly perceive that it is a pretty close imitation, but without servility, of one of the most beautiful poems in the works of CUNNINGHAM. The model is certainly a fine one, and our imitator has not disgraced it by his copy; but, although he professes in this *new edition* of his ballad to be scrupulously *correct*, it is upon this very ground we are prepared to meet and fight him. In his closing stanza, he says,

Here no negro tills the ground,
Trembling, weeping woful, *wan;*
Liberty is ever found
On the banks of Occoquan.

Here is what some one calls *a risible blunder*. Although natural history has informed us that among her prodigies there is a sort of anomalous African, called *Albinos*, yet this is not the species of slave, which our poet is describing. When he applies, therefore, the epithet *wan*, or pale, to the sable subject of his song, we are irresistibly led to think of that curious creature a *white negro*, or a *white blackbird*, and class this non-descript Cæsar or Pompey with the fabulous fowl in Juvenal:

Rara avis in terris, NIGROQUE SIMILLIMA CYGNO.

With respect to another point, we must wrangle with the poet. His rhymes are not always uniform and exact. From the era of POPE and SWIFT, great care has been employed in the mechanical construction of verse, by all who aspire to the name of poets. At the present period in particular, when the national ear is attuned to the nicest sense of harmony by all the great masters of song, the English reviewers, those severe and vigilant guardians of the Public Taste, will not suffer a careless couplet to escape castigation. For, agreeably to their logical and invincible argument, he, who egregiously fails in the grosser and mere mechanical portion of his work, will scarcely rise above mediocrity in the more refined and the spiritual. He who blunders in making his bow, shall not be admitted into the drawing-room. He, who carelessly stumbles in the porch, must be interdicted from the area of the temple.

On these correct and irrefragable principles, we are sorry to perceive a poet of our author's powers, a man conversant with the politest authors, and whose ear is by no means dull of hearing, assuming

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the liberty, shall we say the licence? to change the orthography of a leading word in order to suit his rhyming convenience. He talks sometimes of Occoquan and then of Occoquon, and thus very ingeniously, by the help either of A, or O, according as the exigency demanded, he props up a brace of his stanzas. Of *Indian* orthography we are not remarkably curious, and for *aboriginal* names it is notorious that we cherish no very ardent passion. The uncouth sound of Occoquan excites no image in our mind but that of contempt, and disgust. But when a public writer chooses to celebrate an Indian hamlet, he ought to conform exactly to all the forms and ordinances of the critical high church. He may not regulate his verse as Indolence or Caprice inspires, but he must punctually obey the laws of Composition; above all, he must not halt in his election of rhymes. He must be decidedly right and correct. He must either shut the door, or leave it open.

EPIGRAM.—THE AUTHOR AND CRITIC.

"Vile critic!" exclaim'd a poor author in pique,
"In reviewing my work, why abuse it?
You've injur'd my fame by your cursed critique,
For nobody now will peruse it."

Quoth the critic, "I'm glad to hear that, for my aim
Was to save, not destroy, reputation:
And I could not more certainly ruin your fame
Than by giving your work circulation."

The Price of The Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum.

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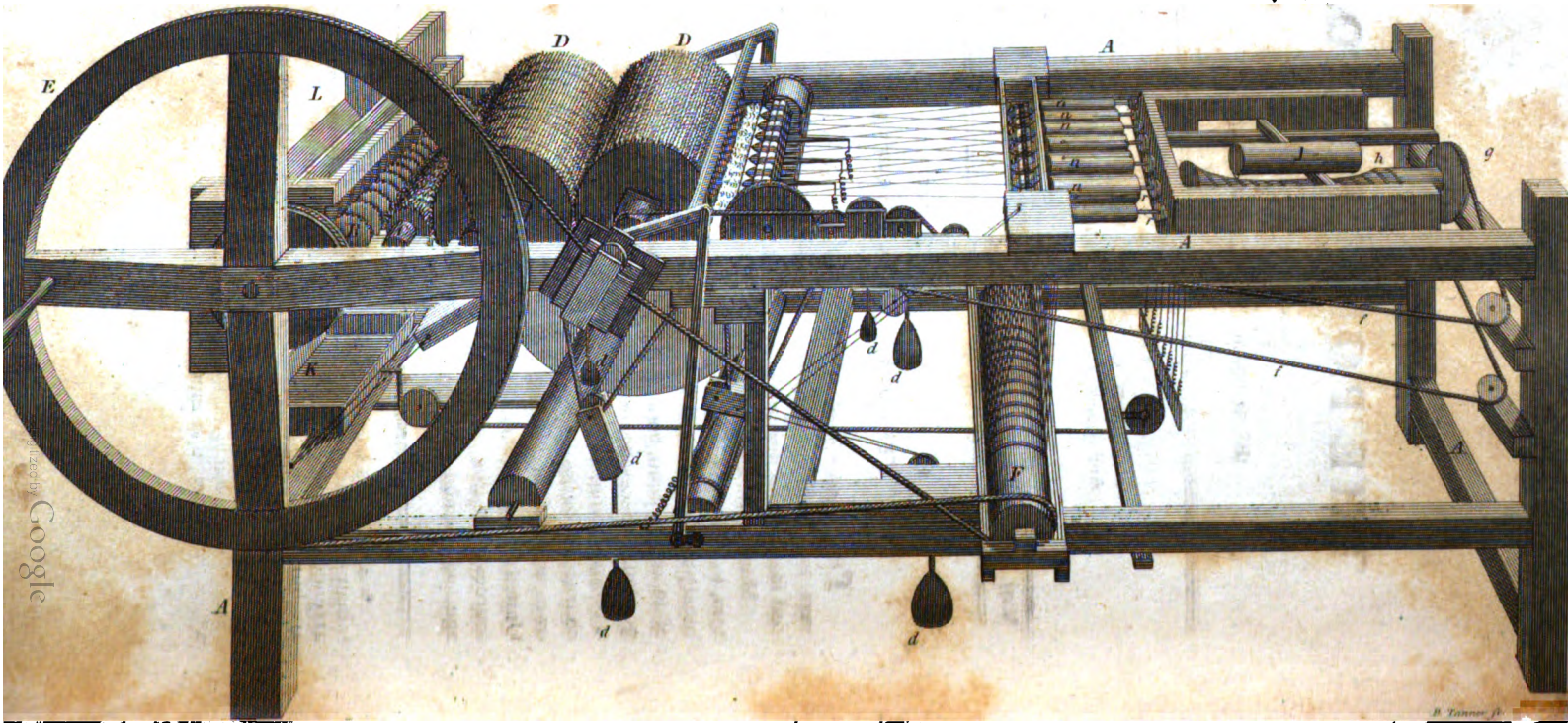
Mr Brides Machine

for Ginning, Carding, & Spinning Cotton at one operation.



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THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. I. MAY, 1809. No. 5.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE COLUMBIAN SPINSTER.

THE encouragement given in this country to ingenious adventurers, and the facility with which a patent may be obtained, has produced many useful discoveries in the arts, particularly in mechanics.*

Many of these improvements are the inventions of illiterate characters, to whom the science of mechanics, and the theory of the mechanical powers are almost wholly unknown; they are generally the result of an ardent mind, bent to the accomplishment of a particular object, goaded by necessity, or allured by the prospect of immediate wealth, a prospect often illusive, but not unfrequently realized: it is to such a character, to the halfpenny barber, Arkwright,† that Great Britain owes much of her wealth and power; and to this same barber are the United States indebted for the culture of one of its most considerable sources of wealth, and many a southern planter for his gilded carriage and splendid equipage.

* A judicious selection and description of the improvements in the labour-saving machinery deposited at the seat of government might be attended with the happiest results to the community. At present they are buried in a mass of crudities and trash, of little advantage to the inventors or the public.

† Sir Richard Arkwright, who, by his mechanical inventions for carding and spinning cotton, raised himself from the humble station of a country barber to an immense fortune, and an honorary title.

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Of this stamp is the character, of Mr. John M'Bride, of the State of Tennessee, to whom we are indebted for the invention of a machine for ginning, carding, and spinning cotton, at one continued operation, which he has, with much propriety, denominated the *Columbian Spinster*; a machine which promises to be extensively useful in the United States, particularly in those southern parts where cotton is raised, and where the whole application of the machinery may be obtained.

This machine, which is an ingenious combination of known principles, consists of an oblong frame, supporting the various parts, at one end of which is a box or trough into which the cotton is thrown, the back of which box is lined with brass, having long perpendicular apertures, corresponding to the number of circular saws ranged at equal distances on the axis of the water or hand wheel; parallel to these circular saws are laid a cylinder of brushes and two cylinders covered with wire teeth, the first, of less diameter than the cards, sweeps the cotton as it is disengaged from the seeds, (which latter fall through a narrow opening in the bottom of the box into a receptacle or shallow box prepared to receive them,) and distributes it on the first of the carding cylinders, the wire teeth on which are placed in rows round the cylinder, whereas on the other they run lengthwise; these two large carding cylinders revolve slowly; a light frame, working by a crank and connecting-piece, carries a comb, which, by an occasional rapid stroke, sweeps the cotton to a row of small hollow cones or funnels, through which it is drawn by several metallic fluted rollers, the pressure of which is regulated by levers, to the one end of which are attached spiral springs, and spun on stationary spools, having cylindrical covers or flyers attached to the whirls, and which are placed in a parallel and horizontal position over each other. To a frame, at one end of which the spools are affixed, is placed a rocker or regulator, having a tooth moving in a spiral groove on the axis of a band wheel, which, by drawing out by degrees the spools, causes the yarn to be distributed equally on them; when completely covered and drawn out, they are taken away and replaced by others, the regulator is then raised, and the frame with the spools brought again into their covers.

The motion of the various parts is produced by bands passing in different directions over the wheels, or the axes of the cylinders and rollers, and suitable weights and pullies give to these bands a proper tention.

Though this beautiful and delicate material is capable of being wrought to an almost inconceivable degree of fineness,‡ yet it is not probable that the finer kind of cotton goad will be manufactured in

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this country for many years to come. The yarn spun by this machine is equal to that spun by the mule or jenny. Though apparently complicated, it is less so than may be imagined, considering its various operations, from receiving the cotton with the seed, and delivering it in the spool; it is, moreover, of permanent construction, not liable to get out of repair, the principal moving parts being made of cast steel. No particular skill is requisite in the management of it, and the size of the thread may be varied from ten hundred to three. It occupies little space, and may be constructed on a small scale, suitable for the use of a family, or the proportions may be enlarged, and the number of spindles varied at pleasure.

The manufacture of cotton is rapidly receiving the attention it merits; the State of Rhode Island, in particular, has found in it a new source of industry and wealth; during the last year 30,000 spindles have been at work in that state, which, on a moderate calculation, have produced manufactured goods to the annual value of two millions of dollars.

C.

REFERENCES TO THE DRAWING.

AA The frame of the machine.
BB The circular saws which pick and clean the cotton.
C The cylinder of brushes, which takes off the cotton from the saws.
DD The cards.
E The wheel which puts the whole in motion.
F The whirl band cylinder.
dd Pullies and weights.
ee Rollers.
fff Band.
g Band wheel, which turns the inverted conic screw
J The rocker or regulator.
K The vessel which receives the seed.
ooo The whirls.
mn The flyers or cylindrical covers.
rrr The spools.
L The box into which the uncleaned cotton is thrown.

‡ M. Barneville, at Paris, by successive improvements in the construction of machinery for spinning cotton, has been enabled to produce from a single pound of cotton 300,000 ells (aunes) of yarn, manufactured into muslin, a piece of it, 16 Parisian yards long, weighed only four ounces. The French government, aware of the importance of his improvements, have made him a suitable and an honourable recompense.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE following article, which will be continued in a regular series in this Journal, relates to a quarter of the globe, so interesting to the voyager, the naturalist, the politician, and the philosopher, that it deserves what it will always receive, a sufficient portion of the attention of the reader. Our traveller informs us that in the course of no illiberal amusements, when he was abstracted from the laborious occupations of business, he was in the habit occasionally of devoting a portion of his time to the formation of a work, which might partake of the nature of a History of the Empire of Hayti, from the date of its establishment to the present era. Our narrator has been in that unfortunate country *twice*, and during a residence there of no inconsiderable duration, was at pains to collect Historical facts and Biographical anecdotes, and to remark attentively the manners, habits, and customs of the people. The majority of merchants and adventurers to this romantic region have been led thither by motives merely commercial. But our Traveller had liberal leisure and liberal pursuits; and he has so usefully employed the one, and so successfully profited by the other, that we believe a great portion of his narrative is calculated both to amuse and instruct.

Our Correspondent, who is not an author by Profession, aspires in point of style, to no other praise than that of neatness, perspicuity, and simplicity. But on the originality, novelty, and interest of his communications, he rests all his calculations for a favourable reception.

Of the skill, with which the author has moulded his materials, the Editor is disposed to think favourably. But the Public will always determine in the last resort. To that unerring tribunal the author appeals. If the sentence should prove a harsh one, still, the author, with not more propriety than modesty, hopes, that as his stock of materials is not only vast, but accumulating, they may, at no distant day, be resorted to as a valuable collection of facts, by some able Historian.

It should be remembered that this colony, however distinguished by the name of Hispaniola, St. Domingo, or Hayti, has ever been considered an interesting object, whether regarded by the eyes of liberal Curiosity, or the subject of the dreams of romantic Enterprize, or the tempter of Cupidity, or the mine of a Planter's or Merchant's avarice. It was one of the earliest and most important discoveries in the New World. It has been both the Parent and the Nurse of all the subsequent establishments of Spain in this Hemisphere. It gradually acquired the form of a regular and prosperous society. The miraculous fertility of the soil, the salubrity of the climate, the beauty of the land-

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scape, allured every adventurer. This Colony, superior to all others in the torrid zone, according to the remark of an accurate observer, was the *first mark* that the Europeans impressed on a vast portion of the globe; and, hence, it certainly ought to attract the attention of every philosophier. One of the four great Antilles, and, Cuba excepted, the most extensive of them all; the cradle of the Europeans in the New World; and, as an island, conspicuous from afar, as its native name, Hayti, indicates, for the loftiness of its mountains; with an exuberant population and a smiling territory, it appears amply to deserve all the praise, which the judicious and the romantic have been equally lavish to bestow. *Editor.*

MEMOIRS OF HAYTI—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.

INTRODUCTION.

Hispaniola, the most beautiful and fertile of the West India Islands, has for many years been the seat of one of the most sanguinary rebellions recorded in the pages of history. The ruder ages of antiquity have scarcely produced such direful events as this unfortunate country has exhibited.

The writer of the following letters, in the early part of the year 1804, in the course of some mercantile pursuits, visited Hispaniola. This being his first voyage, afforded him pleasing objects of speculation. The novelty of the scene to which he was introduced, in a country emerging from a state of slavery to the rank of an independent nation, produced those strong impressions which the sensibility of youth is so naturally formed to receive.

He there first conceived the idea of recording, as correctly as his opportunities of information would enable him, the transactions most worthy of notice which occurred about this period: but the unsettled state of the government rendered it dangerous for a stranger to commit to writing any relation that would represent things in their true light. The only mode of accomplishing his views, which could be pursued in safety, was the making of memoranda of dates, with a mere hint of occurrences connected therewith, but for the most part, he was compelled to rely for a short time upon his memory.

On returning to the United States, a detention at the Lazaretto afforded the first period of leisure which presented itself, for placing on paper the fruits of his observations, and shortly after his return to Phi-

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ladelphia, he published in the American Daily Advertiser, "A Short Account of the present State of Affairs in St. Domingo." To this account was prefixed, as introductory to the then state of the country, a brief notice of the events that occurred at the commencement of the Revolution, which, from misinformation, was, in several particulars, incorrect; and the narrative itself being written in haste, and perhaps under the influence of some prejudice against the Haytians, was destitute of order, and contained, perhaps, many trivial details.

In the latter end of 1805, the writer again visited that country, where he remained upwards of seven months. From frequent opportunities of intercourse, and even intimacy, with many officers and people of distinction, (some of whom were men of talents and education) he was enabled to add much to his former stock of information, and after his return, he wrote for publication "A circumstantial Account of the Massacre in St. Domingo, in May, 1806," which appeared in several of the city papers.

The intention of writing a connected and circumstantial history of the Haytians subsequent to their independence, after which the writer's acquaintance with that people commenced, has been long entertained, and has indeed been with him, a favourite and frequent subject of reflection. He has consequently availed himself of every opportunity, that presented, of gathering information relative to this object, from respectable gentlemen, with whom he has corresponded or conversed, and upon whose veracity he could rely.

The epistolary form may perhaps require some explanation. The writer conceives there are many circumstances which do not strictly appertain to the department of history, and yet, as they tend much to show the manners and customs of a people, and their treatment of strangers, are well worthy of relation. In fact, a great part of his work will probably consist of such matter, and as he makes no claim to the rank of a *historian*, he is very willing to be considered merely as an annotator. The epistolary style seemed best suited to his abilities, and to avoid the imputation of egotism, to which he might be exposed, if he wrote in any other form, he concluded that his narrative in a series of letters addressed to a friend, would be the most unassuming mode, in which he could speak as often of himself as occasion would require.

The history of Hispaniola, from its first discovery by Columbus, in 1492, to the commencement of the revolution, in 1789, and during several years of that dreadful era, has been fully and circumstantially related by Mr. Bryan Edwards, in his History of the West Indies: Rainsford also in his Empire of Hayti, published at London in 1805,

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has treated the subject at large, and has continued his narrative to the commencement of that year.

The writer means to confine himself *chiefly* to that portion of the history of Hayti, which succeeds its independence, but if the reader wishes to acquaint himself with the early part of the revolution, he may receive ample information by referring to the works already mentioned. He will there see recorded the particulars of an event which has justly excited general attention. R.

LETTER I.

The Cape, Island of Hayti, January 23, 1804.

It is with sincere pleasure I now commence the series of letters promised you on my departure from Philadelphia. You will recollect that my intention was, not to enter into any detail of the causes and progress of the revolution, which has alienated this colony from the mother country, but to confine my communications to the events which have occurred, since the declaration of the independence of Hayti, and immediately preceding. I shall endeavour, in the progress of my correspondence, to preserve, as far as possible, a strict impartiality in my narration, and to observe a scrupulous regard to truth. In fact, you may consider, as a general rule, that whatever is stated, unless otherwise particularly specified, will be founded, either upon my own observation, or what appears to me substantial evidence.

During the year 1803, the French army, which in the latter end of 1801, had been conducted from Europe by Le Clerc, being reduced by the diseases of the climate, and the fortune of war, to a very inconsiderable number, the few miserable survivors were compelled to take refuge in the seaport towns, and to make preparations for the final evacuation of the island.* This they effected during the summer and autumn of that year, excepting in the northern department, where by the obstinacy of Rochambeau, who succeeded as commander in chief at Le Clerc's death, the inhabitants of Cape François, and a few individuals at Cape Nichola Mole, were compelled to remain until they were nearly destroyed by famine. For some weeks, the inhabitants of the former place were blockaded by a British squadron, and on the land were closely besieged by the blacks, who burnt and destroyed all the plantations, houses, and gardens, which lay in their way. In this

* The term *island*, as generally used in these letters, is to be understood as applied only to the *French part*. The eastern territory, formerly Spanish, is yet occupied by the French, and has never been in possession of the blacks.

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deplorable situation, they were under the necessity, after having eaten their horses, dogs, mules, &c. of making the best arrangements they could for their capitulation. As they knew that by delivering themselves up to the English they would be conveyed beyond the reach of the negroes, their most dangerous and implacable foes, propositions were made to them the same day on which a negociation had been opened with Dessalines, commander in chief of the black army. But the terms, on which Commodore Loring was willing to treat, being considered by Rochambeau as "inadmissible," he found the negociation with the Indigenes to be an affair of some importance, and a capitulation was entered into on the 18th of November, by which the French were allowed *ten* days (after the 19th) to evacuate the Cape. This cessation of hostilities, so favourable to Rochambeau, was not communicated to the English, and afforded him a convenient opportunity to make preparations for his departure, and the interim was, it is presumed, occupied in the endeavour to devise some means for effecting an escape. The vigilance of the British, however, prevented the execution of any such design, and being informed by Dessalines of the capitulation, Commodore Loring, when the term had nearly expired, requested the former to furnish him with pilots to carry in a part of his squadron, for the purpose of taking possession of the French shipping. The Commodore also expressed his hopes, as he saw no movements on the part of the French, that the black General had not altered his disposition towards them. The answer of Dessalines fully satisfied him on this subject.

On the 29th of November, according to the terms of the capitulation, the town was delivered up to the blacks, and the French army had repaired on board the shipping in the harbour; and on the 30th, Commodore Loring, seeing the Indigene colours flying on the forts, sent an officer to ascertain the cause of this change. The messenger was met by a French officer, who invited him on board one of the vessels, to enter into articles for the surrender of the fleet. Arrangements were immediately made, and as the term for the evacuation had expired, the blacks were threatening to sink and burn the ships with red hot shot. Some little forms of etiquette, such as sailing out under French colours, and firing their broadsides previously to surrender, were granted; and after waiting a short time for a fair wind, during which Dessalines was with much difficulty prevailed upon to desist from firing, the French force amounting to about 8000 men, with the shipping, consisting of 3 frigates and 17 merchantmen, were taken possession of by the English, and conveyed to Jamaica. Many of the inhabitants also took their departure with this fleet.

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A small garrison still remained at Cape Nichola Mole, under General Noailles, which was summoned to surrender by Commodore Loring, on the 2d December, and under pretence of making arrangements for a capitulation, Noailles evacuated the place in the night, with six vessels, all of which, except the one in which he was, fell into the hands of the English. He escaped to a port in Cuba, it is said, and thence sailed in a small French vessel, which was attacked by a British cruizer, and in the engagement was killed. This man, known in Philadelphia, where he resided some time as the Viscount de Noailles, was one of those unprincipled characters, who, during the government of Le Clerc, caused bloodhounds to be sent from Cuba to the Cape, for the destruction of the negroes. R.

RHETORIC——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

In The Port Folio for February, we commenced the publication of Dr. Abercrombie's general introduction to his highly valuable course of lectures on the arts of READING AND PUBLIC SPEAKING. In this preliminary discourse, the learned author, in a very luminous, elegant, and satisfactory manner explained, not merely the particular objects of his undertaking, but the great principles of rhetoric, as elucidated by the light of the most illustrious writers and speakers, who flourished during the fairest epochs of literature. This lecture has excited a very vivid interest, particularly among those, who are destined for the bar, and the church, or whose ambition incites them to the attainment of those powers, which may distinguish an orator in the councils of his country.

Dr. A. having, with equal urbanity and address thus pleasantly conducted us through the porch, it now remains to enter and explore a magnificent temple.

Of these ingenious and instructive lectures we now publish the first, which is explanatory of the principles of articulation.

Of all arts and sciences the *elements* are necessarily the most arid and repulsive; but though terrific, and even disgusting to that yawning lassitude, which shrinks from the slightest exertion, yet the aspiring and ambitious, as well as the philosophical student, though fully conscious of the ruggedness, disdains that such a circumstance should prevent his pursuing the path.

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Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam must obey the leading laws of the course. It is notorious to all, who have had any experience in the government and instruction of youth, that without a strict course of elementary discipline, no extraordinary proficiency in any art or language can be attained. If ignorant or careless of the *rudiments* of knowledge, men rely upon genius alone to enable them to struggle successfully through the perplexities which embarrass, for example, the acquisition of a foreign idiom, it will be found to be a most miserable mistake, and the presumptuous Tyro will be continually stumbling on classical ground. To boys of the brightest parts, nay of ardent application, few books have a more harsh and tremendous air, than Lily's Grammar; and yet, of the innumerable scholars who have adorned Westminster, Winchester, the Charter House, or Eton, there is scarcely one who has not made himself entire master of this dull but necessary book. A modern philosopher, with the wonted wildness of his sect, has somewhere talked very idly about the husk of learning, and of grovelling among the chips and sawdust of grammar; but he who disdains thus humbly for a season to linger at the foot of the tree of knowledge, will scarcely elevate himself to its top. In some of the old editions of the austere author, to whom we have alluded, there is a motto prefixed in simple latinity, implying that though the root of learning be bitter, yet the fruit is sweet. The foundation of an elegant edifice is not as showy as the gilded roof, and yet is equally necessary. Without the Tuscan basis, we lose more than half the delight, arising from a survey of the Corinthian pillar. QUINTILIAN, who has written with more good sense on this subject than any of his contemporaries or followers, has insisted largely upon this subject, and his opinion is entitled to the greatest deference, not merely because he was an eloquent writer, but a *practical teacher*. EDITOR.

LECTURE I.

On ARTICULATION, or the construction and proper use of the organs of speech, in producing those various sounds which constitute the human voice.

GENTLEMEN,

THE subject to which I shall particularly solicit your attention this evening, is that of *Articulation*, or the construction and proper use of the organs of speech in producing those various sounds which constitute the human voice.

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Articulation implies those modifications of sound, by which the letters, syllables, or words of any language are expressed by the operation of the voice, or faculty of speech. And the business of articulation is to make a distinction in sounds, be their tone, their loudness or lowness what it will; thereby to give a distinct and audible utterance to all the several sounds of which the words of a language are susceptible.

Articulation is performed by the organs of speech, which are, the teeth, tongue, lips, nostrils, and throat; hence the letters or elementary sounds derive their characters from the immediate action of either of those organs in modulating the air sent out from the lungs. Those letters which are sounded by the action of the tongue against the teeth being called dentals, as d, t, from the Latin word *dens* a tooth. Those which are formed by the lips, labials, from the Latin word *labium* a lip, as p, f, b, &c. Those by the throat, gutturals, from the Latin word *guttur* the throat, as k, x and *g* hard, as in *go*; though those letters which have by some been called *gutturals*, should, strictly speaking, be denominated *palatine* or *palatals*, being formed rather by the operation of the *palate* than by the throat. Lastly, those which are formed by the nose are called nasals, from the Latin word *nasus* the nose, as *m*, *n*, *ng* as in hang, *nk* in thank, *an* in banquet. These organs, thus operating upon the breath, form the varieties of sound in the human voice. Every time we *in*spire or draw the air into the mouth, it descends down the throat into the lungs: the same act of *in*spiration expanding the lungs for the admission of the air, and the act of *re*spiration contracting them. The air thus contained in the lungs is sent up the windpipe, or that irregular and knotty tube in the throat, the top of which is called the *larynx*. This larynx, composed of cartilaginous or gristly substances, expands and contracts at pleasure. In the middle of the larynx is a little hole, called the *glottis*, not wider than the tenth of an inch, through which the breath and voice are conveyed. Those persons, therefore, who have a large glottis, have consequently a full deep-toned voice; those who have a small glottis, a shrill and sharp one. Thus the sound from the pipes of an organ depends upon the diameter of the pipes. This *glottis* is provided with a lid, called the *epiglottis*, which covers it when we swallow any thing: and if by accident any part of our food or drink gets into the windpipe by this passage, it occasions coughing, and a considerable degree of pain until the offending matter is thrown out.

The *acuteness* or *gravity* of tone in the human voice depends upon the aperture of the glottis; and its *strength* or *weakness* upon the strength or weakness of the lungs, and partly too, perhaps, upon the

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shape and magnitude of those cavities in the throat and mouth by which the sound is reverberated. The voice, like every other faculty, may be greatly improved by exercise, and grow worse by neglect.

The breath thus passing with rapidity and violence through the glottis, is reverberated from the palate and roof of the mouth, and in its passage it is modulated by the organs of speech. For articulation does not begin till the breath or voice has passed through the larynx. And as those hollow places in the inside of the mouth and nostrils are by nature better or worse shaped for reverberation, the voice is rendered more or less agreeable. *Speech* is articulated voice; *whispering*, articulated breath.

"If we consider," says a judicious writer on this subject, "the many varieties of sound, which one and the same human voice is capable of uttering, together with the smallness of the diameter of the glottis, and reflect that the same diameter must always produce the same tone, and consequently that to every change of tone a correspondent change of diameter is necessary, we must be filled with admiration at the mechanism of these parts, and the fineness of the fibres that operate in producing effects so minute, so various, and in their proportions so exactly uniform. For it admits of proof, that the diameter of the human glottis is capable of more than sixty distinct degrees of contraction or enlargement, by each of which a different note is produced; and yet, the greatest diameter of that aperture does not exceed one tenth of an inch."

A correct articulation, therefore, which is the essential property of a good reader or speaker, consists in giving a full and distinct utterance to the several simple and complex sounds. The nature of these sounds ought to be well understood, and much pains should be taken to discover and correct those faults in articulation, which, though often ascribed to some defect in the organs of speech, are generally the consequence of inattention or bad example. The most effectual mode of conquering bad habits in reading or speaking is, to read aloud passages chosen for the purpose; such, for instance, as abound with long and unusual words, or in which many short syllables come together, and to read much slower than the sense and just speaking would require. Almost all persons, who have not studied the art of speaking, have a habit of uttering their words so rapidly, that this exercise ought to be carefully observed; for where there is a uniformly rapid utterance, it is absolutely impossible that there should be strong emphasis, natural tones, or any just elocution. There may be also an extreme on the opposite side; a lifeless, drawling manner, which allows the minds of the hearers to be always outrunning the reader or

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speaker, must render every such performance insipid and fatiguing. But the error of reading too fast is much more common. To pronounce, therefore, with a proper degree of slowness, and with full and clear articulation, is necessary to be studied and invariably adhered to by all who wish to become good readers, and it cannot be too much attended to. Such a pronunciation gives weight and dignity to the subject. It is a great assistance to the voice, by the pauses or rests which it allows it more easily to make, and enables the reader to swell all his sounds, both with more force and more harmony.

The pronunciation of the elementary sounds of a language is to speaking and reading what the practice of the notes is in singing; it being as necessary for the speaker or reader to be able to pronounce distinctly each letter of the alphabet, as for a singer to sound every note in the scale of music. It has often been observed, by foreigners, who have acquired through study and long practice a perfect command of our language, and even by native Englishmen, that it is generally pronounced with more accuracy and melody in the middle States of America than in England. The variety of dialects throughout that country, and particularly what is called the Cockney pronunciation of London, occasioning such corruption and confusion as sometimes to render native Englishmen unintelligible to each other.

A very marked difference of pronunciation also prevails among the inhabitants of Ireland, of Scotland, and of Wales; all professing to speak the English language. The chief peculiarities of the Irish are in the sounds of the two first vowels, *a* and *e;* the former being generally sounded *a*, as in *bar*, in most words where it is pronounced *ā*, as in *day*, by the English. Thus they say *pat'tron*, *mat'tron*, when they should say *pātron*, *mātron;* it being an established rule that when the letter *a* ends a syllable, and the accent is upon it, it has invariably the sound of slender *a*, except in the words *father*, *papa*, *mamma*, and *alarum*.

The second vowel, *e*, is for the most part sounded *ee*, by the English, whereas the Irish sound it like slender *a;* and in its combination with *a*, *i*, and *e*, as in *tay*, *plase*, for *tea*, *please;* and *desate*, *resave*, for *deceit*, *receive*, with many other deviations.

The final *e* mute, in correct English pronunciation, makes the preceding *e* in the same syllable, when accented, have the sound of *ee;* as in the words *supreme*, *sincere*, *replete*. This rule is almost universally broken through by the Irish, who pronounce all such words as if written suprāme, sinsāre, replāte. There are I believe but two exceptions to this rule in the English pronunciation, which are the words *there*, *where*.

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But the strongest characteristic of the pronunciation of Ireland, is the rough jarring sound of the letter *r*, and the aspiration or rough breathing before all the accented vowels. The termination *rm* is also by them generally divided into two syllables, as in *sto rum*, *fa rum*, for *storm*, *farm*.

The pronunciation which distinguishes the inhabitants of Scotland is very different. They pronounce almost all their accented vowels long. Thus they say *haabit*, *teefid*, *seenir*, for *habit*, *tefid*, *sinner*. Slender *a* is pronounced by them as *aw*, as *Sawtin*, *fawtal*, for *Sátan*, *fatal*; and frequently they change the accent in dissyllables: a ludicrous instance of which occurred during the American war. A Scottish member of Parliament, more remarkable for a powerful eloquence, than for pure English pronunciation, in the course of a speech said, "I will not give my sŭpport to a Cabăl, but I will give my sŭpport to Administrātion." This declaration, the part he meant to take having been before dŭbious, produced a marked sensation with a cry of "hear, hear," which excited the curiosity of a member just then entering. Turning to the old door-keeper, who happened to be at his elbow within the door, he asked what the speaking member had said. "I do not know" answered the door-keeper, "what he has been talking about; only I just heard him say he would give a *ball* and *supper* to Administration." This strange perversion of the words, as jocular as it may appear, the old man made without any intention of either joke or perversion, misled entirely by the honorable member's Scottish pronunciation of the words *cabal* and *support*, with the broad sound of *a* in the second syllable of the former, as in the word *hall*; and a strong accent on the first syllable of the latter instead of the second, as in the word *supper*.

The Welsh pronounce the sharp consonants and aspirations instead of the flat; instead of *b* they use *p*, for *g* they use *k* or hard *c*, and for *d* they employ *t*, for *blood* they say *plut*, for *God*, *cot*, and for *dear*, *tear*; *s* is also used by them for *z*, as for *zeal* and *praise*, they say *seal* and *praisse*; *f* they substitute for *v*, as instead of *virtue* and *vice*, they say *firtu* and *fice*. Shakspeare's exemplification of the Welch pronunciation, in the character of Parson Evans, is very accurately executed. "It is petter," says he to Shallow, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, "It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which peradventure prings good discretions with it." "It is not meet the Council hear of a riot; there is no fear of *Got* in a riot: the Council look you, shall desire to hear the fear of *Got*, and not to hear a riot." In one of the western counties of England, the semivowels are pronounced in a manner

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directly opposite to that of the Welsh. For, as the Welsh change the vocal into the aspirate, they change the aspirate into the vocal; thus for *father* they say *vather*, for *Somerset*, *Zomerset*.

In some places in England they always omit the letter *h*. Instead of saying "heavy is the heart that is without hope," they would say, "*evy* is the *art* that is without *ope*." *V* and *w* are frequently substituted for each other. Instead of saying, virtue and vice are very opposite extremes, they would say, *wirtue* and *wice* are *wery* opposite extremes.

These, and similar errors, arise from the want of an accurate knowledge of the organs of speech, and the proper direction of their powers, in the formation of those elementary sounds, which constitute the basis of correct pronunciation.

The simplest articulate sounds are those which proceed from an *open mouth*, and are by grammarians called *vocal* or *vowel* sounds. When the voice in its passage through the mouth is totally intercepted, or strongly compressed, there is formed a certain modification of articulate sound, which, as expressed by a character in writing, is called a *consonant*. Silence is the effect of a total interception; and indistinct sound of a strong compression; and therefore a consonant is not of itself a distinct articulate voice; and its influence in varying the tones of language is not clearly perceived, unless it be accompanied by an opening of the mouth, that is, by a vowel, with which it must necessarily be connected to obtain an articulate sound. Hence its derivation from the two Latin words *con* together with, and *sono* to sound.

The human voice in passing through the mouth may be *intercepted* by the lips, or by the palate and tongue, or by the tongue and throat: and each of these interceptions may happen, when the voice is directed to go out by the mouth only, or through the nostrils only; or partly through the mouth and partly through the nose. Thus if the voice, directed to the mouth only, be totally intercepted by the lips, we articulate what is expressed by the letter *P*; if by the tongue and palate, *T*; if by the tongue and throat, *K*. These three consonants are therefore called *pure mutes*; because these interceptions, unless preceded or followed by a vowel, produce absolute silence. If the voice directed to go forth, partly through the mouth, and partly through the nose, be totally intercepted by the lips, we form the sound expressed by *B*; if by the tongue and palate, *D*; if by the tongue and throat, the simple sound of *G*, as it is heard in the word *gay*. These consonants are called *semi-mutes*; because, without the assistance of any vowel, they produce a faint sound, which continues for a little time, and seems partly to pass out by the nose, and partly to reverbe-

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rate from the roof of the mouth; and hence when the nose is shut it is not easy for us to give them a distinct utterance. While the voice is passing out by the nostrils chiefly, if the lips be closed we hear the sound of *M;* if the forepart of the tongue be applied to the palate, *N* is formed; and if the tongue be drawn a little backward towards the throat, we produce the final sound of the words *sing*, *ring*, *long*, &c. These are called *semi-vowels*, because of themselves and without the aid of any vowel, they make a sound, which is not very indistinct, and may be continued as long as we please. If while we are sounding them, we suddenly shut our nose, the sound ceases entirely, which is a proof that it goes out by the nostrils.

Thus, by the operation of the different organs of speech, either singly or combined, are the different simple elementary sounds of our language produced: and by attending to the peculiar motions of these articulating organs, ingenious men have even contrived the art of teaching those who are born deaf to speak.

One of the simplest combinations in language is the diphthong: which is formed when two contiguous vowel sounds coalesce in such a manner, as that though they form but one syllable, the sound of both, or at least a double sound is distinctly heard, as *oi* in *voice*, *ou* in *ounce:* sometimes indeed three vowels coalesce in this manner by a single impulse of the voice, as *i*, *e*, *w*, in *view*.

Consonants, by being joined to consonants, produce many combinations of articulate sound; and simple vowels and diphthongs may be joined to single or double or treble consonants, and thus an endless variety of syllables may be formed: and a syllable may be joined to other syllables, or stand by itself, so as to form short or long words; and each vowel sound may be long, or short, and vary the import of the syllable accordingly. So that though the number of elementary sounds is not great, the variety of *possible* words that may be formed by combining them is in every language so great, as almost to exceed computation, and much more than sufficient to express all the varieties of human thought. But the *real* words, even of the most copious language, may without difficulty be numbered; for, a good dictionary comprehends them all. In our language, after deducting proper names, and the inflections of our verbs and nouns, they do not exceed forty thousand.

The quantity of distinct speech that we pronounce with one effort of the articulating organs is called a *syllable*. In every syllable there must be one vowel sound at least; because without an opening of the mouth there can be no distinct articulation.

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Language is made up of words, and words are the smallest divisions of speech that have signification. Syllables, as such, have no meaning; for a significant syllable is a word. Every word means something, either of itself or as joined to other words; and words derive their meaning from the consent and practice of those who use them.

Long words are said to give dignity to language, and short ones to be detrimental to harmony. There is some truth in the remark, but it must not be admitted without limitation. Many long words render language heavy and unwieldy: and short ones are not harsh, unless where by beginning and ending with hard consonants, they refuse to coalesce with the letters which go before or follow them. When that is not the case, a passage may be very musical or harmonious, even though consisting altogether of short words; as in the following passage from the Song of Solomon:

"My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair "one, and come away: for lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and "gone; the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of "birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land: the "fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender "grape give a good smell: Arise, my love, my fair one, and come "away."

In this remarkably smooth and melodious passage, in which there are eighty-two words, sixty-nine of them are monosyllables. The truth is, that a mixture of long and short words may be necessary to harmony in languages generally; but in our language, a better sound is heard from many short words of Saxon original, if their initial and final articulations admit of an easy coalescence, than from a multiplicity of long words derived from the Greek and Latin. For in English, though there is much Latin and some Greek, yet the Saxon predominates, and its sounds are most acceptable to an English ear, because most familiar; and hence, with all its ease and apparent carelessness, the prose of Dryden, of Addison, of Swift, and of Pope, is incomparably more melodious than that of the elaborate and learned Sir Thomas Brown, Lord Shaftesbury, or even than that of the profound and acute Dr. Samuel Johnson. For the former adhere, where they can, to plain words of English or Saxon growth; while the others are continually dragging in gigantick terms of Greek or Latin etymology.

The great variety of derivative words in our language renders a correct pronunciation of it, particularly to foreigners, extremely difficult. It is therefore a point of the most essential importance, that the elementary sounds of our language should be perfectly understood and known, in order to command that accuracy and distinctness of

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articulation, without which all expectations of being an elegant or even pleasing reader or speaker will be vain and nugatory.

To this important branch of our subject permit me *again* to direct your attention. Various and elaborate treatises have been written upon it by Dr. Nares, Dr. Johnson, Sheridan, Walker, and others; but the plainest and most concise statement with which I am acquainted, is that contained in the Orthography of Murray's Grammar. The elementary sounds are there exhibited in so brief and at the same time in so plain a manner, as to require but little time and attention to commit them to memory, and when acquired, will form a sure and permanent principle for the attainment of correct, melodious, and graceful Elocution.

ON FEMALE EDUCATION—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

At a recent examination of the pupils of that respectable Seminary, the Philadelphia Academy for the instruction of young Ladies,* the following appropriate address, on the importance and utility of female education, and the cardinal points to which it should be directed, was delivered by James Milnor, Esq. one of the Trustees. This elegant oration, in which the author has introduced a discussion upon a favourite topic, has led him to those salutary conclusions, which harmonize with Reason, Truth, and Experience. We subscribe to the author's opinion, we respect his principles, and commend his style. The ingenious speaker is right *in toto*.

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* The Seminary above noticed was incorporated by charter, on the 2d February, 1792; it is under the immediate care of the Principal, and the superintendence of a Board of Trustees, consisting of the following gentlemen, viz.

Doctor Benjamin Say, President; Doctor Henry Helmuth, Vice-President; Asa Bassett, Principal Secretary; Rev. Frederick Schmidt, Rev. Samuel Helfenstine, Doctor Anthony Fothergill, Doctor Benjamin S. Barton, Doctor James Mease, Rev. Doctor James Gray, Rev. Philip F. Mayer, Peter S. Duponceau, Esquire, James Milnor, Esquire, Laurence Seckel, Esq. Mr. Joseph B. Eves, Mr. Benjamin Tucker, and Mr. William Ashbridge.

It is but justice to the institution to mention, that all the examinations and performances of the pupils, afford abundant evidence of their diligence and application, and of the capacity and attention of the Principal in conducting and regulating their studies.

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One of the first, who broached the false, the absurd, and pernicious doctrine, which Mr. Milnor has so successfully assailed, was the eloquent, but eccentric ROUSSEAU, whom men now generally agree in pronouncing an absolute madman. His fantastic theories and his wild paradoxes are certainly worthy of an inhabitant of Moorfields. They are specious, brilliant, and flighty. They shine, *like the gay motes that dance in the sunbeam.* They dazzle, and they confound us too, like the meteor of the meadows. But all the light, that this comet of Geneva has shed upon the nations, is but a baleful and portentous ray. It is false, and with all its glare, leads darkling mortals only to the pit of perdition.

In his *Emile*, a celebrated Tract on Education, and which was most justly reprobated by the Archbishop of Paris, he has introduced a certain Sophia, whom he wishes that his pupils should worship as an idol. Such a woman might shine in the *Palais Royale* and figure in the *Boudoirs* of Paris, but if such a character should appear among the correct females of this country, who are imbued with other principles, and are adorned by purer Graces, we are confident that she would be deliberately excluded from what is called good company. Yet it is this sort of Sophia, whom the philosophic Rousseau recommends as one, after whose examples young females should be educated. We do not say that the creator of this ideal personage has made her quite a courtezan, although Rousseau was sufficiently profligate for the attempt. But we aver that his mode of educating her could terminate in nothing less, than the formation of a character so full of levity, coquetry, and *fine feelings*, as to be constantly on the giddy verge of ruin. We should be perpetually anxious for such a daughter, or such a sister. We would not trust, no, not for a moment, to the loyalty of such a wife. We believe that Sophias are so numerous in Europe that the idea of Rousseau, which, perhaps, he hazarded as a mere sally of imagination, is now fully embodied. But in America, from a variety of causes, resulting in the most fortunate effects, the women, with few, very few exceptions, are modest, prudent, and well informed. They have all the vivacity, all the spirit, all the talents, and genius of Sophia, without one particle of her infidelity, on the one hand, and of her levity on the other. In our principal cities and great towns, the systems of education, judiciously adopted by wise and prudent teachers, are admirably calculated to form accomplished daughters, and good wives. The mode of instruction may be old-fashioned, may be rigid, may be even austere, but it is perfectly right, and the good fruits of such a culture are every where visible. Philadelphia and Boston have been for many years distinguished for the most sedulous care in the moulding of the minds, manners, and habits of women. Their education is most

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carefully conducted; and in all the useful and in many of the ornamental branches of instruction, the ladies, particularly of the upper and more opulent classes, need not shrink from any comparison.

We are delighted to perceive that upon this important subject the opinions of Mr. Milnor are perfectly orthodox. His remarks upon the use and abuse of novel-reading; his lines of discrimination between the different walks of poesy; his summary recommendation of the various branches of Literature, in which females are generally initiated, are entitled to the attention of preceptors and pupils. Many of the more youthful of our female readers will peruse this address with advantage; and it is entitled to particular attention as proceeding from the desk of a professional gentleman and a man of the world, and therefore untainted by the pedantry of the cloister. EDITOR.

ADDRESS, &c.

AMONG the endless variety of subjects that have furnished grounds of contemplation to the human mind, few have been more fully canvassed and elucidated, than the one involving the important inquiry, Whether a state of nature or a state of civil society is most propitious to the end and aim of our being—happiness.

By a state of nature I do not mean that solitary unconnected mode of existence imagined by some visionary writers to have once obtained, because every sentiment of reason, and the irrefragable evidence of divine revelation, should lead us to reject such notions.

Man was evidently formed by his Maker for social intercourse; and whether he be found rude and uncultivated, in the wilds of Africa, or the wildernesses of America, or polished and polite in the circles of European fashion and parade, still his desire is to mix in the society and to enjoy the converse of his fellow men.

By a state of nature, I would understand the savage state; in which men associate together for mutual defence, and for obtaining the first necessaries of life, but where the forms of regular government, the enaction and observance of systems of laws, the culture and improvement of the mind by education, and all the refinements and delights of civilization are unknown.

Eccentricity of opinion in some, disappointment of over-sanguine expectations, and consequent discontent and dissatisfaction with the world in others, and a love of disputation in still more, have induced them to contend, that savages, with all their difficulties and privations, are happier than civilized men.

The controversy has always ended in an overthrow of sentiments so absurd, and the judicious are left to wonder that it should ever have commenced. Strange indeed it is, that it should ever have been supposed, that independent of the want of most of the various comforts of life with which we are surrounded, and the precarious nature of the

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few they do possess, the habitual torpor of mind, and complete destitution of literary enjoyment, of which savages are the victims, should not of themselves afford conclusive grounds of preference for the civilized state. If we advert to what we know of the uncultivated aborigines of our own country, or recur to history for a knowledge of the inhabitants of other countries in former ages, and particularly if we pursue the latter through the several gradations of civilization from the time of their first emerging out of barbarism, to the present highly elevated character of many of them, we shall be led still more and more to prize the time, the place, and the manner of our own existence. There is abundant cause for gratitude to the giver of every good and perfect gift that he has cast our lot in a well ordered society, under a free government, where we may enjoy, without restraint, the pleasures of polished conversation and refined manners, the courtesies of mutual kindness and beneficence, the inestimable benefits of a religion founded on charity and love, and the unlimited improvement of the natural endowments of our minds. The female part of the community, whose happiness the directors of this institution have so much at heart, may well unite in grateful acknowledgments for the share allotted to them in the blessings of such a state.

In the early stages of society, the degradation of the female character is one of the most disgusting features presented to our view, and its elevation has been usually proportioned to the advances made in civilization and refinement.

In the unimproved condition of man, if the personal charms of women excite the attachment of the other sex, there is an entire want of those mental recommendations that can alone render it permanent and durable. Neither does the affection excited by external appearance afford an exemption from the most laborious and servile employments. While her athletic companion is reclining in ease and indolence, or walking with cruel unconcern by her side, the female savage is seen tottering under the weight of oppressive burthens, or ministering her ill-requited endeavours, to promote his happiness. Her fading beauties soon cease to enchain the affections of a brutal husband, and the severities of a comfortless and miserable lot are rendered doubly painful by the want of sympathy and commiseration.

If such be the condition of females in the state I have described, and if it be, as I consider it, the worst that can exist, so also have there been periods of the world, when mankind had made some progress out of barbarism, in which their character has been estimated far below its value.

Among the Egyptians, who were distinguished by their attainments in various branches of knowledge, we have reason to believe the female part of society partook but slightly of their advantages; although

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it is supposed that some were permitted to acquire a knowledge of figures, and perhaps still more to employ themselves in music. But though among the Phenicians and Babylonians some attention was paid to female improvement, and it is said that the kings of the Medes and Persians were educated and instructed by women; yet it is lamentable to learn, that in Greece, whence have flowed to after times such copious streams of literary knowledge, their condition was little above that of the most abject slavery, and they were wholly denied the invaluable benefits of education.

It reflects discredit also on the codes of those ancient lawgivers, Solon and Lycurgus, that the precepts of the one established a mode of instruction for females, calculated to destroy the delicacy of their character, and to substitute a masculine boldness and effrontery in its place, while those of the other were wholly silent on this interesting subject. Of the ancient nations, Rome certainly shines forth most resplendent in the homage of the rougher to the milder sex, and the honourable estimation in which it held the latter.

That the education of females formed an important object of attention there, is well ascertained, and the names and characters of many bright examples of female talents, fortitude, and virtue, as handed down to us by history, evince its good effects.

What shall we say of latter times?

In the romantic days of chivalry, great as was the devotion of each valorous knight, to the protection and defence of his favoured fair, or warm and generous as was his attachment to the sex at large, little can be said of the exertions made in those times for the enlargement of their understandings, or the cultivation of their minds.

In many, also, of the more modern nations, where much of luxury and refinement has prevailed, female education has been either so greatly neglected, conducted on such injudicious and mistaken plans, or directed to such improper ends, as to sink the female character much below that station to which it is every where justly entitled. If now and then a female understanding, rising above every impediment, and disdaining every shackle, has shone forth like a bright corruscation amid surrounding darkness, it has afforded, to astonished observers, a mingled sensation of pleasure and regret; pleasure in perceiving those occasional victories of *mind*, and regret that the instances are rendered so rare, by the depression to which, error of opinion, and the force of bad habits have subjected it.

The result of these observations is, that a state of cultivated society is most propitious to the intellectual improvement and happiness of the female sex, but that with all the advantages of such a state, it has not generally occurred, that mankind have duly appreciated the advanta-

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ges of female education, or been sufficiently sedulous in forming plans for their literary advancement.

It is due to the last century to acknowledge, that while almost every species of science and learning have undergone great and rapid improvements, the subject of education generally, and more particularly that department of it now under consideration, has occupied much reflection, and received great elucidation, both of a theoretical and practical kind.

In our own country, the incalculable value of education, viewed either as the promoter of happiness in its possessor, or as a mean of enabling him to contribute to the happiness of others, is by the enlightened part of the community correctly estimated.

Seminaries of learning, superintended by men of superior talents, and conducted under regulations liberal and wise are continually rising among us.

Blessed by the beneficent dispenser of all our benefits with an abundance of natural advantages, and favoured with an exemption from many of the evils of the transatlantic world, we have learnt also to prize the means h is providence has presented us for the culture of intellect; and we should also render him a partial return for his goodness, by an adaptation of our acquirements to all the useful purposes of life.

The degrading opinion, that the female mind is either unworthy or incapable of literary ornament, or that its acquisition is incompatible with the relative duties of women, has been nearly exploded. It is considered an ungenerous sentiment, that would ascribe to them an inferiority in natural genius, or an incapacity for the reception of learning; and instead of the illiberal recommendation of household cares, as alone deserving their attention, it has been discovered that it is easy for them to reconcile the acquirement and enjoyment of the benefits of a good education with the faithful discharge of every female duty.

It is a gratifying circumstance, that since the zeal for encouraging literature has ceased to seek its objects in our sex only, many illustrious examples have been added to those recorded in ancient history, of ladies who have been the delight of every circle where polite learning was the theme of conversation, as they have been examples of every domestic virtue in their own families.

In this metropolis ample means of instruction for the youth of both sexes are provided. Useful learning accommodated to the capacities of individuals, and regulated in its kind and extent by the situation and prospects of pupils, is now equally offered to the acceptance of all; and although the short-sighted policy, or false economy of some parents may lead them to reject the boon, and the indolence and frivolity of some children may defeat the kind endeavours of their friends to pro-

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mote their advancement in learning, yet we have great reason to congratulate ourselves that so much has already been done, and to indulge in agreeable anticipations of what may yet be effected.

While, however, indulging such feelings, while exulting in the emancipation of the female mind from the fetters of prejudice, and the bondage of ignorance, let it be forever recollected, that as a polite and well-informed woman is the most welcome companion of the intelligent of our sex, a female pedant is in all respects the reverse.

The modesty and amiableness of her character should ever be considered by a well-bred woman, as ornaments of too valuable a description to give place to the affectation and conceit of scholastic attainments, and it should be her constant study to avoid an ostentatious display of the decorations of her mind, as a correct taste would direct her to do in those of her person. It must, indeed, be confessed, that in our days there is less danger than formerly of the occurrence of this evil.

The beneficial alterations that have taken place in the species of learning prosecuted in seminaries of female education, have had the effect of uniting the useful and agreeable.

While the pupil is directed to such branches of study as are calculated not wholly to engross the mind, but to allow her to prepare for the duties in life to which she may be destined; while she is presented with such as may never mar the delicacy of her sentiments, or the softness of her demeanor, but will embellish any situation in society she may be called to occupy; we need have little dread of female pedantry.

Possibly, in a disposition, as a general scheme, not to encourage our amiable friends to attempt the highest flights of scientific attainment, not to involve themselves in laborious efforts to become acquainted with the dead languages, or familiar with all the subtleties of an abstract philosophy, we may err on the contrary extreme.

We may not sufficiently inculcate the necessity of adhering to what is really useful, and by carelessness in this respect may suffer our young ladies to acquire a fondness for reading of too light and trivial a kind. This is a fault, into which, of all others, the undirected youthful mind is most apt to fall.

On one description of books it feeds, if permitted, with a ruinous avidity. I mean the trash, under the names of novels and romances, which false taste, weak intellects, or depraved dispositions have thrown in such numbers on the world. Instead of the evil of pedantry, these are calculated to seduce the unsettled minds of young persons into the adoption of erroneous and immoral principles, to beget frivolity of disposition, and a dislike of more solid and profitable reading, to encourage false views of life, and frequently to terminate in a disastrous course of conduct.

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I know that this may be considered a hackneyed topic of censure and declamation, but I hope to obtain some credit for venturing on it, even from my young friends, when I assure them that I by no means intend to proclaim a general denunciation of works of fiction. Some works of this description do equal honour to the heads and hearts of their authors, and may unhesitatingly be read with profit and delight.

While entertaining the imagination of the female reader, they may increase her knowledge, correct her taste, and regulate her morals. Others, without impurity of sentiment, or vulgarity of diction, may excite innocent mirth and gayety, and may occasionally afford a seasonable relief from the toils of study or of business.

But the number of novels entitled to encomium of any kind is comparatively so small, that it would be infinitely better for a young lady never to open one, than to seize them with that total neglect of discrimination, which, it is to be feared, too often obtains.

The injurious effects of this neglect would be more apparent, were it not that the rapidity used in running through the endless variety of insipid nonsense, unnatural incident, corrupt sentiment, and beggarly style, of the duodecimos daily emitted from our circulating libraries, prevents the memory of the reader from retaining their baneful contents.

Permit me, my young friends, without attempting a cynical exclusion of novels from your parlour windows, earnestly to recommend to you to consult your better informed parents and friends in the choice, and peruse only such as will neither destroy your relish for more solid reading, nor suffuse your cheek by the indelicacy of their pages.

You will find a sufficient fund of amusement in a very limited selection, and if a deficiency ever occur, and the moment should not be propitious to studies of a higher order, entertainment of an unexceptionable nature will be open to you in the productions of the best of our English poets, with which every young lady should be proud to be familiar.

Before I dismiss this subject, let me add, that if parents, instead of permitting a premature and unrestrained intercourse with novels, and thus assisting the formation of an early attachment to trifling reading in their children, were to place before them works of real merit, and with kindness persuade them to undertake their perusal, great evil, the mere result of their unpardonable inattention, would be avoided, wild and romantic notions in juvenile minds would be repressed, and that disrelish for serious study, so unhappily prevalent, would, in a great degree, subside.

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Young persons would be less liable to be seduced into views of life so dissimilar from their actual prospects, and become better qualified for the discharge of their allotted duties in the world.

Those works of fiction composed with a view to promote the cause of morality, and to add to the stock of useful polite literature, instead of being confounded, as they now are, with the trifling ephemera that disgrace the shelves of every circulating library, would be more highly appreciated, and without requiring a neglect of the necessary employments of the female station, the duties of religion, or studies of a severer nature, would furnish a perpetual fund of pleasure and amusement, producing profit to the mind and polish to the manners.

I have alluded to the poets, and I would repeat my recommendation of them, but not unaccompanied by a qualification, leading to the exercise of great care in selecting the chastest and the best; for the novelists with whose hasty and idle effusions our presses teem, have met with ample competition for literary notice, in the hosts of male and female versifiers, who have fancied themselves inspired by the muses, when in fact only inspired by vanity and mistaken notions of their talents. Such were the ditty writers described in the Dunciad.

> "Each cygnet sweet, of Bath and Tunbridge race
> Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass;
> Each songster, riddler, ev'ry nameless name,
> All crowd who foremost shall be damn'd to fame.
> Some strain in rhyme; the muses, on their racks,
> Scream like the winding of ten thousand jacks:
> Some free from rhyme or reason, rule or check,
> Break Priscian's head and Pegasus's neck."

While a Milton, a Shakspeare, a Pope, a Cowper, a Hayley, of the one sex; a Carter, a Seward, a More, a Smith, of the other; and a numerous list of poets of the first class, can at any time be resorted to, that taste indeed must have become vitiated that can relish the puerile and weak attempts of the poetasters of the day.

I will not undertake to decide whether it be true or not, according to the Latin adage, that genuine poets are born poets; but that more failures are consequent upon the imbecile presumption of many in this than in almost any other walk of polite literature, will not I apprehend be denied; and certain it is that a considerable extent of knowledge, and talents of no ordinary kind in the exercise of prose composition, have been in many instances wholly insufficient to elevate its possessor to the rank of poet. To young ladies, whose genius is not evidently of a poetical cast, let me offer the advice and opinion of a late writer.

"I would not wish you to cultivate poetry further than to possess a relish for its beauties. Verses, if not excellent, are execrable. The mu-

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ses live upon a mount, and there is no enjoying any of their favours, unless you can climb to the heights of Parnassus."

Having been led to these remarks on two kinds of reading, which form such prominent objects of attraction to the female mind, will my amiable hearers permit me to solicit their attention for a few moments to a very brief and cursory review, of some branches of learning, the elements of which are taught in this seminary. I say the elements;—for considering the various objects of study that a school presents, and the time allotted for their attainment, it cannot be expected that science can be here pursued through all its details by the youthful mind.

A solid foundation is here laid:

A commendable spirit of industry in the pupil, aided by the help of judicious friends, must hereafter complete the superstructure. READING with correct emphasis and agreeable cadences, is certainly a very pleasing qualification; and the specimens you have lately afforded us, my young friends, have exhibited a very satisfactory evidence of the capacity and faithfulness of your tutor, and of your dispositions to improve by his instructions. While care in avoiding an indistinct rapidity of utterance, and its contrary, a drawling monotonous manner is observed, your accent and pronunciation regulated by the proper standards, and due regard paid to your pauses and cadences, you will find your own pleasure in reading, and that of your friends in hearing you, much increased.

We expect to see still more anxiety manifested on the part of the pupils, for improvement in this delightful exercise.

The WRITING of a neat fair hand, adds greatly to the other accomplishments of ladies. It gives a grace to composition, and is generally considered a strong evidence of a polite education. To a reasonable extent it can be acquired by all, and our examination of your performances furnishes ground for believing that this seminary affords abundant means for that purpose.

The study of GRAMMAR, as the precursor and handmaid of composition, is too obviously beneficial to need argument to induce your continued diligence in its pursuit. To render it however truly serviceable, you should carefully attend to the meaning and operation of its rules, and not only fix them carefully in your memories, but learn to apply them with judgment.

The art of COMPOSITION combines utility and ornament of the most valuable and embellishing kind in the structure of the female scholar. To be able on all the occasions of life in which it may become necessary, to assume your pen with a modest confidence, to embody your thoughts with ease and elegance, to rise above that awkwardness

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and vulgarity of diction which disgrace the ill educated woman, to delight your distant friends with the beauty of your style, and the spriteliness of your periods, are assuredly objects calculated to arouse your ambition and stimulate your exertions, to become proficients in this charming employment.

You are here, we trust, acquiring a taste for fine writing that will lead to frequent future attempts. There is nothing wherein the benefit of continued practice is more fully experienced than in this. Epistolary communication with your absent friends, offers a large field for the amendment of your style. Without too laboured an attention to the construction of your sentences, yet with a moderate regard to correctness and purity of language, this species of writing will enable you to exhibit all the vivacity of your fancies, all the sensibility of your hearts.

There are many fine models of letter-writing to which your literary friends can assist you in recurring, but the admirable essays and letters to be found in the Spectator, Tatler, Rambler, Adventurer, and other classical works of a like kind, will supply the best examples of a style which you may safely imitate.

A knowledge of GEOGRAPHY is a creditable acquisition for a lady. It furnishes a vast body of interesting and amusing information, contributes to a better understanding of historical events, and renders more intelligible the accounts we are constantly receiving of many of the important transactions that are from time to time occurring in the world.

It forms a proper accompaniment to the study of HISTORY: a branch of learning equally entertaining and instructive.

This, is well as BIOGRAPHY, is a source of the highest moral improvement. It enlarges our knowledge of men and things, "teaches us to infer from what has happened what may happen again," and affords us incontrovertible evidence of the justice of the ways of Providence in educing "from partial evil universal good."

The body of well-written history now extant is so extensive, that an almost inexhaustible fund of information is presented by it to the inquisitive mind. Your individual enjoyment of its estimable treasures will of course be regulated by your opportunities for its pursuit; but an acquaintance with the history of your own country, and of that from which we derive our origin, is within the reach and should be aspired after by every young lady.

ARITHMETIC, or the art of computation, will prove an acquisition of practical advantage, whatever may be your future station in society. If your fortune should not raise you above the necessity of personal exertions for your own support, you will find great benefit from a know-

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ledge of figures; and if you should be elevated above such a necessity it will protect you from imposition, and enable you with more ease and accuracy to regulate your pecuniary affairs.

Among the other exhibitions of your talents and acquirements, we have been much delighted, my young friends, by the specimens you have given us of your practical acquaintance with SACRED MUSIC.

Although a regular course of scientific instruction in the theoretical principles of music, does not constitute a part of the system of education adopted in this academy, yet the occasional lessons and opportunities for practice here afforded you, will, we hope, incite you to the further improvement of a taste for Psalmody.

There is certainly no more honourable motive for the cultivation of music, than that of its employment in the praises of the MOST HIGH.

"When thus applied," a classical writer observes, "it raises noble ideas in the mind of the hearer, and fills it with great conceptions. It strengthens devotion, and advances praise and rapture, lengthens out every act of worship, and produces more lasting and permanent impressions on the mind than those which accompany any transient form of words, that are uttered in the ordinary method of religious worship."

I would add to this encomium, young ladies, that it assimilates your gratifications here to those of the harmonious beings in another state, described by Milton, who incessantly raise

> "The sacred sound and waken raptures high,
> No one exempt—no voice but well may join
> Melodious part; such concord is in heav'n."

YOUNG LADIES,

In all the departments of study I have enumerated, your recent examination has evidenced in some great proficiency, and in others a progress fully proportioned to their years and opportunities.

It is our wish to encourage you to new endeavours, to profit by the kindness of your parents and guardians, who here afford you such sufficient means of instruction, and by the judicious and laborious application of those means to your several capacities, by the able and attentive preceptor whom they have assigned you.

The best return you can make both to the former and the latter, is diligence in the prosecution of your studies, and an undeviating observance of the regulations of the seminary in which you are placed.

To you, young ladies, on whom the honours of this institution are about to be conferred, permit us to say, that the proofs you have given us of your attainments are gratifying to *our* feelings, and honourable to

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you. We hope the taste for learning you have here imbibed, will not be eradicated by the closing of your studies and exercises in this place; but that it will continue and increase. The correct sentiments and laudable industry which you have manifested, during the period of your tuition, gives us an assurance that you will endeavour in future amid all your other employments and amusements to find intervals of leisure for the further prosecution of literary research.

By so doing you will open to yourselves new and exhaustless sources of gratification and delight. In the fruition of health and plenty, the pleasures of literature will give them a real zest. In the distresses of sickness or poverty, should they ever unfortunately assail you, next to the consolations of religion, these pleasures will often most effectually tend to your mental relief. May you be preserved from such evils, and abound in all the felicity attainable in this life, preparatory to greater in the realms above.

To the respectable audience who have attended the exercises of this evening, and the full examination which took place last week, whether they be interested as the near relatives and friends of the pupils, or favour us with their company from a love of literature, and a desire of witnessing the abilities which the emulation and industry of the pupils have enabled them to display, we trust that nothing has occurred to change their favourable opinion of the utility and beauty of Female Education.

The subject is calculated to excite a high degree of interest in every philanthropic breast, and merits a better discussion than it has now received. If I have erred in too readily yielding to the unexpected and flattering request of the respectable gentlemen with whom I am associated in the superintendence of this seminary, I rely on their and your feelings for supplying every deficiency; congratulating myself if I may in the smallest degree, aid my brethren in increasing the number of the patrons of female improvement and in encouraging the blooming candidates for literary reputation whose studies we have recently examined, to a spirit of enterprize and emulation in the pursuit of knowledge, an unerring regard to moral rectitude, and a distaste for every thing that has a tendency to destroy their love of profitable reading, the purity of their principles or the amiableness of their dispositions.

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TRAVELS——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE,

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

LETTER LXV.

THERE is nothing in the ancient church of St. Medard that would be thought deserving the attention of a stranger; there are no Corinthian columns, no pictures by eminent masters, no superb altar-piece, nor any dome suspended as it were by magic, in the air; it is a simple and old-fashioned place of worship recommended only by its intrinsic sanctity, and by the memory of the Abbe Paris: you will have seen an account of this celebrated Abbe in Voltaire's Age of Louis XIV, of the miracles that were operated at his tomb, and of the measures taken by the government to put an end to the confluence of people there from all parts of the kingdom: as the sacristan was absent, his wife accompanied me about the church, and I soon perceived, that she was a firm believer in the Abbe. The world, she said, was become sadly incredulous, and except a sick lady from Lyons, I was the only stranger who for several months, had visited their church, and yet who could doubt the powerful intercession of the Abbe in Heaven, for, laying aside the numbers of miraculous cures performed in the last century, was not his influence apparent in the preservation of their church, not the slightest ornament of which had been carried away or injured during the whole of the revolution? She wished me also to take notice by climbing up into a window, that though we were now in the dead of winter, the tomb of the Abbe was green with vegetation, and assured me, that if I returned at another hour, her husband would find means to get access for me within the enclosure that is still walled up, and that I might procure some of the earth from about the grave, or a piece of the tombstone in case of sickness in my family hereafter. There are some subjects upon which the reason that Providence has given us, must embolden us to reject all human testimony: the firm persuasion of the witness, and even of the person who has been miraculously operated upon, are to no purpose; it is still more probable that they are both deluded by appearances, or misled by their own prejudices and passions, than that the Almighty should have suspended the laws of nature: if human testimony were to prevail, there would be no end of miracles. Racine, the most polished scholar, and one of the most amiable and upright men of the age, and Paschal, a genius of still su-

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perior order, were both firmly persuaded of the truth of the miraculous cure which took place at Port Royal, and I have seen two thick volumes of those performed at the tomb of the Abbe; they were published by a Mr. Carre de Montgeron, a counsellor of the Parliament of Paris, who was converted from infidelity by what he saw with his own eyes: he had been a man of very irregular life, and tells us in the preface how his attention was first awakened to the spiritual dangers of his situation; he had disguised himself in a female dress, and was on his way towards a convent, where he was to be introduced by a lady, who had lent her assistance to the plot, and was already flattering his imagination with an idea of the opportunities he should have of pursuing his projects against a young person, who had fled for shelter there from his pursuits, when the horses took fright, the carriage was broken to pieces, and he and his companions very narrowly escaped with their lives. But to return to the subject of miraculous cures, I have no doubt, in many instances, either of the veracity of the persons relating, nor of the cure performed, but I doubt the intervention of Providence; and yet I confess myself at a loss how to explain the difficulty. Hope and fear, and all the forms which the human imagination can be made to take, are powerful agents in the hands of skilful men; they are frequently also applied unconsciously by man himself to his own use; but there are cases in which this solution would be of no avail; the tractors of Perkins have been applied, and with great success (in cases where there was no room for, no possibility of imagination) to infants, to persons asleep, and to brutes; nor can our reason take shelter in any hypothesis connected with electricity, for the same cures have been performed by fictitious tractors made of wood, or of slate, as by those which were from the manufactory of Perkins himself: leaving, therefore, the miracles performed at St. Medard, and at Port Royal, to be attributed to the imagination of the patient, or the effect of that deep impression of supernatural truth, which is denominated faith, we must still allow, that there are cures in which we are to look for another agent. To occupy the attention of a person very strongly will generally cure him of the hiccough, and sometimes of the toothach, and a salutary crisis in some acute cures has been produced, it is said, by the simple application of the hand, as by a vital principle which emanates from one body to another; but this again would lead to animal magnetism, which has contributed so much to bewilder some men, and has been made such an instrument for sordid purposes by others, that the secret of nature of which there was a glimpse, is now lost sight of, and perhaps forever. It was my good fortune one evening not very long ago to sit next to a person whom I soon found to be a believer in all the wonders of animal magnetism,

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and who offered, if I would call upon him for the purpose, to give me any information I might desire in addition to the little I had been able to learn in the Encyclopedia. I was satisfied, however, with the conversation of the evening, during which I heard a person of some distinction in the literary world talk of that will, which operates from us upon the objects around, which adds force, real bodily force, to our efforts, and of that improvement in some of our senses, that increase even of our knowledge, which we receive in sleep; surely the account of miracles performed at the tomb of the Abbe Paris, is not so ridiculous: but it is time we should leave the ancient church of St. Medard, and go to the Royal garden of plants down to which the Rue Neuve d'Orleans will lead you. This garden affords an agreeable walk, and one who could have the advantage of frequenting it regularly for some months in company with a man of science, might, in the most pleasing manner, become acquainted with all the varieties of the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral reign. I have never, since my curiosity was first gratified, derived much satisfaction from seeing rare animals; they are frequently ugly, (what for instance can be more so than a camel?) and have always an air of melancholy, or convey that idea at least, and however ferocious their nature may be, we can not but pity their long and useless captivity. It is otherwise with plants, they are agreeable objects in themselves, and, without being at all acquainted with Botany, I was glad to have this opportunity of seeing several sorts, the fruits of which have been converted by the real or imaginary wants of Europe, into necessaries of life. At the lower extremity of the garden is the river over which there has been lately erected an iron bridge; to wander hence to the building, which serves as a Museum, at the other extremity, must in Summer be delightful; the rarest plants are removed out of the hot-houses, and placed to advantage, and a sort of tribute seems paid by nature to the Parisian from all the quarters of the earth, as he takes his evening walk; an artificial eminence too has been contrived on one side, where a winding road, and some rocky irregularities, and a growth of pines, in all the apparent irregularity of nature, form an agreeable contrast, with the formality of the garden. The Museum is a building of no grandeur externally; but the contents of three long and spacious rooms within, would reward the curiosity of a traveller, who had come even further than from America. The specimens and seed of every species of fruit and grain, the whole family of terrestrial animals, placed so as to represent life, from the elephant, the cameleopard, and the elk, to the beautifully-formed antelope-deer, who, made for speed, and yet with spreading antlers in case of necessity for defence, is not larger than a rat: and the whole race of birds, from the Ostrich to the humbird, with

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the almost endless catalogue of reptiles, and of insects, in all their various and successive changes, are ranged along in order, as if ready for embarkation in Noah's Ark. The inhabitants of the water too, of the great rivers in the South, and of the sea, from the hippopotamus to the flying-fish, and down to the lowest orders of being, may be here passed in review, and one may trace a lengthy chain of animated nature along its various links of connexion, from man downwards, which would seem to prove, that we are all of one family. There are many parts of the great chain to whose relationship I have no objection, they are like very distant cousins, who know nothing about us, and who give us no trouble; but there is something very disagreeable and very mortifying in the appearance of those who come immediately after us. A person skilled in mineralogy and chymistry might pass many days successively to very good purpose in one of these spacious rooms; he might there examine at his leisure the various sorts of primitive earth combined with substances, of which they take the name, and which are useful either in medicine, or the arts; and he might see specimens of every kind of stone, from such as must be nearly coeval with creation, to those of a subsequent period, comprehending every species of limestone, from the finest marble down to common chalk, and portions of pudding-stone, either from some rude mass, which has astonished the traveller on a mountain top, or with the shape and colouring of the beautiful Scotch pebble: he would find samples also of every kind of volcanic production; of basalts, which are supposed to be the effect of submarine ejections; of lava, which is composed of the same materials as the basalt, but the produce of an eruption when the volcano was no longer covered by the sea; of pumice stone; and of some crystalized substances which are found near Ætna and Vesuvius. I had before seen a variety of crystals; they form an object of profit to the inhabitants of Chamounie, but I had no idea of their ever being found of a size which admitted of their being worked into vases and chandeliers, of which there are some specimens in the Museum; together with these, are those productions of the earth of a nearly similar nature, to which the common consent of mankind has for time immemorial attached an idea of great value, under the name of precious stones. The diamond is generally placed first upon the splendid list; but I here learned that it is of a nature totally different from the rest, that it is not the effect of a crystalization, which takes place in the earth, or in some undisturbed corner of a rock, in a long succession of ages, but a combustible substance or concretion of charcoal. How this concretion takes place, or what it means in fact, I am very far from pretending to understand, but I believe it on the assertions of the learned, supported by experiments, which have been repeatedly made: upon a diamond's being

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submitted to the action of heat, it was found to emit by combustion the same species of gas, that is emitted by charcoal, and it is known by some late experiments to have, in common with that substance, the property of converting iron into steel. It is singular that Sir Isaac Newton, should upwards of one hundred years ago, have surmised, in this and in other instances, what has since appeared to be the process of nature. But this great man must have possessed faculties very far removed indeed from the utmost to which the human mind had ever before attained, or has since reached; and was, I believe, as Hume has so well expressed it, the greatest and rarest genius that ever arose for the ornament, and instruction of mankind. Specimens are also to be seen here of iron, tin, copper, and lead, such as they offer themselves to view, in that sort of disguise, of which human industry soon strips them; and of gold and silver ore, as they slumber in the mine; and there is a most comprehensive collection of fossils. By the term fossil you are to understand such of the animal and vegetable creation as are found buried in the earth; of these some are petrified, and others remain in their natural state, but it is a circumstance common to both, that they are scarcely ever found in places, to which, according to what we know of the present order of nature, they can have originally belonged. The bones of the elephant, of the rhinoceros, and of the mammoth, which seem to have ennobled the Natural History of America, and of other creatures of nearly equal size, to which no names have been applied, are found scattered over deserts, which these animals were never known to inhabit, or intermixed in the most inexplicable manner, with the various sorts of marine fossils; it would seem as if these had been exposed to some great catastrophe, which the rest of the terrestrial creation had escaped, or perhaps their bones being of a more solid texture, have been able to resist those causes of destruction, which have obliterated every appearance of weaker animals, who may have existed at the same time, and whose remains could not from their situation, be preserved as those of fish have been, from every external injury, and from the effects of the atmosphere. I mentioned to you in a former letter, and when this subject was first presented to my mind, that no remains of man, notwithstanding the most diligent researches, had been ever seen, and I find that such is still the case; not a single stone, which appears to have passed through human hands, not a brick, nothing in short, in the least connected with the antediluvian existence of man, has ever been discovered: and yet I cannot but believe, that creation in all its parts was a single act of the Almighty, and that the chain of existence has been always perfect: insects we find existed, by their impressions left in quarries of stone, and trees and plants, we are sure did, for some of

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these last are of sorts which it would seem required cultivation: they are frequently found so deep in the bowels of the earth, and so transformed into other substances, yet with enough of their original appearance to ascertain their identity, and so remote from the soil and climate proper to their growth, that they must have been operated upon by the same great cause, which was so fatal to other parts of creation, which converted the ocean into dry land, and overwhelmed such portions of the globe as were habitable with the waters of the sea: those parts were perhaps not without human inhabitants, and the time may come, either soon, or when century after century shall have rolled away, that the sea by some great convulsion of nature may again change its level, and human fossils be found in abundance, as those of marine and vegetable origin are now. Whatever may have been, or may hereafter be the case, we shall never know; but I do not think it possible for the busiest, the gayest, or the most ambitious man in Paris to enter this part of the Museum, without being led into a train of serious ideas on this subject; if I was extremely gratified at the sight of the single fish taken from a quarry which I had seen in Mr. de Luc's Cabinet at Geneva, you may conceive my surprise and satisfaction at finding myself in the midst of numbers of these animals in the most perfect preservation; some of them belong to species which are known to exist at present, though generally in distant seas, and others are unknown: the greater part are from a quarry near Verona, where fish of all sizes and in great numbers, are still found in a soft calcareous rock, which is below the extinguished volcano of —— Bolca; the immediate cause which destroyed the myriads of —— Bolca must always be a mystery, but it seems to have taken place at one instant of time, as if the wand of a magician had been waved over them, or the same electric shock had pervaded a whole region, and all its inhabitants: that their motions have been arrested by death without any previous pain or sense of danger, is evident from there being no marks of contortion or struggle in any of them; some, which have been split through the middle, have the undigested remains of the species they preyed upon still visible in the stomach, others are followed by smaller individuals, who were either their offspring or accustomed to prey upon their offal, and there are some instances of others again which were engaged in battle, when death put an end to the contest; one voracious animal of the eel tribe had already a third of his antagonist down his throat, when the terrible shock took place, which has kept his jaws distended ever since. There are also the head of a crocodile, and of an alligator, I believe, and several sorts of turtle and tortoises: I ought to inform you by the way, that the shells of a particular sort of this last animal, are the objects now

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known to have been during ages mistaken for human heads; while the tibia of the elephant was denominated the thigh bone of a giant; and people blessed themselves, that the race of these monstrous brethren of ours was extinct. The remains of the vegetable creation do not at the first view captivate our attention so forcibly, but the useful transformation which has taken place in substances that were originally trees, and plants, and the manner in which Providence has, if I may use the expression, condescended to make man amends for the ruin of former times, is interesting indeed: nothing less than an abundant growth over the whole of what is now ocean, could have furnished the immense masses of fossil wood, which are known to exist for leagues together sometimes near the surface of the earth, and sometimes full many a foot below, and under various forms: trunks of trees are frequently found in quarries of peat; how they have resisted the causes of decomposition which have operated upon the rest of the mass is inconceivable; but it is apparent that they once floated at the mercy of the waves, for they are stripped of all appearance of branches and of roots, and have orifices which can only have been made by the smaller shell fish, or by the worm which is so destructive to ships in warm climates: a substance adherent to trees in their fossil state is frequently found upon the shores of the Baltic, in particular, and sometimes at the depth of one hundred feet under ground; this is what we call amber; it appears to have been formerly nearly liquid; some naturalists have supposed, that it was once honey, and to have in that state given access to the little animals, that are now found incased in it; they are frequently in such perfect preservation that their species may be immediately recognised, and some of them also serve as witnesses of the great change of place, which vegetables as well as the large terrestrial and marine animals have been exposed to; for as similar insects exist only in the warmer latitudes, they must have floated thence with the tree which furnished the substance they preyed upon, and into which they had incautiously ventured themselves. That wood has been converted into iron-stone, I have no difficulty in believing, from the samples I saw here, and there is a mine of iron ore in Russia, I find, which is made up in great measure of leaves, branches, and roots of trees, the particular species of which may be still ascertained. Had the same mass been left exposed to the action of humidity, for a course of ages, it might have become peat; in Africa, beneath the burning sands, it would probably have been converted into flint-stones, and there are situations in which, according to the opinion of some Naturalists, nature being aided in its operation by the salts of the sea, and other marine productions, it would have become coal. But I have said enough of the garden of plants, and of the Museum and

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Cabinet of Natural History, as it is called in French; if I said more, I might wander still further out of my depth than I find myself already; for my knowledge on these subjects is, I am sorry to confess it, extremely superficial. We will now return homewards by the Rue St. Victor, and passing the place Maubert, famous for the rude loquacity of the sellers of vegetables, enter the Island of the Cité by the bridge, which is opposite to that which takes its name from the ancient Cathedral, that we must next visit.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF THE LATE MAJOR GENERAL ANTHONY WAYNE.

Fashioned much to honour from his cradle,
He was a soldier, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading;
Lofty and sour to those that lov'd him not;
But to those men that sought him sweet as summer.
Heard ye him talk of Commonwealths,
You'd say it had been all in all his study;
List his discourse of war, and you would hear
A fearful battle rendered you in music.

* * * * * * *

Now to his ashes honour!—Peace be with him!
And choirs of angels sing him to his rest.

SHAKSPEARE.

GENERAL ANTHONY WAYNE occupies a conspicuous station among the heroes and patriots of the American Revolution. That eventful epoch was calculated to call into exertion the talents and virtues of our citizens, and the page of history can offer to our view, no country in the maturity of its age, with which the infancy of our own may not be proudly compared. Never has a war been conducted with such purity of intention, such integrity of principle, as the one which separated the United States from the British Empire; and while these principles remain with us, while America continues true to herself, resting on the favour of that Providence which led her through the dangerous ordeal, she may confidently bid defiance to the arts, and to the arms of the old world.

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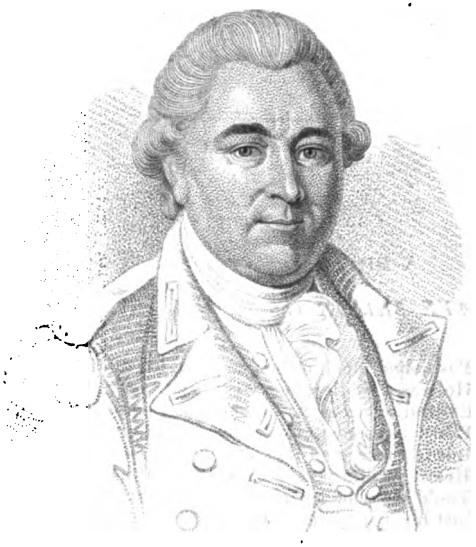

GEN.L ANTH.Y WAYNE.

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Anthony Wayne was born in the year 1745, in Chester County, in the State, then Colony, of Pennsylvania. His father, who was a respectable farmer, was many years a representative for the County of Chester in the General Assembly, before the revolution. His grandfather, who was distinguished for his attachment to the principles of liberty, bore a captain's commission under King William at the battle of the Boyne. Anthony Wayne succeeded his father as a representative for the County of Chester, in the year 1773; and from his first appearance in public life, distinguished himself as a firm and decided patriot. He opposed with much ability the unjust demands of the mother country, and in connexion with some gentlemen of distinguished talents, was of material service in preparing the way for the firm and decisive part which Pennsylvania took in the general contest.

In 1775 he was appointed to the command of a regiment, which his character enabled him to raise in a few weeks in his native county. In the same year he was detached under general Thompson into Canada. In the defeat which followed, in which general Thompson was made a prisoner, colonel Wayne, though wounded, displayed great gallantry and good conduct in collecting and bringing off, the scattered and broken bodies of troops.

In the campaign of 1776 he served under general Gates at Ticonderoga, and was highly esteemed by that officer for both his bravery and skill as an engineer. At the close of that campaign he was created a brigadier-general.

At the battle of Brandywine he behaved with his usual bravery, and for a long time opposed the progress of the enemy at Chad's Ford. In this action the inferiority of the Americans in numbers, discipline, and arms, gave them little chance of success; but the peculiar situation of the public mind was supposed to require a battle to be risked; the ground was bravely disputed, and the action was not considered as decisive. The spirits of the troops were preserved by a belief that the loss of the enemy had equalled their own. As it was the intention of the American commander in chief to hazard another action on the first favourable opportunity that should offer, general Wayne was detached with his division, to harass the enemy by every means in his power. The British troops were encamped at Tryduffin, and general Wayne was stationed about three miles in the rear of their left wing, near the Paoli tavern, and from the precautions he had taken, he considered himself secure; but about eleven o'clock, on the night of the 17th September, major general Gray, having driven in his pickets, suddenly attacked him with fixed bayonets. Wayne, unable to withstand the superior number of his assailants, was obliged to retreat; but formed again at a small distance, having lost about one hundred and fifty killed

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and wounded. As blame was attached, by some of the officers of the army, to general Wayne, for allowing himself to be surprised in this manner, he demanded a court martial, which, after examining the necessary evidence declared that he had done every thing to be expected from an active, brave, and vigilant officer; and acquitted him with honour.

Shortly after was fought the battle of Germantown, in which he greatly signalized himself by his spirited manner of leading his men into action.

In all councils of war, general Wayne was distinguished for supporting the most energetic and decisive measures. In the one previous to the battle of Monmouth, he and general Cadwalader were the only officers decidedly in favour of attacking the British army. The American officers are said to have been influenced by the opinions of the Europeans. The Baron de Steuben, and generals Lee and Du Portail, whose military skill was in high estimation, had warmly opposed an engagement, as too hazardous. But general WASHINGTON, whose opinion was in favour of an engagement, made such dispositions as would be most likely to lead to it. In that action, so honourable to the American arms, general Wayne was conspicuous in the ardor of his attack. General WASHINGTON, in his letter to Congress, observes, "Were I to conclude my account of this day's transactions without expressing my obligations to the officers of the army in general, I should do injustice to their merit, and violence to my own feelings. They seemed to vie with each other in manifesting their zeal and bravery. The catalogue of those who distinguished themselves is too long to admit of particularizing individuals. I cannot, however, forbear mentioning brigadier-general Wayne, whose good conduct and bravery, throughout the whole action deserves particular commendation."

In July 1779, the American commander in chief having conceived a design of attacking the strong post of Stony Point, committed the charge of this enterprise to general Wayne. The garrison was composed of six hundred men, principally highlanders, commanded by lieutenant colonel Johnson. Stony Point is a considerable height, the base of which, on the one side, is washed by the Hudson river, and on the other is covered by a morass, over which there is but one crossing place. On the top of this hill was the fort; formidable batteries of heavy artillery were planted on it, in front of which, breast-works were advanced, and half way down, was a double row of abattis. The batteries commanded the beach and the crossing place of the morass. Several vessels of war were also in the river, whose guns commanded the foot of the hill. At noon, on the 15th of July, general Wayne marched from Sandy Beach and arrived at eight o'clock in the evening within a

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mile and a half of the fort, where he made the necessary disposition for the assault. After reconnoitering the situation of the enemy, at half past eleven he led his troops with unloaded muskets and fixed bayonets, and without firing a single gun, completely carried the fort and made the garrison amounting to five hundred and forty-three (the rest being killed) prisoners. In the attack, while at the head of Febiger's regiment, general Wayne received a wound in the head with a musket-ball, which, in the heat of the conflict, supposing mortal, and anxious to expire in the lap of glory, he called to his aids to carry him forward and let him die in the fort. The resistance on the part of the garrison was very spirited. Out of the forlorn hope of twenty men, commanded by lieutenant Gibbon, whose business it was to remove the abattis, seventeen were killed. For the brave, prudent and soldierlike conduct displayed in this achievement, the Congress presented to general Wayne a gold medal emblematic of the action.

In the campaign of 1781, in which Lord Cornwallis, and a British army were obliged to surrender prisoners of war, he bore a conspicuous part. His presence of mind never failed him in the most critical situations. Of this he gave an eminent example on the James River. Having been deceived by some false information, into a belief that the British army had passed the river, leaving but the rear guard behind, he hasted to attack the latter before it should also have effected its passage; but on pushing through a morass and wood, instead of the rear guard, he found the whole British army drawn up close to him. His situation did not admit of a moment's deliberation. Conceiving the boldest to be the safest measure, he immediately led his small detachment not exceeding eight hundred men, to the charge, and after a short, but very smart and close firing, in which he lost one hundred and eighteen of his men, he succeeded in bringing off the rest, under cover of the wood. Lord Cornwallis, suspecting the attack to be a feint, in order to draw him into an ambuscade, would not permit his troops to pursue.

The enemy having made considerable head in Georgia, Wayne was despatched by general WASHINGTON to take the command of the forces in that State, and after some sanguinary engagements, succeeded in establishing security and order. For his services in that State the legislature presented him with a valuable farm.

On the peace, which followed shortly after, he retired to private life; but in 1789 we find him a member of the Pennsylvania Convention, and one of those in favour of the present Federal Constitution of the United States.

In the year 1792 he was appointed to succeed general St. Clair, who had resigned the command of the army engaged against the Indians,

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on our western frontier. He had to oppose an enemy of unceasing activity, abounding in stratagems, and flushed with recent victory. His troops were composed of new levies, who with difficulty could be brought to submit to the strictness of discipline, necessary to be preserved in order to counteract the arts of their wily foe. The service was considered as extremely dangerous, and the recruiting proceeded very slowly. Two gallant armies had been cut to pieces by these savages, who had destroyed with fire and the tomahawk, the advanced settlements of the whites. On his appointment, it was supposed by many, that the military ardor, for which he had ever been eminently distinguished would be very likely to lead him into action under unfavourable circumstances, when opposed by a foe, whose vigilance was unceasing, and whose rule it was, never to risk an action, without the greatest assurance of success. But the appointment had been made by the man, who of all others was the best judge of the requisite qualities of a commander. General Wayne had been selected for this important situation by President WASHINGTON, who entertained a distinguished regard for him; and the result showed his opinion as accurate in this, as in all other instances of his glorious life. Wayne formed an encampment at Pittsburgh, and such exemplary discipline was introduced among the new troops, that on their advance into the Indian country, they appeared like veterans. He wished to come to a general engagement with the enemy, but aware of the serious consequences that would follow a defeat, the movements of the army were conducted with consummate prudence. Parties were constantly in advance, and as well to guard against a surprize, which had been fatal to the officers who had preceded him, as to inure his troops to vigilance and toil, the station of every night was fortified. Provisions were difficult to procure, and a rapid advance into the enemy's country, must have been followed by as rapid a retreat. He, properly, conceived that the security of the country and the favourable termination of the war, depended more on maintaining the ground, in a slow advance, than by making a rapid incursion into their villages, which he might be obliged instantly to abandon. At this time, the Six Nations had shown a disposition to hostilities, which the care of the President was scarcely able to prevent. And on the south, it was with difficulty that the government of Georgia restrained the turbulence of its savage neighbours. In this situation, a retreat of the American troops, would probably have been attended with the most fatal consequences to the country.

The Indians had collected in great numbers, and it was necessary not only to rout them, but to occupy their country by a chain of posts, that should, for the future, check their predatory incursions. Pursuing this regular and systematic mode of advance, the autumn of 1793 found

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general Wayne with his army at a post in the wilderness, called Greensville, about six miles in advance of Fort Jefferson, where he determined to encamp for the winter, in order to make the necessary arrangements for opening the campaign to effect early in the following spring. After fortifying his camp, he took possession of the ground on which the Americans had been defeated in 1791, which he fortified also, and called the work fort Recovery. This situation of the army, menacing the Indian villages, effectually prevented any attack on the white settlements. The impossibility of procuring the necessary supplies prevented the march of the troops till the summer. On the eighth of August, the army arrived at the junction of the rivers Au Glaize and Miami of the Lakes, where they erected works for the protection of the stores. About thirty miles from this place, the British had formed a post, in the vicinity of which the Indians had assembled their whole force. On the 15th, the army again advanced down the Miami, and on the 18th arrived at the Rapids. On the following day they erected some works, for the protection of the baggage. The situation of the enemy was reconnoitered, and they were found posted in a thick wood, in the rear of the British fort. On the 20th the army advanced to the attack. The Miami covered the right flank, and on the left were the mounted volunteers, commanded by general Todd. After marching about five miles, major Price, who led the advance, received so heavy a fire from the Indians, who were stationed behind trees, that he was compelled to fall back. The enemy had occupied a wood in front of the British fort, which, from the quantity of fallen timber, could not be entered by the horse. The legion was immediately ordered to advance with trailed arms, and rouse them from their covert; the cavalry under captain Campbell, were directed to pass between the Indians and the river, while the volunteers, led by general Scott, made a circuit to turn their flank. So rapid, however, was the charge of the legion, that before the rest of the army could get into action, the enemy were completely routed, and driven through the woods for more than two miles, and the troops halted within gun-shot of the British fort. All the Indians' houses and corn-fields were destroyed. In this decisive action, the whole loss of general Wayne's army, in killed and wounded, amounted only to one hundred and seven men. As hostilities continued on the part of the Indians, their whole country was laid waste, and forts established, which effectually prevented their return.

The success of this engagement destroyed the enemies' power; and in the following year general Wayne concluded a definitive treaty of peace with them.

A life of peril and of glory was terminated in the month of December 1796. He had shielded his country from the murderous tomahawk of

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the savage. He had established her boundaries. He had forced her enemies to sue for her protection. He beheld her triumphant, rich in arts, and potent in arms. What more could his patriotic spirit wish to see? He died in a hut in the wilderness, and lies buried on the shore of Lake Erie. The traveller may search almost in vain for his grave. No mausoleum points out the spot where he reposes. He who deserved a monument

aere perennius
Regalique situ pyramidum altius,

has not a humble stone to tell his countrymen, that beneath it lie whatever was mortal of a HERO and a PATRIOT.

POLITE LITERATURE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Honeywood's Poems.

THE author of the little volume before us, possessed a poetic genius, which, undoubtedly, would have gained him no mean fame, could he have devoted his time assiduously to its cultivation. But, in our country, men of powerful and brilliant talents, at an early age, are generally hurried into the vortex of business; and neglect the flowers of poesy, for the fruits of wealth and independence. We lament the untimely death of Mr. H. the following well-written account of whom, is introduced, by the editor, in his preface.

ST. JOHN HONEYWOOD was born at Leicester, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. His father was a respectable physician in that place. At the age of twelve years, our poet had the misfortune to lose his parents. An orphan, destitute of patrimony, he was greatly indebted to the generosity of individuals for the education he received.

At a Latin school, then of some celebrity at Lebanon, in the State of Connecticut, under the care of Mr. Tisdale, he was taught those rudiments of learning, which are a necessary preparation for an admission to Yale College. Soon after entering that seminary he became the distinguished favourite of the President, Dr. Stiles, into whose house, during his residence at New-Haven, he was received with parental kindness.

After completing his collegiate studies with great honour to himself, he quitted New-England, and went to reside at Schenectady, in the State of New-York, where he continued about two years, as preceptor in an academy. Thence he removed to Albany, and commenced the study of the law, in the office of Peter W. Yates, Esquire, with whom he pursued his legal studies for two years: at the expiration of which time, having been admitted to the bar, he went to Salem, in the county of Washington, where he practised in his profession for ten years with unblemished reputation. He was made a

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master in Chancery, which office he resigned on being appointed, by the governor and council, clerk of the county.

He was chosen one of the electors of the president of the United States when Mr. Adams became the successor of Washington; on which occasion he composed the verses on the resignation of the latter.

His situation had now become comparatively opulent; and had his life been prolonged, he would have enjoyed an ample competence for one so disposed to retirement, and so moderate in his desire of wealth.

An hereditary gout, and a general debility, occasioned, probably, by a too sedentary life, were the ostensible causes of his early death. He died at his house in Salem, on the 1st of September, 1798, in the 34th year of his age, justly and universally regretted by his friends and numerous acquaintance. He married, about ten years before, the daughter of Colonel Mosely, of Westfield, in Massachusetts, but had no children.

The talents of Mr. Honeywood as a painter were not less than those he possessed as a poet. His favourite style was caricature, and he would have been no unsuccessful imitator of Hogarth. Many of his historical sketches display great felicity and judgment. His design and execution are the more to be admired, as he never received any instruction in the art, and had no opportunity to behold or study the works of a master.

He had all that eccentricity which is supposed to characterize strong genius. With a fund of genuine humour, and a lively and rapid conception, his great singularity of manners rendered him highly interesting to his friends and acquaintance, to whom his society was an unfailing source of amusement and instruction. His mind was stored with sound learning and various knowledge; and possessed of an excellent heart, the most acute sensibility, a high sense of honour, and incorruptible integrity, he was fitted to be the delight of his associates.

With feelings alive to every impression, and a fancy ardent and active, it is not surprising that he should have been sometimes absent, wayward and inconsistent, and even petulant and capricious. These occasional weaknesses of temper are too often allied to genius; they are of little account when weighed against the general merit of such a character as Mr. Honeywood.

The Editor ought, perhaps, to apologize for attempting to delineate the portrait of one of whom his knowledge is so limited; but he craves indulgence for the imperfect sketch he has given. It is hoped some friend, possessing more ample materials, may be induced to gratify the public with a particular account of a man of such singular genius and worth, and who merits a conspicuous place in the pages of *American Biography*.

Most of the poems in this collection, appear to have proceeded from the impulse of the moment, and, as may be expected, are of unequal merit. Some of those retained by the partiality of the editor, might have been omitted, without injury to the metrical reputation of the author; and probably would have been omitted, had the volume issued from the press under his own inspection. On the whole, however, they afforded us much pleasure in the perusal; and we are disposed to speak, in a strain of no languid eulogium, of Mr. Honeywood's powers as a poet. We present the lines On General WASHINGTON'S declining a re-election to the Presidency of the United States, as a favourable specimen of the author's merits.

As the rude Zemblian views, with anxious eyes,
The sun fast rolling from his wintry skies,

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While gathering clouds the shaded vault deform,
And hollow winds announce th' impending storm,
His anguish'd soul recoils, with wild affright,
From the drear horrors of the tedious night:
Such fears alarm'd, such gloom o'ercast each mind,
When WASHINGTON his sacred trust resigned,
And open'd to his much-lov'd country's view
Th' instructive page which bade the long adieu:
So erst Nunnides, of prophetic tongue,
Prince, victor, seer, to Juda's list'ning throng,
Gave his last blessings: so, long ages since,
Mild Solon and the stern Laconian prince,
Those boasts of fame, their parting counsels gave,
When, worn with toils, they sought the peaceful grave.
Columbians, long preserve that peerless page,
Fraught with the counsels of your warrior-sage;
In all your archives be the gift enroll'd;
Suspend it to your walls, encas'd in gold;
Bid schools recite it; let the priestly train
Chant it on festal days, nor deem the task profane!
When round your knees your infant offspring throng,
To join the matin prayer or evening song,
Those rites perform'd, invite them to attend
The farewell counsels of their good old friend;
And say he left you, as his last bequest,
Those golden rules to make a nation blest.
O land thrice blest! if to thine interests wise,
Thy Senates learn this precious boon to prize,
While guilty Europe's blood-stain'd empires fall,
While heav'n, incens'd, lets loose th' infuriate Gaul,
Thy States, in phalanx firm, a sacred band,
Safe from the mighty wreck, unmov'd shall stand.
But if, may heaven avert that shameful day!
By base intrigues or factions led astray,
With servile fondness for some foreign state,
We court their quarrels and espouse their hate,
Thenceforth farewell to dignity and fame,
For independence dwindles to a name.
Would those who counsel kings these truths attend;
Romantic wish! for kings have ne'er a friend;
But were these rules on royal minds impress'd,
Monarchs might reign, and subjects would be bless'd;
Dantons and Robespierres had died unknown,
And the mild Capet still had grac'd a throne.
Behold the man, ye crown'd and ermin'd train!
And learn from him the royal art to reign.
No guards surround him or his walks infest,
No cuirass meanly shields his noble breast;
His the defence which despots ne'er can find,
The love, the prayers, the interests of mankind.
Ask ye what spoils his far-fam'd arms have won?
What cities sack'd, what hapless realms undone?
Though Monmouth's field supports no vulgar fame,
Though captur'd York shall long preserve his name,
Where brave Cornwallis, in a glorious hour,
Doffed his proud helm, and own'd the victor's power;
I quote not these—a nobler scene behold,
Wide cultur'd fields fast ripening into gold:

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There, as his toil the cheerful peasant plies,
New marts are opening and new spires arise:
Here Commerce smiles, and there *en groupe* are seen
The useful arts, and those of spritelier mien.
To cheer the whole, the Muses tune the lyre,
And Independence leads the white-rob'd choir.
Trophies like these, to vulgar chiefs unknown,
Were sought and priz'd by WASHINGTON alone.
From these with all his country's honours crown'd,
As sage in councils as in arms renown'd,
Great in this action as in all the past,
Forever true, and faithful to the last,
He turns—and urges, as his last request,
Remote from power, his weary head to rest.
Illustrious man, adieu! yet, ere we part,
Forgive our factions, which have wrung thy heart;
Still with indulgent eyes thy country see,
Whose ceaseless prayers ascend the heavens for thee:
Go, midst the shades of tranquil Vernon stray;
In vain attempt to shun the piercing ray
Of circumambient glory—till refin'd
All that could clog to earth the heaven-lent mind,
Then rise triumphant to the blest abodes,
And join those chiefs whom Virtue rais'd to gods.
Ye who have fought in Freedom's sacred cause,
Who grace our senates and expound our laws!
Freemen, to whom your country's rights are dear,
Indulge the Muse, and lend a listening ear—
Say, if on you the rights of suffrage wait,
Whom hail we next as Father of the State?
To each has heaven peculiar gifts assigned,
And men, like stars, to certain spheres confined;
In paths eccentric few allow'd to stray,
Drawing a splendid train, and brightening all the way.
Saturnine souls, who think and act by rule,
Excel in grave debate and reasonings cool;
Impetuous minds, of more impassioned form,
"Ride in the whirlwind, and direct the storm:"
Hence those in councils, these in arms excel,
But few indeed are those who govern well;
For in his breast, who sways the rod of State,
Must centre every gift supremely great;
And as the stars which guild the vault of night,
Unnumber'd, pour effulgence on the sight,
So chiefs and senators in crowds abound,
But rare as comets WASHINGTONS are found.
Is there a man, who thrice ten years well tried,
Who ne'er has crouch'd, or meanly chang'd his side?
Ardent and foremost in his country's cause,
The friend of order and of equal laws.
Who views with stern contempt a clamorous throng,
Strife in their heart, and freedom on their tongue;
A whiffling tribe, who, at their leader's nod,
Would sell their souls, their country, or their God:
Who, had they liv'd in Jove's impartial reign,
Had join'd the giants, and enthron'd a Paine!
Is there a man in whose capacious mind
A Murray, Locke, and Chatham live combin'd,

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Who joins to all that men or books have taught,
The fire of genius and the force of thought?
Is there a man, who in these changeful days,
Unaw'd by censure, unallur'd by praise,
True to his aim, and obstinately good,
While factions rag'd, unmov'd as Atlas stood;
Whose ancient morals stoics might revere,
And Rome, reviv'd, behold her Censor here;
Such as ere Grecian spoils her temples grac'd,
And solid virtue sunk to Attick taste?
Should such a man preside, the land were blest—
Advert your eyes, and ADAMS stands confest.
Fir'd at the name, enraptur'd Fancy flies,
Old Time rolls back, and years long past arise,
To memory fresh unfolds a solemn scene;
Columbia's sires in high divan convene,
Of dread concerns commission'd to consult,
And chains or empire wait the grand result:
Full in the front I see the patriot stand,
All fire his eye, all energy his hand;
Such graceful majesty round Tully shone,
When Rome's proud master trembled on his throne:
"Ye guardian powers of eloquence divine,
"Prepare each soul to grasp the grand design!
"Inspire my tongue the glorious cause to plead,
"Impel each hand to sign the deathless deed."—
He ceas'd—Assent remurmur'd through the throng,
While INDEPENDENCE thunder'd from his tongue.

In The Selfish Man's prayer on the Prospect of War, our author has not unhappily displayed the feelings of

"A wretch concenter'd all in self."

The measure appears to be intended as a sneer at the pious metre of our New-England brethren.

Again the clouds of battle lower
With terror and dismay;
Protect me, all-disposing power,
In this disastrous day!

As in the camp the soldiers learn
To riot, curse and swear,
'Twould give my pious soul concern
To have my boys go there!

Then while my neighbours and their sons
Are call'd to war and arms,
Grant that my boys, secure from guns,
May cultivate my farms!

And while with taxes and expense
My kindred are distress'd,
O grant that all my hard-earn'd pence
May slumber in the chest!

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And should the Frenchmen gain the day,
And all their foes condemn;
Then may I wash my hands, and say
I ne'er opposed them!

Yet, if by thy disposing *will*,
My country gains the cause,
O may I find a shelter still
In her indulgent laws!

And should she disbelieve my word,
May I upon thee call
To witness I ne'er drew my sword,
Or fir'd a gun at all.

For since from frailty and mistake
No carnal mind is free,
I wish no active part to take,
But leave the whole to thee!

Though impious pirates on the seas
Our merchants' ships despoil;
Yet shall my spirit rest in ease
Till foes invade the soil.

Then let the fiends of battle rave,
My peaceful vales shall sing;
And oxen, corn, and all I have,
Full thrice their value bring.

O may my lands yield twenty-fold,
The army to supply;
May fat contractors, franght with gold,
My copious harvests buy!

May continental rags no more
Usurp the place of coin;
But crown my basket and my store
With blessings from the mine.

What though the fig-tree shall not bloom,
Or oxen seek the stall;
What though it be thy righteous doom
That half our youth shall fall:

Yet if thou wilt thy servant bless,
And my posterity,
I'll joy in my own righteousness,
To perpetuity.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE CHYMIC GLEANER—No. I.

"Serene philosophy,
Effusive source of evidence and truth!
Without thee, what were unenlighten'd man?
A savage roaming through the woods and wilds,
Rough clad, devoid of every finer art
And elegance of life."—THOMSON.

WHILE the gay votarist of the sportive Muse delights the imaginations of your readers; while the more grave essayist improves their hearts and instructs their minds; while the scrutinizing analysis of the critic, who curiously scans both the lasting and ephemeral productions of the day, affords amusement to your learned, and the amatory strains of some modern Petrarch shall melt the hearts of your sensitive readers; while your page of anecdote and *bon mot*, promotes the smile of pleasure in some—and the more humorous tale excites the broader grin of pleasantry and mirth in others; while, in fact, each division of your miscellany is a tablet of amusement for the various tastes of your readers, let not the simple unvarnished tales of truth and demonstration, with which a traveller from the walks of Chymical Philosophy, greets ye, be told unheard!

The CHYMIC GLEANER approaches the emporium of your miscellany, in which is accumulated the various spoils of many a pilgrim from the walks of literature, not in the self-sufficient garb of a scientific chymist, but in the unaffected guise of an admirer of chymic science, and an enthusiast in its charms.

> "There dwells in human minds, a strong desire,
> When pleased, their pleasure to extend to those
> Of kindred taste."

Impressed with this desire, he would invite the desultory reader, and the man of leisure, to a participation of the delights that await them in the cultivation of this science.

His wish is, to indite in the language of truth, devested of the veil of fiction which in ancient times obscured its charms, the many beautiful and surprising phenomena, that are so splendidly exhibited to the student of chymistry. He points to the gorgeous temple of this science, and invites each passing traveller to enter. He tells them that its very portal is illumined by the rays of fascination, and its entrance strewed with flowers. He discovers to them the charms that glisten in the remote apartments of this spacious dome, and tells them of the enjoy-

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ments that will be heaped in gay profusion, on the guest of this beauteous mansion. He comes with a tale of verdure and fair weather, to invite your readers to the fields of Chymical Philosophy. These are extensive, variegated and enchanting. Checkered with the rich and abundant luxuriance of variety, they hold forth the most inviting aspect; and promise delight to every cultivator of the soil, or gleaner from their golden harvests. Every one can enjoy these charms: those familiar with the intricate windings of the walks, and the passing spectator who is unacquainted even with the entrance of the garden, may be equally charmed by the surrounding sweets. The sojourning stranger may regale his delighted senses with many a beauteous flower; for it is not necessary that he should have traversed the wide domain, in order to enjoy the fragrance that assails him from a neighbouring grove; nor is the vestibule of an edifice less attractive to the eye of a stranger, because the symmetrical regularity of its internal structure is invisible to his passing gaze.

We will therefore cull those flowrets which bloom equally for the visitor of the garden and the proprietor, and to whose grateful fragrance and beauty, the former is equally as sensitive as the latter. To drop the metaphor—Chymistry comprises many subjects that are understood as well by the tyro, as the proficient in the science; and it is the intention of the CHYMIC GLEANER, to select those themes that will afford entertainment and instruction to the former, while at the same time, they may prove not wholly uninteresting to the latter. He has said that the study of Chymistry is a fascinating one. That it is so, in an eminent degree, he feels no hesitation in declaring. Let the aspiring youth, eager in his thirst for knowledge, or the listless lounger of a reading-room, who devours the gilded nonsense that flows from modern novel-presses, to beguile the tedious roll of time, open the chymic page; we think it no unwarrantable assertion, that each will be fascinated by the charms it imparts, and both equally inspired with a thirst for further knowledge. The beverage is so delicious, its sweets so nectared, that one sip invites us to quaff the flowing goblet at a draught.

Previously to realizing the immediate object of this series of essays, it may not prove uninteresting, to take a cursory survey of the origin and revolutions of Chymistry. With the *history* of a science, the noviciate ought, if possible, to be as familiar as the adept.

During the dark ages, when ignorance, superstition, and credulity, held the reason and judgment of mankind in subjection, whatever soared beyond the degraded sphere of their conceptions, or that wore the semblance of mystery, was accounted for, by the ascription of a divine influence connected with it, and affecting all its operations. Chymistry

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therefore, though at that time it comprised only a limited knowledge of a few preparations and processes confined to the workshops of mechanics, was supposed to have a divine origin. Thus much is all that can be learned with certainty, respecting the original commencement of this science. But, whether we ascertain the precise epocha of its origin, or not, is a matter so very inconsequent, that it is scarcely worth consideration. Indeed, whatever relates to those ages of ignorance, is so enveloped in superstition and folly, that it is impossible to devest it of these trammels, and discover the precise truth. To know the soil in which the seeds of this science were first sown, would, indeed, be a matter of some curiosity; but neither this circumstance, nor an acquaintance with the names of those who reared the first rude sproutings of the plant, would contribute any thing towards an elucidation of the science. These names, together with the persons they designated, are long since buried in oblivion; and, had they been handed to us by successive traditions, it is not unlikely that each varied tale would have lost a portion of its truth, and a vague history devoid of authentic information, would have been all that could have reached the present day.

Egypt was the nurse of Chymistry, and the Arabians were the first people who gave to it any degree of consequence; but their notions were so interwoven with alchymical absurdities, that the present beautiful science at that period, was little else than a collection of mysteries and pretended divine arcana, in which truth and fiction were so intimately combined, that it was impossible to separate the one from the other.

From Arabia, Chymistry was introduced into the west of Europe about the close of the eleventh century, by the crusading army of Peter the Hermit. The fanatics composing this army, whose object originally was, to wrest from the possession of infidels, the Holy Land, finding themselves disappointed in the accomplishment of their project, and allured by the prospect of promised wealth that would accrue from the possession of a substance having the power of converting the baser metals into gold, began assiduously to cultivate the study of Chymistry. After the defeat of this army, many of its members returned home, and commenced their operations for the discovery of the philosopher's stone. This effected the first introduction of Chymistry into Europe; but it was so tinged with the obnoxious mysteries of Arabian alchymy, that those who engaged in the study of this science, were sure to invite discredit and disgrace.

The obloquy that had been attached to the science of alchymy, in consequence of the gross impositions that were practised by the spurious alchymists, so happily satirized by Erasmus, still existed as late as the year 1650. This obloquy and disrepute, the mysterious operations

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of these men, as well as the secret workings of the adept alchymists, were not calculated either to lessen or remove. Mysticism is ever obnoxious to the mass of mankind; and however it may affect the minds of the ignorant vulgar with a superstitious awe—the more enlightened will always view with a jealous eye, operations that are concealed by a veil of secrecy. Witness the opprobrium that has been attached in all ages, to the mystical proceedings of free-masonry, the fundamental principles of which are known to be charitable and beneficent. Even the pretended connexion of the arcana of alchymy, with divine inspiration, did not long serve to screen its professors from the jealousy and suspicion of rational people. They therefore now began to regard them as vain impostors, vaunting the pretended knowledge of secrets they did not possess, wholly absorbed in the sordid views of self-interest and gain, and as the nefarious dealers in mischief and imposition. Their absurd and hypothetical speculations, and their still more preposterous experiments, with a view to discover the philosopher's stone and the alkahest; their idle pursuits after the medicinal elixir, which was not only to cure all diseases, and to convert every lazar into a Hebe, but even to insure immortality with equal certainty to both, though they served for a time to amuse from their novelty, and perhaps to awe by their mysteriousness, the minds of the ignorant; yet were they impositions too outrageous upon the rationality of mankind, to maintain credence long, even in those ages of superstition and credulity. The trammels which a belief in the doctrines of these visionary madmen necessarily imposed on the understanding, were too weighty and awkwardly formed, not to inspire an effort to shake them off.

Alchymy however, had now reached its climacteric; the next change was consequently a revolution in its systems, and this revolution necessarily a reform. The death of Paracelsus, whose life and opinions completed the climax of disgrace that was attached to this science, was the commencement of a new epoch in chymistry, which retrieved it in part from the opprobrious degradation into which it had fallen.

On the ruins of the chimerical systems of Paracelsus and his contemporaries, there appeared another sect of philosophers, who called themselves "Adept Alchymists." Among them, were James Barner, Bohnius, Tachenius, Kunkel, Boyle, Crollius, Glaser, Glauber, Schroder, &c. These men disclaimed all connexion with the preceding followers of alchymy; and, though their theories and opinions were devested of many of the chimerical absurdities of the disciples of Paracelsus, the sun of truth had as yet but glimmered through the alchymic mists, in which for ages the science of chymistry had been enveloped. It remained for the corruscating flashes of a brighter luminary, to dispel completely, these clouds of ignorance and superstition. This lu-

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minary soon appeared in the genius of Beccher. Like Venus in the starry firmament, who is distinguishable in brilliant conspicuousness amid myriads of scintillating planets, this enlightened man shone in the galaxy of his contemporary philosophers, with lustre unequalled.

Beccher achieved the first step towards the erection of the phœnix structure, that grew from the ashes of the alchymical system. View the present superb edifice: its splendid vestibule excites our admiration, but the enchantment which to a further glance is exhibited in perspective, arrests the attention of every passing traveller. When we survey its gorgeous magnificence, and reflect that this structure of chymic science owes its permanent foundation to the achievement of an individual, with what respect, I had almost said, adoration, do we not feel inspired, for his memory! Yes—the memory of Beccher shall bring forth the involuntary aspiration of respect and veneration, from every votary of science who becomes a sojourner in the temple he has erected.

Joachim Beccher, with more genius than falls to the lot of the generality of men, aided by an ardent zeal for the discovery of truth, completely revolutionized the science of chymistry. He discarded the erroneous and absurd doctrines of his predecessors, and collected the scattered rays of truth which emanated from them, into a focus. He concentrated the crude and unconnected facts of alchymy, and arranged them according to fixed principles. He gave to chymistry, which had hitherto been employed in idle and vain pursuits, a definite and a useful object; and in fact, he laid the corner-stone in the foundation of the magnificent structure, which now affords delight to every eye that views it.

About the latter end of the seventeenth century, chymistry began to be studied in France. The wars of Louis XIV, so inimical to the peaceful pursuits of literature, had hitherto afforded an obstacle to the cultivation of this science. When these national troubles were quieted however, and the man of letters was no longer in constant dread of being molested in his closet, by the clangour of arms or the agitations of war, this science attracted the attention of philosophers. A Lemery, a Homberg, and a Geoffroy then appeared, who adorned it by their genius, enlightened it by their discoveries, and diffused a taste for its charms, almost all over France.

In the beginning of the eighteenth century, during the reign of Louis XV, Rouelle was almost the only distinguished chymist of that day; but there soon appeared other men of genius, whose discoveries add not a little lustre to the brilliance of chymic science.

How grateful is it to an enthusiastic votary of chymical philosophy, to compare the present resplendence of its zenith glory, with the chaotic mass of indigested facts that was found among the ruins of mystic

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alchymy! While we contemplate however, the illustrious characters who shine in the galaxy of modern chymists, let us not forget the genius, the efforts of those, who pioneered them through the quicksands and labyrinths that surround the temple they now adorn. While a Priestley, a Cavendish, a Black, a de Morveau, a Lavoisier, a Berthollet, a Fourcroy, a Chaptal, and a Davy, together with the learned philosophers who composed the confederated company of Dutch chymists, receive the homage of every votary of science, let us venerate the memory of a Roger Bacon of the thirteenth, a Francis Bacon of the sixteenth, Father Kircher,* Coringius, Joachim Beccher and his illustrious commentator Stahl, a Bergman and a Scheele, of the beginning of the seventeenth centuries.

How gratifying to my feelings, how pleasing to every lover of Science and the Fair must it not prove, to find the long list of philosophers adorned by three bright ornaments, who have contributed no less to improve this science, than honour their sex. While with heart-felt pleasure I indite the page of chymic history, with the names of a Madam Dacier, a Mrs. M'Caully, and a Mrs. Fulhame, I look into the delightful book of anticipation for some American Fair, who shall successfully assert, ere long, the claims of her sex on this side of the Atlantic, to the laurels of science, which have already been worn by the fair philosophers of Europe. X. Y.

THE USEFUL ARTS—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

If the example of enterprise in other countries, has a tendency to awaken a similar spirit in our own, you will perhaps consider the following not unworthy a place in The Port Folio. W.

PONTCYSYLLTY AQUEDUCT, IN NORTH WALES.

THE aqueduct of Pontcysyllty is thrown across a deep valley, over the river Dee, being a continuation of the canal which opens a navigable communication between England and North Wales. It is supported by two large abutments and nineteen arches of cast iron, which span forty-five feet each; the aqueduct is also of cast iron, and in width fifteen feet. The pillars in the river are one hundred and thirty feet in

* A Jesuit.

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height, the others vary from fifty feet to one hundred and upwards; their basis twenty feet by ten. The approach from Llangollen presents a most delightful scenery of hill and valley, terminated by these lofty pillars supporting their well-turned arches; the whole affords a view of beauty and grandeur, rarely excelled by nature or art.

This important enterprise was commenced in 1795; and completed in ten years. The proprietors have it in contemplation to extend a canal hence to Bala Lake, "the never-failing source of the Dee," which will open a communication with Llangollen, Bala, &c. and always insure a sufficient quantity of water for the canal. The following inscription, taken from the south pillar in the river, more fully explains the object of this grand work.

"The nobility and gentry of the adjacent counties, having united their efforts with the great commercial interest of this country, in creating an intercourse and union between England and North Wales, by a navigable communication of the three rivers,

SEVERN, DEE, AND MERSEY;

For the mutual benefit of agriculture and trade, caused the first stone of this Aqueduct of Pontcysyllty to be laid on the 25th July, 1795,

When Richard Myddleton of Chirk, Esq. M. P. one of the original patrons of the Ellesmere Canal was lord of this manor, and in the reign of our sovereign

GEO. III.

When the equity of the laws and the security of property promoted the general welfare of the nation, while the arts and sciences flourished by his patronage, and the conduct of civil life was improved by

HIS EXAMPLE.

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THE SCRIBBLER, NO. IV.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THERE are a great many wise sayings current on the worthlessness of wealth and power; or rather on their positive and universal tendency to injure the possessor, to deprave his morals and subvert his happiness. Judging from the invectives of the teachers of mankind, one would think that rank, office, and riches would be as sedulously avoided, by those who desire to be happy, as any other road to ruin. Yet no one seems to be the better for these admonitions. People tug at the oar as strenuously, they manage the helm as vigilantly as ever, of that bark, by which they expect to gain the haven of riches and power.

This would be less remarkable if wealth and power had any advocates. If the invectives of their enemies were counteracted, in any manner, by the eulogies or vindications of their friends. Every one endeavours to make himself rich, but is contented to do so in silence. He does not attempt to vindicate the wisdom of his choice, or to recommend his own pursuit as an example to others. I do not recollect, in all my reading, a single eulogy on riches: a single descant on the happiness of wearing a crown.

It is true, indeed, that if moralists rail, in general, against riches and greatness, they have an equal or greater, and, doubtless, a much more sincere abhorrence of poverty. Perhaps we may find an explanation of their conduct in both respects, in their actual circumstances. Those who have leisure or inclination to read or write, are generally unqualified to get rich. Those professions for which fancy, wit, erudition, and powers of general reasoning, qualify a man are, generally, far from being lucrative. Though not infamous, they are far from being honourable or dignified in the ordinary apprehensions of mankind. Those, therefore, who are distinguished by these shining, but unprofitable qualities, are generally liable to the pinchings of poverty, and seldom permitted, either by the caprice of fortune, or by their own labours, to be rich. Experience, therefore, makes them too well acquainted with the evils of poverty, while they are naturally prompted to depreciate what is unattainable. Their ingenuity is commendably exerted in reconciling themselves to wants which they cannot remove, they meditate on all the dark shades of the picture: they consider the vices or foibles of the rich or powerful, and as wealth and power make these defects conspicuous they are fond of describing them as necessarily produced by power and wealth. They inviegh against them, not as casual appendages, but as inseparable consequences. We are proud, overbearing, insolent, idle, sensual, un-

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feeling, because we are powerful or rich. These are but the shadows of opulence and grandeur: money and office are seeds which inevitably sprout up into these baneful weeds, and virtue can no more be expected to grow from them, than a harvest of wheat from a plantation of nettles.

While these moralists disclaim any reverence for riches and power, however, they set a high value on health, peace, and *competence*. They are very eloquent in praise of *golden* mediocrity. There is a middle line between poverty and riches, which they are ambitious of attaining. This middle point, indeed, having a mere relative existence, cannot be defined, and no two persons would agree in their definitions of an *elegant sufficiency*, though they cordially concur, provided they have not, in their own opinion, attained it, in declaring that an elegant sufficiency would satisfy them. None but idiots, they imagine, would aspire to be very rich, to be noble, royal or imperial.

It is strange that while nothing is more common than an indefatigable pursuit of riches and power, nothing would strike us with more novelty, than a regular encomium on these objects of pursuit. A formal recommendation of some qualities or conditions; as health and good humour, matrimonial tenderness, or the possession of well-disposed children is rare, because it is superfluous. No one is insensible of these advantages: no one stands in need of proof or illustration to convince him how much they are desirable; but a eulogy on wealth or power, an earnest recommendation to pursue them, and a descant on the joys that follow in their train, would not only attract our curiosity as new, but startle our reason as absurd and paradoxical. The reader may be conscious of perpetual sighs, and an ever growing envy, excited by the splendour of his neighbour; he may regard the abuse of wealth in his neighbour; the misapplication of a large revenue, in selfish luxury or transient ostentation, with compassion or abhorrence, and frequently exclaim in secret—how differently would my larger benevolence, and purer taste employ all this money? The monuments of my taste should be durable, at least, my magnificence should gratify the ear and eye of others, with genuine harmony and legitimate beauty, and others should be gratified, without encroaching on my own selfish gratification. If I challenged the wonder or envy of observers, it should be by means of such luxuries or splendours as should afford a real gratification to their taste as well as my own. Even my sensual enjoyments should be such as others could partake of, and augment my own stock of pleasure, by their participation. While my principal delights should directly flow from the benefits which my wealth should shower upon others.

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Such an aspirer as this would probably be startled by a grave and formal encomium upon power or wealth. He would feel surprize, even while conscious of an ardent desire for these objects; though his reason sanctify the wish by annexing to the acquisition, nothing but more signal and efficacious exertions of benevolence: nothing but the enlargement of those enjoyments, which, if they merely belong to the senses, are yet salutary to health, not unfriendly to morals, and of such a kind as survive even our own lives, and cannot be enjoyed exclusively by the possessor even while he lives.

Nothing is more evident, than that wealth may be employed to the lasting benefit of others: and that authority may be rendered equally or still more subservient to public happiness. One would, therefore, naturally conclude that wealth and power are good things, and, in a high degree desirable. If to do good be a source of happiness, the possession of such potent means of beneficence, must contribute to felicity. How can power or wealth be sources of misery to those who seek them with resolutions to employ them rightly, and consequently to enjoy them truly?

It is common to enlarge upon the temptations to hard-hearted indolence; wasting sensuality or selfish tyranny to which the possession of crowns and palaces expose us; but such declaimers merely pronounce their own condemnation. They inform us, indirectly, but distinctly, that they have no conception of the uses of office or money, but as instrumental to frivolous pomp, and lazy luxury, on one side, or oppression and injustice on the other. They certainly manifest their prudence in refusing a knife which they know they shall employ in cutting their own throats, or those of their neighbours, or which they erroneously imagine is unfitted to any other purpose; but surely those may laudably covet a tool, which, though capable of being turned against innocence and merit, may likewise be successfully wielded in their defence; which, though destructive in the grasp of malice and cruelty, is swift to rescue, and powerful to save in the hands of wisdom and beneficence.

We may say, indeed, that, if mankind be taken as we find them, power and wealth will be more likely to corrupt than improve the possessor, and be more liable to be abused by indolence and even incapacity, than rightly employed. That wisdom and benevolence which leads to the right use of wealth and power, may be said to be extremely rare, or of very difficult attainment.

The best use of wealth and power, or of any other advantage, is, indeed, a problem difficult to solve; but happily there are many intermediate degrees between the best and the worst. Nothing less than

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omniscience can perceive the most beneficial mode of conduct, in any circumstances, but right intentions are always sufficient security for accomplishing some good. He that makes use of all the lights in his power, and whose purposes are tolerably pure, can never be very wide of the best path, and though he does not do as much, as would be done by the same means, guided by unerring wisdom, he cannot fail to do much. The true object of invective seems to be egregiously mistaken by such moralists: wealth and power ought not to be reviled or deprecated, any more than bodily vigour or dexterity, or intellectual acuteness, or knowledge. The latter, like the former, may be abused or misapplied; may be enlisted in the cause of wickedness, and be instrumental only to the misery of the possessor, and the ruin of his neighbours. Hence the necessity, not of dreading, or renouncing, for ourselves, or our friends, a healthful person, or a strong mind, but of pointing out the happiness and glory of exerting these qualities for beneficial purposes. Hence the necessity of showing the value of power and riches, by describing the extensive benefits to mankind, which will be produced by the honest or wise employment of them. The rich should be taught, not to lament or despise their situation, but to glory in the means of so much genuine happiness. Among sensual enjoyments, their pursuit should be directed to sources of keener and higher pleasure than dogs, horses, prostitutes, and turtle soups can afford. If their system must be easy and luxurious, they should be allured by the blandishments of eloquence, from the bottle and the stews, from billiards and champaigne, from the stable and the horse-course, to the higher luxuries of pictures and books, music and conversation. These are much nearer to the true objects of human activity, than many others, though there are many nearer still.

MY POCKET BOOK.—No. II.

Quicquid agunt homines nostri farrago libelli.

Heroism in low life.

PROBABLY the annals of Greece and Rome cannot furnish a more extraordinary instance of heroism and disregard of death, than was displayed some years since, by two sailors, one a Turk, the other a Russian. The fact is recorded by Tooke, in his life of Catharine. In an engagement between the Russian and Turkish fleets, the Captain

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Pacha's ship took fire, and was rapidly consuming. A Turkish sailor, zealous for the national honour, ran across the flames to save the flag. A Russian beholding him, leaped on board a boat, climbed into the vessel, seized the Turk and the flag, and bore off both in triumph on board his own vessel.

—

State of Shoe-making in Hindostan.

Tennent, in his Indian Recreations, vol. 1, page 303, states that formerly in Hindostan, whoever wanted a pair of shoes, "had to pay the price in advance to the man who bought the animal whose hide was to furnish the material So ill-conducted was the whole process, that in a few days he prepared the leather, and delivered the shoes."

—

Earthquake at Lisbon.

Among the frightful and odious views under which human nature has sometimes exhibited itself, I know of none more shocking than what occurred during the Earthquake at Lisbon, anno 1755. By the convulsion, the walls of some of the prisons were thrown down, and the wretches therein confined, were thus liberated from durance. Bands of them paraded the streets, with torches in their hands, setting fire to the city, and robbing and murdering the inhabitants, during the very awful period, while the earth was rocking under their feet, ready to swallow them up, and land them on those awful shores, "from whose bourne no traveller returns."

—

Horrible Refinement in Cruelty.

Perhaps cruelty was never exhibited under a more hideous form, than in the case of a wretch condemned to death for murder, by one of the Emperor's officers in 1525. He was obliged to collect together a heap of firewood, round a stake fixed in the ground. As soon as he had performed this task, he was fastened to the stake by a chain that extended a very small distance beyond the pile, which was then set on fire. Trying to escape the flames, he ran round the pile, and was thus literally roasted alive. See Ferriar's Illustrations of Sterne, page 235.

—

Pride and Poverty.

There is now before me a curious card, circulated in New-York, by a perfumer, in that city. After a long detail of the various articles he has for sale, such as, perfumery, tooth-powder, artificial flowers, hair-work, &c. &c. he adds a notice which has a large index prefixed

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to it—

"☞ Wigs and mounted combs to let day or night."

If this do not indicate the hateful association of beggarly pride and groveling poverty, I know nothing that can indicate it.

—

Industry miserably applied.

Mr. Peirsol, a respectable iron-merchant in this city, was sometime since robbed of a stove, which, as is not uncommon here, lay at his door at night. By a fortunate accident he discovered it, and detected the thief, who was committed to jail. On being examined, he confessed the fact, and gave an account of all his marches and counter-marches in the theft, and in disposing of the property. And it appeared that he had spent so much time in the felonious employment, that the net proceeds of the sale of the stove, which he had disposed of at a low rate, did not afford him more than at the rate of about five shillings per day, for the whole number of hours employed in the business, although at his regular profession he could have earned a dollar!

—

Voltaire.

Men of great talents seem to think that they possess a privilege of playing the fool with impunity, and of passing on the world the most extravagant assertions, which are to be implicitly received as so many oracular verities. In the writings of Voltaire there are numerous instances in support of this position. I shall at present only instance one. He very gravely informs the world that there were but two things passable among the Egyptians: one, that those who adored a bull, sought not to make those who adored an ape, change their religion; the other, that they discovered the art of hatching eggs in ovens. The wildest maniac ever confined in the cells of Bedlam could not hazard a much more absurd assertion than this. Many of the laws and customs of this nation display profound sagacity, and are worthy of imitation among the most civilized nations. I shall just glance at a few of their salutary laws, which will not suffer by comparison with those of any other ancient nation:

Every person in Egypt, the King as well as the lowest individual, was subject to trial after death. The inquest was conducted with great formality, and under the wisest rules. Every person who pleased might give testimony. If sufficient proofs of guilt appeared against the defunct, his corpse was debarred from burial, which was regarded as the greatest possible punishment, and an eternal disgrace. The dread of this posthumous condemnation operated as a most salutary and effectual check against the perpetration of crimes.

Among most ancient nations, particularly the Romans, the life of a slave was, O most horrible injustice! at the mercy of the master. And

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the murder of a slave by any other person, was not considered a capital crime. Whereas in Egypt there was no distinction between the murder of a slave and that of a freeman.

He who refused or neglected, when in his power, to save a man's life from the dagger of an assassin, was liable to the same punishment as the assassin.

No man was allowed to be useless to the State.

Old age was held in as much reverence in Egypt as in any part of the world. The Spartans, observes Rollin, borrowed this just and wise custom from the Egyptians.

False accusers, as among the Hebrews, were subject to the same punishment as would have awaited the objects of their accusation, had they been found guilty.

The people were educated from their earliest age in the knowledge of the laws, and their observance was inculcated on them by every possible means.

It were an endless task to go into a full examination. Enough has been said to prove, that to pass a general censure upon these and various other excellent laws and customs, and to eulogize the nation for discovering the art of hatching eggs in ovens, is the quintessence of folly.

—

Biblical Note.

It is a remarkable fact, that there are in this city two Bibles, each of which wants a verse. The one is an old quarto, published in Edinburg, anno, 1728, which wants the 23d verse of the 29th chapter of Genesis. The other is a pocket Bible, published in London, anno 1698, by Charles Bell, which wants the 32d verse of the 10th chapter of Luke. The first is in the possession of Mr. D. Humphreys; the other belongs to the Rev. Dr. Abercrombie.

In the table of kindred and affinity annexed to the Scotch Bible, published anno 1795, by Mark and Charles Kerr, under royal patronage, is the following ludicrous prohibition—*a man may not marry his wife's mother's brother.*

—

Young's Love of Fame.

This beautiful poem has not had sufficient justice done to it. For strength of satire, and soundness of sentiment, I know no poem in the English language superior to it, and perhaps not many equal. I freely acknowledge, that for smoothness and melody, it cannot pretend to enter the lists with the Essay on Man. But divest the latter of its mere embellishments, and it will be found as far inferior in intrinsic worth, to the Love of Fame, as an elegant plated candlestick is inferior to virgin gold.

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Has the mind of man ever conceived more excellent sentiments than the following, which are among hundreds of lines all deserving of being committed to memory;

"What though wit tickles, tickling is unsafe,
If still 'tis painful, while it makes us laugh.
Who, for the poor renown of being smart,
Would leave a sting within a brother's heart?
Parts may be prais'd. Good nature is ador'd.
Then draw your wit as seldom as your sword—
And never on the weak; or you'll appear,
As there no hero, no great genius here.
As in smooth oil, the razor best is set,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set.
Their want of edge by their offence is seen:
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.
The fame men give is for the joy they find:
Dull is the jester when the joke's unkind."

The following lines will by some be thought to furnish too sombre a picture of human life. But unfortunately it is too frequently realized.

"Not num'rous are our joys when life is new;
And yearly some are falling of the few:
But when we conquer life's meridian stage,
And downward tend into the vale of age,
They drop apace. By nature some decay;
And some the blasts of fortune sweep away,
Till, naked quite of happiness, aloud
We call for death, and shelter in a shroud."

I have nowhere seen a more just satire than the following on the ridiculous pretensions made to sagacity and talents, by shallow men, who attempt to impose on the credulity of mankind by formality and solemnity of behaviour:

What's the bent brow, or neck in thought reclin'd?
The body's wisdom, to conceal the mind.
A man of sense may artifice disdain;
As men of wealth may venture to go plain.
And be this truth eternal ne'er forgot,
Solemnity's a cover for a sot.
I find the fool when I behold the screen—
For 'tis the wise man's interest to be seen."

What an important lesson may Avarice find in these lines:

Can gold calm passion, or make reason shine?
Can we dig peace or wisdom from the mine?
Wisdom to gold prefer: for 'tis much less
To make our fortune than our happiness;
That happiness which great ones often see
With rage and wonder in a low degree,
Themselves unblest. The poor are only poor:
But what are they who pine amid their store?
Nothing is meaner than a wretch of state:
The happy only are the truly great."

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Let Vanity take a glance at the following portrait, in which she will find her likeness admirably drawn:

"So weak are human kind by nature made,
Or to such weakness by their vice betray'd,
Almighty Vanity! to thee they owe
Their zest of pleasure, and their balm of wo.
Thou, like the sun, all colours dost contain,
Varying, like rays of light or drops of rain:
For ev'ry fool finds reason to be proud,
Tho' hiss'd and hooted by the pointing crowd."

I should feel a sincere pleasure if I could be instrumental in inducing men of taste, capable of appreciating its merits, to peruse this admirable poem more generally. Candour, however, calls upon me to acknowledge, that there are in it a few blemishes, of phrases bordering on indelicacy. This is truly surprising when the chaste and correct character of Young is considered.

—

Impertinence chastised.

In a neighbouring city, a young man of a good family, but very arrogant and insolent, was one day with a large party fishing, and was very unsuccessful. A respectable citizen, a hatter by profession, was also fishing at the same time and place, and caught a large number of fish. The former went on board the boat of the latter, and with a very impertinent and revolting air asked to buy some. The hatter was disgusted at his hauteur, and peremptorily refused, in consequence of which he was grossly insulted. On his return home, the hatter sent a challenge to the offender, who refused to accept it, on the ground that it was beneath a man of his standing to meet a tradesman. He was therefore posted as a coward. To wipe away the disgrace, he took a cowskin and pistol to the shop of his adversary, with an intention to flog him. "You rascal," says he, "I am going to chastise you for your insolence, and if you dare resist, I shall blow your brains out." He was just proceeding to carry his threats into execution, when the hatter, who had received an intimation of his intention, drew a pistol from under his counter, let fly at the assailant, and sent the ball through the fleshy part of his neck, which produced such a stiffness of the part, as made his head recline quite awry upon his shoulder, and quite disfigured him all the days of his life.

—

The Art of sinking in the profound.

Poeta nascitur, non fit. That is to say, you cannot make a poet out of a barber's block.

I have before me a sublime poem, published a few years since in this city, from which I venture to make a few extracts for the gratifi-

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cation of your readers, not doubting but they will agree with me, that they are as excellent in point of sentiment, as in sweetness and elegance.

Meditations on the tombs.

"Searching mortality's records I found,
That with me-mo-ri-als they did abound,
Of numbers, who pro-mis-cu-ous-ly here,
Had bid adieu to earthly joy and fear.
Huddled they were, and did together lie,
Of rank regardless, or se-ni-o-ri-ty.
Their former va-ri-an-ces all obey,
And to an-am-i-ca-ble end give way.
Here those who, living, were at en-mi-ty,
By death are brought to live in u-ni-ty.
O fortunate pro-ba-ti-on, who were
Chosen without exercise of pain or care.
Affliction's arrows, with sore anguish barb'd,
Are for our choicest comforts often reserv'd.
Fi-de-li-o, once gay and gallant, rests,
And Death, his mistress, clasps him to her breasts.
One night Corinna, gay and spritely all,
Was richly dress-ed at a splendid ball.
The air we breathe's our bane. The food we eat
Contributes much our life to attenuate.
Since the possession of our earthly house,
Is so uncertain and pre-ca-ri-ous,
Nothing more certain, and which shall endure,
Than laws of Medes and Per-si-ans more sure.
To say that death could from such bliss arise,
A happy im-pro-pri-e-ty implies."

Lines like these have a peculiar advantage. A Christian may read them from left to right, a Hebrew from right to left, an inhabitant of Formosa from bottom to top, or a Japanese from top to bottom, and they will lose none of their sublimity or excellence. Q.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TURNBULL'S VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

ALLURED by the flattering commendations of the Monthly Reviewers; and by a strong desire to learn what effect an intercourse with Europeans had upon the Islanders of the Pacific Ocean, visited by captain Cook, I eagerly perused the volumes of Turnbull's Voyage. I confess my disappointment, both in the execution of the work, and the information I expected to derive from it: I do not, however, pretend that I read it without occasional pleasure and interest.

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In the account given of Otaheite, the author is full and satisfactory; and so much of his relation as relates to king Tomahama, his military conquests, his civil improvements and extensive projects, deserves attention, and shows us indeed a savage chief of very uncommon talents and genius. The lamentable decrease of population, in the delightful Otaheite, from 200,000 at which it was estimated by captain Cook to about 5000 souls, in so few years, is shocking to humanity. But Mr. Turnbull's attempt to account for this terrible devastation by customs and modes of life, which always belonged to this people, is wholly unsatisfactory. The destruction of infants; the exposure to disease by sleeping in the open night air, and other circumstances mentioned by him, all existed prior to any intercourse with Europeans, and it is not to be presumed that they have been extended by that intercourse. The depopulation of this beautiful island must be traced principally to crimes and vices introduced by their acquaintance with the inhabitants of the civilized world, among which the destructive use of ardent spirits, and the fatal ravages of a disease before unknown to them, stand preeminent. The security of the savage life from the havoc of disease, is its simplicity in diet, and an abstinence from the indulgence of luxury and wealth; but when they have at their disposal, the means of gratifying the most dangerous appetites, unshackled by the restraints imposed in a state of civilization, their destruction is inevitable. How have nations dwindled and disappeared in our own country by these means?

When we read in the titlepage of this book, that it is to give us a voyage round the world, in a space of five years, we naturally and fairly expect much information upon many and various parts of the globe; and cannot but be disappointed to find that the circumnavigator spent almost half of his time at Botany Bay; and made very transient visits indeed to a few islands in the Pacific Ocean; remaining no considerable time at any of them, except Otaheite: of the settlement at Botany Bay he indeed gives a very minute account; not only as to its present situation, but also as to its probable prospects; pointing out the evils which retard its prosperity, and may, if not judiciously removed, ultimately defeat it. There is apparent good sense in his observations on this subject, and much philanthropy. Those readers who are concerned for this establishment, will find this part of the work interesting.

Mr. Turnbull shuts out the hope of the philosopher from his voyage, by declaring that his views in undertaking it were merely commercial: without this information nothing would have been more difficult than to have discovered what was his object in these five years of toil and danger. I should have supposed it to have been to salt pork at

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Otaheite; which is the only thing like business, that we hear of, in the whole tour; but what was to be done with it, when collected and salted, remains a secret to this hour. After the wreck and loss of his ship, he seems to have continued, with unabating assiduity, to gather and salt down the hogs of Otaheite; and even to have made a dangerous excursion to a neighbouring island in pursuit of this darling object.

The American reader will be gratified with the following extract; speaking of the Sandwich islands, he says:

"The Americans carry on in particular a most active trade with these islands, supplying them with property, at a very easy rate, in exchange for provisions; and, unless I am much deceived, will do more than any others, to exalt them, to a singular degree of civilization. The reader will here pardon me for introducing this remark on American commerce; so far does it exceed all former efforts of former nations, that even the Dutch themselves sink under the comparison: scarcely is there a part of the world, scarcely an inlet in the most unknown seas, in which this commercial hive has not penetrated: the East Indies is open to them, and their flags are displayed in the seas of China: and it must be confessed, to their honour, that their success is well merited by their industry."

THE COLUMBIAD.

In the initial number of this Magazine, a very accomplished, and well-principled scholar, communicated to us a caustic criticism upon the Columbiad of Joel Barlow. In this acute analysis of a national work, the author was certainly more solicitous to detect the blemishes, than to indicate the beauties of the poem. In short, he evidently affected the sterner style of the Edinburg Review, and displayed much of its wit, and all of its severity. As we *knew* this criticism to be the production of a man of uncommon learning, talents, and genius, as we respect him as a gentleman, a scholar, and a moralist, and, as, in our *unbiassed* opinion, we think most of his strictures perfectly correct, we did not hesitate, no, not for a moment, to give the place of honour to his production. This has excited not a little clamour against the

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Editor, who is again and again rebuked for his fancied prejudice against the Literature of his country. This is a very hackneyed topic of calumny, and the eternal jangling of this monotonous peal of old bells is a little wearisome, even to the leathern ears of an Editor, who, from the peculiarities of his profession, is obliged to listen to many an ungrateful sound. The Editor most certainly has no prejudices against Mr. Barlow, as a poet, and if at any time it were in his power, he would confer on him a benefit, rather than inflict an injury. Prior to the publication of this obnoxious criticism, and on many occasions since, at the table of several literary friends, the Editor has frankly spoken in commendation of many passages in the Columbiad, he has expressed a wish that certain of its beauties should be grouped, and with this wish he coupled no reluctant declaration that he would publish a more lenient, nay, a plausive critique, if any of Mr. Barlow's friends or admirers, competent to the task, would furnish the materials. The idea of deliberate hostility to this work, as an *American* production, is absurd; and we had imagined that a pretty long and laborious series of years, devoted to the encouragement and dissemination of native productions, was an abundant refutation of this obsolete, illiberal, and groundless opinion. The Port Folio most manifestly is, in all strictness, a Literary Journal, expressly intended to aggrandize the national character. It is nothing like a *party paper*, and is devoted to the views of no faction. We know Mr. Barlow only as a poet, and in that capacity he is amenable at the Bar of Criticism. He has *put himself upon the country;* and we shall certainly try him with the utmost impartiality. As a proof of the strict justice of our Court, we now publish the *pleadings* of his *counsel.* To drop the allusion; in the Monthly Magazine for December and January last, there is a very elaborate analysis of Mr. Barlow's book. This article of criticism is as memorable for its good nature, as that of our correspondent is for its severity. We copy it cheerfully; and as it is one of our favourite objects to foster literary discussion, we are glad to have an opportunity *to go*, as the lawyers say, *into the merits of the case.* The public, after hearing *both* critics, will be prepared to decide the question, and from that opinion there is no appeal.

Having thus in a spirit of no fictitious candour expressed our frank opinion, it now remains for the Editor to remind Mr. Barlow and his apologists, his followers and his friends, that

> All common exhibitions open lie,
> For praise or censure, to the public eye,
> This is a general tax which all must pay,
> From *those who scribble*, up to those who pray.

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The right to criticize is as valid as the power to invent; and the Editor, with that independence which becomes him, and without which this Journal would be of little worth, will always publish *well-written* strictures upon literary productions, even if he provoke the malignity of Prejudice, the misrepresentations of Absurdity, or the resentment of authors. EDITOR.

(*From the London Monthly Magazine.*)

Some account of the COLUMBIAD, *a Poem in ten Books; by* JOEL BARLOW: *lately published at Philadelphia.*

EVERY nation that can boast of an epic poem of sufficient merit to become a classical work, has certainly a good cause for self-complacency. Such a work inspires an additional interest, when built on a national subject; when the author, who is destined to gratify his countrymen by soaring to this highest flight of human genius, can find among their own annals an action capable of supporting a strength of pinion equal to the task.

The subject of our great English epic is not national; neither is that of the Germans, the Messias of Klopstock. The most distinguished work of that kind among the Italians, the Jerusalem of Tasso, is but partly national, though wholly catholic, and sufficiently interesting for the age of religious chivalry in which he lived. The Portuguese Lusiad, the great poem of the Romans, and the greater of the Greeks, were all reared on patriotic ground.

I know not whether the French of the present day persist in claiming for their country the honour of an epic poem: the work that went by that name while its celebrated author lived to support it by the strength of his own character (I speak of the Henriade of Voltaire) was altogether national. To whatever cause the fact must be attributed, I believe it will not be denied that the French epic poem remains yet to be written.

Mr. Barlow has been particularly happy in respect to his subject. The discovery of America is in itself a great action; but its importance is infinitely augmented by the consequences resulting from the discovery. These consequences comprise by far the most interesting portion of modern history; and their interest is strongly concentrated in his country, it being that part of the new world which has first manifested its own importance, by giving birth to a great and civilized nation.

The settlement therefore of the British colonies, the wars and revolutions through which they rose to independent states, that vast frame of federative republican government on which they now stand, and which in the eyes of our enthusiastic bard is to extend itself over the whole of North America, and give an example to the world, composes the principal part of the active scenery of the poem. But other and far more extensive views of human affairs, drawn from other countries, and from ages past, present, and future, are likewise placed beneath our eye, and form no inconsiderable portion of this magnificent

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work; magnificent it certainly is beyond any thing which modern literature has to boast, except the Paradise Lost of Milton.

I will first present your readers with a general plan or analysis of the poem, and then proceed to give such extracts from it as shall offer as fair a view of its character for imagery and style, as can be comprised in a small compass.

The author in his preface makes some pertinent remarks on the nature of the subject, and the difficulties it presented as to the best mode of treating it. "The Columbiad (says he) is a patriotic poem; the subject is national and historical; thus far it must be interesting to my countrymen. But most of the events were so recent, so important, and so well known, as to render them inflexible to the hand of fiction. The poem therefore could not with propriety be modelled after that regular epic form which the more splendid works of this kind have taken, and on which their success is supposed in a great measure to depend. The attempt would have been highly injudicious; it must have diminished and debased a series of actions, which were really great in themselves, and which could not be disfigured without losing their interest." So far I agree with the poet; who seems to understand the real value of the rules of his art, too well to think himself obliged in all cases to follow them.

He farther observes, "I shall enter into no discussion on the nature of the epopea, nor attempt to prove, by any latitude of reasoning, that I have written an epic poem." Neither will I enter into such a discussion; but I must apply to the present work the sentiment of Addison, with regard to Paradise Lost, If it is not an epic poem, it is something better.

Mr. Barlow has dealt freely with mythological and allegorical personages; several of whom take conspicuous parts in the conduct of affairs. Hesper, as the guardian genius of the Western Continent, is made to play a great role; the continent is called after his name, Hesperia; and from the part he acts, he must be considered at least the second character in the poem. He is introduced near the beginning, and continues to the end; and there is no personage but Columbus whose existence seems so incorporated with the body of the work. Atlas, the guardian of Africa, is the elder brother of Hesper, according to the account of this mythological family which the author gives us in a note. Atlas appears but once in the course of the action; and it is to present us with as sublime a set of images as we have ever met with in poetry, including in his speech a most awful denunciation of vengeance on the people of America for the slavery of the Africans. These two brothers, with several River-Gods, and the demons of War, Cruelty, Inquisition, Frost, Famine, and Pestilence, compose the celestial actors who take charge of the hyperphysical part of the machinery.

The human characters are mostly real and known, some few of them fictitious; they are I believe more numerous than those employed in any other poem, not excepting the Iliad; and they are as much varied as the subject requires.

I will now proceed in my dissection or decomposition of the work. After a proper exordium and invocation to Freedom, a personage which the poet takes for his Muse, and promises to invoke no other, the poem opens by presenting us Columbus in prison at Valladolid, uttering a pathetic monologue on the services he had performed for the Spanish monarch, and on the ungrateful and barbarous manner in which they had been rewarded. In this situation Hesper appears to the illustrious

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prisoner, and announces himself as the genius of the western hemisphere, and guardian of that continent, which he says is called Hesperia, but for the future shall be Columbia; as Europe was named after its adventurous discoverer, the daughter of Agenor, who first sailed thither from Phœnicia.

The approach of Hesper is attended with the splendour and eclat suitable to the occasion; light bursts into the dungeon; the prison walls tremble and disappear; and after a short address to Columbus, announcing his quality, and the object of his visit (which is no less than to lay before him the immense importance of his labours in the long train of consequences, to show him what fame he is to acquire, and to recal to his broken spirit the great moral principle, that the knowledge of the good we do is the only reward that can satisfy a benevolent mind for the sacrifices that great actions require), he conducts the hero to the Mount of Vision, which is reared in mid-sky over the western coast of Europe. Here Spain with its dungeons, Europe with all its kingdoms, Alps and Pyrenees, sink far behind and beneath their feet; while the Atlantic Ocean spreads out before them, and the continents of America draw majestically into view. The rest of the first book is occupied in describing the great features of the twin continents of that hemisphere, south and north. It may now be said that the mountains and rivers of the new world have been better sung than those of the old. In describing the three great rivers, Maragnon, Lawrence, and Mississippi, on each of which I find fifty or sixty lines, there is a remarkable variety of scenery and sentiment, no recurrence to the same ideas, no confusion of character in their majestic streams. They are all animated, but their several portraits are kept as distinct as those of Achilles, Hector, and Ulysses; no part of any one of which would suit either of the others. Maragnon is presented in the act of overflowing his banks; after collecting from a vast range of continent the number of powerful rivers, who seem proud of becoming tributary to so great a fluvial sovereign, he thus continues his progress:

> Who, swell'd with growing conquest, wheels abroad,
> Drains every land, and gathers all his flood;
> Then far from clime to clime majestic goes,
> Enlarging, widening, deepening as he flows;
> Like heaven's broad milky way he shines alone,
> Spreads o'er the globe its equatorial zone,
> Weighs the cleft continent, and pushes wide
> Its balanced mountains from each crumbling side.
> Sire Ocean hears his proud Maragnon roar,
> Moves up his bed, and seeks in vain the shore,
> Then surging strong, with high and hoary tide,
> Whelms back the stream and checks his rolling pride.
> The Stream ungovernable foams with ire,
> Climbs, combs tempestuous, and attacks the Sire;
> Earth feels the conflict o'er her bosom spread,
> Her isles and uplands hide their wood-crown'd head;
> League after league from land to water change,
> From realm to realm the seaborn monsters range;
> Vast midland heights but pierce the liquid plain,
> Old Andes tremble for their proud domain;
> Till the fresh flood regains his forceful sway,
> Drives back his father Ocean lash'd with spray;
> Whose ebbing waters lead the downward sweep,
> And waves and trees and banks roll whirling to the deep."

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The river St. Lawrence affords a noble opportunity for depicting the breaking up of winter in a northern latitude, and Mr. Barlow has made the most of it. The tremendous struggle of the ice-crusted gulf in the conflict between the legions of frost and the tides of ocean, exhibits an awful picture; and then the islands of ice accumulating into floating mountains as they drive out to sea, and move to southern latitudes, supplying thirsty ships with fresh water, or crushing and sinking them in the deep, show that the poetic images of nature had not been exhausted by preceding bards. Here he takes occasion to deplore the loss of an American officer, whose ship was supposed to have perished in the ice.

The Mississippi is described with circumstances more interesting, though not more majestic, than the other great rivers. As it runs through a vast and fertile country, and that the author's country, of which he takes many occasions to predict the future importance and felicity, he dwells much on these ideas in marking the great features of that river.

> "Strong in his march, and charged with all the fates,
> Of regions pregnant with a hundred states,
> He holds in balance, ranged on either hand,
> Two distant Oceans and their sundering land,
> Commands and drains the interior tracts that lie
> Outmeasuring Europe's total breadth of sky."

Mentioning the principal tributary streams that lose themselves in this river, he brings in with propriety the character of the Missouri, which having run a much longer journey than the Mississippi, and acquired twice his magnitude, joins him with reluctance, being by that junction defrauded of his name:

> "But chief of all his family of floods
> Missouri marches through his world of woods;
> He scorns to mingle with the filial train,
> Takes every course to reach alone the main.
> Orient awhile his bending sweep he tries,
> Now drains the southern, now the northern skies,
> Searches and sunders far the world's vast frame,
> Reluctant joins the sire, and takes at last his name."

Here I quit the first book; but to return to it again for some examples of the descriptive powers of the author, and to express my disapprobation of some things I consider as defects.

The second book opens with a view of the native tribes of America, followed by some questions on the diversity of men, and the first peopling of that quarter of the world. I am then forced to pass in review the affecting scenes of Spanish devastation in Mexico and Peru. This leads to the interesting episode of Capac and Oella, the founders of the Peruvian empire, and parents of the race of Incas. The story is concisely told, though copiously enriched with incidents. It runs through a thousand lines, and displays a variety of heroic action, savage manners, sublime scenery, and beautiful sentiment. It ends with the third book.

The fourth brings us back to Europe, and exhibits the state of society there, and its progress till the settlement of North America. That expansion of mind, and freedom of inquiry, accompanied with

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ideas of honest industry, so necessary for the advancement of science and morals, which took place at that period, and which seemed to prepare the way for the great exhibition of human improvement, resulting from the British system of colonization, are represented, perhaps justly, as the immediate consequences of the geographical discoveries made by Columbus and his followers.

The poet has not forgotten that the religious persecutions of Europe were among the principal means of driving settlers to North America. These persecutions were concentrated and personified in the fiend Inquisition, who is pictured with all her attributes in a highly finished group, and with great strength of expression. The rise of the British maritime power is exhibited in its first great victory gained over the invincible armada of Spain. The view he then gives us of the great coloniarch, Walter Raleigh, conducting the first fleet of colonists to British America, is one of the most finished pictures we have ever seen. The exultation of Columbus on that occasion leads to some reflections on the spirit of liberty, which is represented as the foundation of morals, as well as of prosperity to a nation. Lord Delaware arrives with a reinforcement of emigrants. The moonlight scene as they enter the Chesapeake, the speech of the river-god Potomac, saluting his new masters, predicting their future greatness, and offering his own bank as the seat of their capital, are incidents arising out of this part of the subject, and are presented with that magnificence which serves to raise our expectations of the importance of what is to follow in the subsequent books.

The fifth, sixth, and seventh books, are chiefly occupied with war and revolution. The last of them terminates that memorable conflict with the mother country, which established the independence of the United States. On the planting of the British and French colonies, the energy of freedom which accompanied the former, compared with the feudal degradation attending the latter, are noticed with striking propriety.

The Indian wars which disturbed the early settlements are grouped in one general view. The French war is more detailed. Here the defeat of Braddock, the victory of Amherst, and the conquest of Canada by Wolfe, afford a greater variety of description. The subsequent peace is accompanied with an exhilarating view of colonial prosperity, and a great extension of territorial power, which prepares the reader for the wider scenes of havoc that are to follow in the war of independence. The action of this war is introduced with a pomp and dignity suitable to the grandeur of the object contended for. Darkness overspreads the continent. On the gradual return of light there is a view of Congress, and a notice of its leading members. The demon War strides over the ocean, leading on the English invasion. The general character of the war on the part of England, as the American poet chooses to represent it, is incendiary and barbarous. It begins with a wanton conflagration of towns, from Falmouth in the north, to Norfolk in the south. The battle of Bunker's-hill, the review of the American army, attended with many pathetic circumstances, the attack of Quebec, the death of Montgomery, the descent on New-York, and its conquest by the British, are well distributed and described. This terminates the fifth book.

The whole of this war being shown to Columbus in vision, appears but one continued action, occupying about one-fourth part of the poem; that is, from the middle of the fifth to the end of the seventh book. This action, though but one, is greatly variegated with incidents, afford-

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ing many examples of genuine pathos, novel and magnificent description, and pertinent moral reflection.

The sixth book opens with the famous (unhappily too famous) scene of the prison ship. Here that rigorous mode of confinement, which the poet calls British cruelty to American prisoners, is described with energy, I trust with exaggeration. Then follows the no less famous affair of Trenton; where the little American army re-crosses the Delaware in the night, to surprise the British van. There is so much wild imagination in his management of this daring poetical exploit, that I scarcely know what to say of it, whether to praise or blame. The author seems here to have uncovered himself from the rules of criticism, on purpose to invite discussion. Happy will he be if he escapes the censure of more inflexible judges.

The approach of Burgoyne is brought forward with a pomp and splendour which indicate not only an important event, but a proud victory on the part of the author's country; and the battle of Saratoga, which follows this highly ornamented overture, and precedes the capture of the British army, is heightened in its interest and novelty by several peculiar circumstances, such as the part that the savages take in the contest, and the barbarous murder of Lucinda.

The seventh book brings on the alliance with France, the battle of Monmouth, the storming of Stony-Point, the siege and conquest of Charleston, the actions of Greene, terminated by the battle of Eutaw, the naval battle of Degrasse and Graves, siege of York, and capture of Cornwallis.

The eighth book begins with a hymn to Peace, followed by a eulogy on the heroes fallen in the war. The author then makes a solemn address to his surviving friends and countrymen, exhorting them to preserve in peace the liberty they have vindicated in war. The danger of losing it by inattention is illustrated in the rape of the golden fleece: one of the most beautiful and best applied illustrations that poetry has produced. Among other serious, and I think well-timed warnings, is that against the slavery of the Africans. In this connexion is introduced the speech of Atlas, alluded to in the former part of this article. These exhortations are followed by a change of scenery, which gives us a rapid glance of the progress of the arts in America; which, with a sketch of the characters of several American artists, philosophers, and poets, terminates the book.

The ninth and tenth books present us with a larger scope of human affairs, a more affecting contemplation of the moral tendencies of man than has hitherto been displayed. The ninth dwells on what is past, the tenth on what is future; and nothing can excel the grandeur of these views, or the philanthropy and benevolence of the sentiments which accompany them. To show that all things in the physical, as well as moral system of nature, are progressive and ever tending towards that perfection which would seem to satisfy the friend of human happiness, Columbus is gratified by Hesper with a fanciful view of all her works, from the birth of the universe, through the formation and history of human society, down to such a state of improvement as shall lead to universal civilization, and the political harmony of all nations.

Thus the poem is terminated by a train of expansive ideas and consoling reflections, calculated to sooth the troubled spirit of the hero in a manner more satisfactory than all that could have been done for him by kings and ministers, had they been just and generous.

This is what Mr. B. in the preface calls the poetical object, the fictitious design of the poem. Thus the design is one, it is simple, clear,

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easy to be perceived, and is finally attained; the action is one, and as simple as the design, being, in fact, no more than what passes between the two principal personages, Columbus and Hesper; all the subordinate events, conducted by other actors, being represented in vision, recounted from history and fable, or predicted by the celestial personages. The time also, and the place are kept each within the limits of strict dramatic unity, as is noticed in the preface; the place not extending beyond the prison and the Mount of Vision; and the time not exceeding two days.

So far, therefore, as I am to judge by the technical requisites of epic song, the Columbiad must be ranked in that class of works; and so far as the real object and intrinsic character of the poem are to guide the decision, the reader indeed must form his own, but mine would assign it a high rank; indeed, in that class it would even incline me to pronounce, that only three poems ought to stand above it, the Iliad, Eneid, and Paradise Lost.

Having sketched the general outline of the piece, I must proceed with more detail in my examination, and offer some specimens of the composition. The monologue of Columbus in prison, with which the poem opens, has considerable pathos, and some good description, but I think it too long. It is always a delicate business for a hero to complain, it is not a heroic employment; and in no situation will he find it more difficult to keep up his dignity. I am sensible that this case is a singular one; he is alone, in a dungeon, at midnight, his spirits broken down by a long train of cruel calamities, injustice, and ingratitude. A variety of subjects must crowd upon his feelings, and his feelings demand utterance in a manner too strong to be resisted by a mind which, without ceasing to be great, must be enfeebled by suffering.

These circumstances furnish some apology. Indeed it requires one; and the merit of the lines, though great, would not be deemed a sufficient one for extending such a solo to seventy-four lines, and that at the beginning of the poem. Other critics on this passage may differ from me in opinion; and I hope they will, as this is the only instance I have noticed in this author of any want of judgment in proportioning the parts to each other, or to the whole.

The approach and appearance of Hesper are brilliant; the ascent to the Mount of Vision, Europe, setting from the sight the Western Ocean, and then the American Continent drawing into view, may be cited as specimens of the magnificent. Among the followers of Columbus, in the career of discovery, our countryman Drake is elegantly noticed.

> "But lo the Chief! bright Albion bids him rise,
> Speed in his pinions, ardour in his eyes!
> Hither, O Drake, display thy hastening sails,
> Widen ye passes, and awake ye gales,
> March thou before him, heaven-revolving Sun,
> Wind his long course, and teach him where to run;
> Earth's distant shores, in circling bands unite,
> Lands; learn your fame, and oceans, roll in light,
> Round all the watery globe his flag be hurl'd,
> A new Columbus to the astonish'd world."

The following dialogue and descriptions will serve to show the author's manner for scenes of this sort. It is from the third book, where a prince of the race of Incas, on a mission among the mountain savages, endeavours to convert them to the Peruvian religion, or the worship of the sun.

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"Two toilsome days the virtuous Inca strove,
To social life their savage minds to move;
When the third morning glow'd serenely bright,
He led their elders to an eastern height;
The world unlimited beneath them lay,
And not a cloud obscured the rising day.
Vast Amazonia, starr'd with twinkling streams,
In azure drest, a heaven inverted seems;
Dim Paraguay extends the aching sight,
Xaraya glimmers like the moon of night,
Land, water, sky in blending borders play,
And smile and brighten to the lamp of day.
When thus the Prince: What majesty divine!
What robes of gold! what flames about him shine!
There walks the God! his starry sons on high
Draw their dim veil, and shrink behind the sky;
Earth with surrounding nature's born anew,
And men by millions greet the glorious view!
Who can behold his all-delighting soul
Give life and joy, and heaven and earth control,
Bid death and darkness from his presence move,
Who can behold, and not adore and love?
Those plains, immensely circling, feel his beams,
He greens the groves, he silvers gay the streams,
Swells the wild fruitage, gives the beast his food,
And mute creation hails the genial God.
But richer boons his righteous laws impart,
To aid the life, and mould the social heart,
His arts of peace through happy realms to spread,
And altars grace with sacraficial bread;
Such our distinguish'd lot, who own his sway,
Mild as his morning stars, and liberal as the day.
His unknown laws, the mountain chief replied,
May serve, perchance, your boasted race to guide;
And yon low plains, that drink his partial ray,
At his glad shrine their just devotions pay.
But we, nor fear his frown, nor trust his smile;
Vain, as our prayers, is every anxious toil;
Our beasts are buried in his whirls of snow,
Our cabins drifted to his slaves below.
Even now his placid looks thy hopes beguile,
He lures thy raptures with a morning smile;
But soon (for so those saffron robes proclaim)
His own black tempest shall obstruct his flame,
Storm, thunder, fire, against the mountains driven,
Rake deep their sulphur'd sides, disgorging here his heaven.
He spoke; they waited, till the fervid ray
High from the noontide shot the faithless day;
When lo, far gathering under eastern skies,
Solemn and slow, the dark red vapours rise;
Full clouds, convolving on the turbid air,
Move like an ocean to the watery war.
The host, securely raised, no dangers harm,
They sit unclouded, and o'erlook the storm;
While far beneath, the sky-borne waters ride,
Veil the dark deep, and sheet the mountain's side;
The lightning's glancing fires, in fury curl'd,
Bend their long forky foldings o'er the world;
Torrents and broken crags and floods of rain

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From steep to steep roll down their force amain,
In dreadful cataracts; the bolts confound
The tumbling clouds, and rock the solid ground.
The blasts unburden'd take their upward course,
And o'er the mountain top resume their force.
Swift through the long white ridges from the north,
The rapid whirlwinds lead their terrors forth;
High walks the storm, the circling surges rise,
And wild gyrations wheel the hovering skies;
Vast hills of snow, in sweeping columns driven,
Deluge the air, and choke the void of heaven;
Floods burst their bounds, the rocks forget their place,
And the firm Andes tremble to their base."

The fiend Inquisition is thus introduced to our notice:

"Led by the dark Dominicans of Spain,
A newborn fury walks the wide domain,
Gaunt Inquisition; mark her giant stride,
Her blood-nursed vulture screaming at her side.
Her priestly train the tools of torment brings,
Racks, wheels and crosses, faggots, stakes, and strings;
Scaffolds and cages round her altar stand,
And, tipt with sulphur, waves her flaming brand.
Her imps of inquest round the Fiend advance,
Suspectors grave, and spies with eye askance,
Pretended heretics who worm the soul,
And sly confessors with their secret scroll,
Accusers hired, for each conviction paid,
Judges retain'd, and witnesses by trade.
Dragg'd from a thousand jails her victim trains,
Jews, Moors, and Christians, clank alike their chains,
Read their known sentence in her fiery eyes,
And breathe to heaven their unavailing cries;
Lash'd on the pile their writhing bodies turn,
And, veil'd in doubling smoke, begin to burn.
Where the flames open, lo! their limbs in vain
Reach out for help, distorted by the pain;
Till folded in the fires they disappear,
And not a sound invades the startled ear."

The following instance of minute description is occasioned by a view of Morgan's corps of riflemen in the American army, illustrated by the well-known story of William Tell.

"Morgan in front of his bold riflers towers,
His host of keen-eyed marksmen, skill'd to pour
Their slugs unerring from the twisted bore.
No sword, no bayonet, they learn to wield,
They gall the flank, they skirt the battling field,
Cull out the distant foe in full horse speed,
Couch the long tube, and eye the silver bead,
Turn as he turns, dismiss the whizzing lead,
And lodge the death-ball in his heedless head.
So toil'd the huntsman Tell. His quivering dart,
Prest by the bended bowstring, fears to part,
Dreads the tremendous task, to graze but shun
The tender temples of his infant son;

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As the loved youth (the tyrant's victim led)
Bears the poised apple tottering on his head,
The sullen father, with reverted eye,
Now marks the satrap, now the bright hair'd boy;
His second shaft impatient lies, athirst
To mend the expected error of the first,
To pierce the monster, mid the insulted crowd,
And steep the pangs of nature in his blood.
Deep doubling tow'rd his breast, well poised and slow,
Curve the strain'd horns of his indignant bow;
His left arm straightens as the dexter bends,
And his nerved knuckle with the gripe distends;
Soft slides the reed back with the stiff-drawn strand,
Till the steel point has reacht his steady hand;
Then to his keen fixt eye the shank he brings,
'Twangs the loud cord, the feather'd arrow sings,
Picks off the pippin from the smiling boy,
And Uri's rocks resound with shouts of joy.
Soon by an equal dart the tyrant bleeds,
The cantons league, the work of fate proceeds;
Till Austria's titled hordes, with their own gore,
Fat the fair fields they lorded long before;
On Gothard's height while Freedom first unfurl'd
Her infant banner o'er the modern world."

Among all the naval victories that Britain has to boast, it is singular that we have no description of a naval battle in English poetry, nor is there such a thing among the moderns of any nation, so far as I am acquainted with their literature. We are therefore indebted to the American poet for the first poetical description of a combat of this sort, and that too on an occasion sufficiently rare, if not unique, in which the English did not gain the victory. It is the battle of Graves and Degrasse, in which the latter obtained, if not a victory, at least his object; which was to take possession of Chesapeak bay, and protect the operations of the siege of York, and the reduction of Cornwallis. The description I think equal to the occasion.

"Far on the wild expanse, where ocean lies,
And scorns all confines but incumbent skies,
Scorns to retain the imprinted paths of men
To guide their wanderings or direct their ken;
Where warring vagrants, raging as they go,
Ask of the stars their way to find the foe;
Columbus saw two hovering fleets advance,
And rival ensigns o'er their pinions dance.
Graves, on the north, with Albion's flag unfurl'd,
Waves proud defiance to the watery world;
Degrasse, from southern isles, conducts his train,
And shade with Gallic sheets the moving main.
"Now Morn, unconscious of the coming fray.
That soon shall storm the crystal cope of day,
Glows o'er the heavens, and with her orient breeze
Fans her fair face and curls the summer seas.
The swelling sails, as far as eye can sweep,
Look through the skies and awe the shadowy deep,
Lead their long-bending lines; and, ere they close,
To count, recognize, circumvent their foes,
Each hauls his wind, the weathergage to gain

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And master all the movements of the plain;
Or bears before the breeze with loftier gait,
And, beam to beam, begins the work of fate.
" As when the warring winds, from each far pole,
Their adverse storms across the concave roll,
Thin fleecy vapours through the expansion run,
Veil the blue vault and tremble o'er the sun,
Till the dark folding wings together drive,
And ridged with fire and rocked with thunder, strive;
So, hazing thro the void, at first appear
White clouds of canvas floating on the air,
Then frown the broad black decks, the sails are stayed,
The gaping portholes cast a frightful shade,
Flames, triple tier'd, and tides of smoke, arise;
And fulminations rock the seas and skies.
" From van to rear the roaring deluge runs,
The storm disgorging from a thousand guns,
Each like a vast volcano spouting wide
His hissing hell-dogs o'er the shuddering tide,
Whirls high his chainshot, cleaves the mast and strows
The shiver'd fragments on the staggering foes;
Whose gunwale sides with iron globes are gored,
And a wild storm of splinters sweeps the board.
Husht are the winds of heaven; no more the gale
Breaks the red rolls of smoke nor flaps the sail.
A dark dead calm continuous cloaks the glare,
And holds the clouds of sulphur on the war,
Convolving o'er the space that yawns and shines,
With frequent flash, between the laboring lines.
Nor sun nor sea nor skyborn lightning gleams,
But flaming Phlegethon's asphaltic steams
Streak the long gaping gulf; where varying glow
Carbonic curls above, blue flakes of fire below.
" Hither two hostile ships to contact run,
Both grappling, board to board, and gun to gun;
Each thro the adverse ports their contents pour,
Rake the low decks, the interior timbers bore,
Drive into chinks the illumined wads unseen,
Whose flames approach the unguarded magazine.
Above, with shrouds afoul and gunwales mann'd
Thick halberds clash; and, closing hand to hand,
The huddling troops, infuriate from despair,
Tug at the toils of death, and perish there;
Grenados, cartasses their fragments spread,
And pikes and pistols strow the decks with dead.
Now on the Gallic board the Britons rush,
The intrepid Gauls the rash adventurers crush:
And now, to vengeance stung, with frantic air,
Back on the British maindeck roll the war.
There swells the carnage; all the tar-beat floor
Is clogg'd with spattered brains and glued with gore;
And down the ship's black waist, fresh brooks of blood
Course o'er their clots and tinge the sable flood.
Till War, impatient of the lingering strife
That tires and slackens with the waste of life,
Opes with engulfing gape the astonish'd wave,
And whelms the combat whole, in one vast grave.
For now the imprisoned powder caught the flames,
And into atoms whirl'd the monstrous frames

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Of both the entangled ships; the vortex wide
Roars like an Etna thro the belching tide,
And blazing into heaven, and bursting high,
Shells, carriages and guns obstruct the sky;
Cords, timbers, trunks of men the welkin sweep,
And fall on distant ships, or shower along the deep.
"The matcht armadas still the fight maintain,
But cautious, distant; lest the staggering main
Drive their whole lines afoul, and one dark day
Glut the proud ocean with too rich a prey.
At last, where scattering fires the cloud disclose,
Hulls heave in sight and blood the decks o'erflows;
Here from the field tost navies rise to view,
Drive back to vengeance and the roar renew,
There shatter'd ships commence their flight afar,
Tow'd thro the smoke, hard struggling from the war;
And some, half seen amid the gaping wave,
Plunge in the whirl they make, and gorge their grave."

The siege of York affords several examples of novel description, particularly the bombardment during the night, and the mining and blowing up of a citadel. There is not room for citations so copious as I could wish from the scenes of war. The subjects are so various, and many of them original, that I shall be able to convey but an imperfect idea of the work.

The following hymn to Peace forms the overture of the 8th book.

"Hail holy Peace, from thy sublime abode,
Mid circling saints that grace the throne of God.
Before his arm, around our embryon earth,
Stretch'd the dim void, and gave to nature birth,
Ere morning stars his glowing chambers hung,
Or songs of gladness woke an angel's tongue,
Viel'd in the splendors of his beamful mind,
In blest repose thy placid form reclined,
Lived in his life, his inward sapience caught,
And traced and toned his universe of thought.
Borne thro the expanse with his creating voice
Thy presence bade the unfolding worlds rejoice,
Led forth the systems on their bright career,
Shaped all their curves and fashion'd every sphere,
Spaced out their suns, and round each radiant goal,
Orb over orb, compell'd their train to roll,
Bade heaven's own harmony their force combine,
Taught all their host symphonious strains to join,
Gave to seraphic harps their sounding lays,
Their joys to angels, and to men their praise.
"From scenes of blood, these verdant shores that stain,
From numerous friends in recent battle slain,
From blazing towns that scorch the purple sky,
From houseless hordes, their smoking walls that fly,
From the black prison ships, those groaning graves,
From warring fleets that vex the gory waves,
From a storm'd world, long taught thy flight to mourn,
I rise, delightful Peace, and greet thy glad return."

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In the 9th book the reader is struck with an awful solemnity mixt with abhorrence at the initiation to the mysteries of Isis, which the author considers as the origin of the several monstrous systems of religion which follow in the same description.

"Unfold, thou Memphian dungeon; there began
The lore of Mystery, the mask of man;
There Fraud with Science leagued, in early times,
Plann'd a resplendent course of holy crimes,
Stalk'd o'er the nations with gigantic pace,
With sacred symbols charm'd the cheated race,
Taught them new grades of ignorance to gain,
And punish truth with more than mortal pain,—
Unfold at last thy cope! that man may see
The mines of mischief he has drawn from thee.
—Wide gapes the porch with hieroglyphics hung,
And mimic zodiacs o'er its arches flung;
Close labyrinth'd here the feign'd Omniscient dwells,
Dupes from all nations seek the sacred cells;
Inquiring strangers, with astonish'd eyes,
Dive deep to read these subterranean skies,
To taste that holiness which faith bestows,
And fear promulgates thro its world of woes,
The bold Initiate takes his awful stand,
A thin pale taper trembling in his hand;
Thro hells of howling monsters lies the road,
To season souls and teach the ways of God.
"Down the crampt corridor, far sunk from day,
On hands and bended knees he gropes his way,
Swims roaring streams, thro dens of serpents crawls,
Descends deep wells, and clambers flaming walls;
Now thwart his lane a lake of sulphur gleams
With fiery waves, and suffocating steams;
He dares not shun the ford; for full in view
Fierce lions rush behind, and force him thro;
Long ladders heaved on end, with banded eyes
He mounts, and mounts, and seems to gain the skies;
Then backward falling, tranced with deadly fright,
Finds his own feet, and stands restored to light.
Here all dread sights of torture round him rise;
Lash'd on a wheel a whirling felon flies;
A wretch, with members chain'd and liver bare,
Writhes and disturbs the vulture feasting there;
One strains to roll his rock, recoiling still;
One, stretch'd recumbent o'er a limpid rill,
Burns with devouring thirst; his starting eyes,
Swell'd veins and frothy lips and piercing cries;
Accuse the faithless eddies, as they shrink
And keep him panting still, still bending o'er the brink,
"At last Elysium to his ravisht eyes
Spreads flowery fields, and opens golden skies,
Breathes Orphean music thro the dancing groves,
Trains the gay troops of Beauties, Graces, Loves,
Lures his delirious sense with sweet decoys,
Fine fancied foretaste of eternal joys,
Fastidious pomp or proud imperial state,—
Illusions all, that pass the Ivory Gate!
"Various and vast the fraudful drama grows,
Feign'd are the pleasures, as unfelt the woes;

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Where sainted hierophants, with well-taught mimes,
Play'd first the role for all succeeding times;
Which, vamp'd and varied as the clime required,
More trist or splendid, open or retired,
Forms local creeds, with multifarious lore,
Creates the God, and bids the world adore.
"Lo at the lama's feet, as lord of all,
Age following age in dumb devotion fall;
The youthful God, mid suppliant kings enshrined,
Dispensing fate, and ruling half mankind,
Sits with contorted limbs, a silent slave,
An early victim of a secret grave;
His priests by myriads famish every clime
And sell salvation in the tones they chime.
"See India's Triad frame their blood-penn'd codes,
Old Ganges change his gardens for his gods,
Ask his own waves from their celestial hands,
And choke his channel with their sainted sands.
Mad with the mandates of their scriptured word,
And prompt to snatch from hell her dear dead lord,
The wife, still blooming, decks her sacred urns,
Mounts the gay pyre, and with his body burns.
"Shrined in his golden fane the Delphian stands,
Shakes distant thrones, and taxes unknown lands.
Kings, consuls, khans from earth's whole regions come,
Pour in their wealth, and then inquire their doom;
Furious and wild the priestess rends her veil,
Sucks, thro the sacred stool, the maddening gale,
Starts, reddens, foams, and screams, and mutters loud,
Like a fell fiend, her oracles of God.
The dark enigma, by the pontiff scroll'd
In broken phrase, and close in parchment roll'd,
From his proud pulpit to the suppliant hurl'd,
Shall rive an empire and distract the world.
"And where the mosque's dim arches bend on high,
Mecca's dead prophet mounts the mimic sky;
Pilgrims, imbanded strong for mutual aid,
Thro dangerous deserts that their faith has made,
Train their long caravans, and famish'd come
To kiss the shrine and trembling touch the tomb.
By fire and swords the shame fell faith extend,
And howl their homilies to earth's far end.
"Phenician altars reek with human gore,
Gods hiss from caverns, or in cages roar,
Nile pours from heaven a tutelary flood,
And gardens grow the vegetable god.
Two rival powers the magian faith inspire,
Primeval darkness and immortal fire;
Evil and good in these contending rise,
And each by turns the sovereign of the skies.
Sun, stars, and planets, round the earth behold
Their fanes of marble, and their shrines of gold;
The sea, the grove, the harvest, and the vine
Spring from their gods, and claim a birth divine;
While heroes, kings, and sages of their times,
Those gods on earth, are gods in happier climes;
Minos in judgment sits, and Jove in power,
And Odin's friends are feasted there with gore."

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The doubts entertained by Columbus, with respect to the future progress, that Hesper assures him that mankind are to make in civilization and science, and his idea that society may again retrograde, so far that men may even lose their present geographical knowledge, and Europe in her turn, some thousand ages hence, will need to be discovered by American mariners, are expressed in a manner deeply affecting.

" And why not lapse again? Celestial Seer,
Forgive my doubts, and ah, remove my fear!
Man is my brother; strong I feel the ties,
From strong solicitude my doubts arise;
My heart, while opening with the boundless scope
That swells before him, and expands his hope,
Forebodes another fall; and tho at last
Thy world is planted, and with light o'ercast,
Tho two broad continents their beams combine
Round his whole globe to stream his day divine,
Perchance some folly, yet uncured may spread
A storm proportion'd to the lights they shed,
Veil both his continents, and leave again
Between them stretch'd the impermeable main;
All science buried, sails and cities lost,
Their lands uncultured, as their seas uncrost.
Till on thy coast, some thousand ages hence,
New pilots rise, bold enterprise commence,
Some new Columbus (happier let him be,
More wise, and great, and virtuous far than me)
Lanch on the wave, and tow'rd the rising day
Like a strong eaglet steer his untaught way,
Gird half the globe, and to his age unfold
A strange new world, the world we call the old.
From Finland's glade to Calpe's storm-beat head
He'll find some tribes of scattering wildmen spread;
But one vast wilderness will shade the soil,
No wreck of art, no sign of ancient toil
Tell where a city stood; nor leave one trace
Of all that honours now, and all that shames the race."

The exhilarating scenes of the 10th book can hardly be abridged so as to give an idea of the general impression that the whole would make upon the mind. I shall only give the opening of the book; and this shall close the list of citations.

" Hesper again his heavenly power display'd,
And shook the yielding canopy of shade.
Sudden the stars their trembling fires withdrew,
Returning splendors burst upon the view,
Floods of unfolding light the skies adorn
And more than midday glories grace the morn.
So shone the earth, as if the sideral train,
Broad as full suns, had sail'd the etherial plain;
When no distinguisht orb could strike the sight,
But one clear blaze of all surrounding light
O'erflow'd the vault of heaven. For now in view
Remoter climes, and future ages drew;
Whose deeds of happier fame, in long array,
Call'd into vision, fill the newborn day.

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" Far as seraphic power could lift the eye,
Or earth, or ocean, bend the yielding sky,
Or circling suns awake the breathing gale,
Drake lead the way, or Cook extend the sail;
Where Behren sever'd, with adventurous prow,
Hesperia's headland from Tartaria's brow;
Where sage Vancouver's patient leads were hurl'd,
Where Diemen stretch'd his solitary world;
All lands, all seas that boast a present name,
And all that unborn time shall give to fame,
Around the pair in bright expansion rise,
And earth, in one vast level, bounds the skies."

If I had not extended my observations on the body of this work to an unusual length, I should feel that considerable attention was due to the preface and the notes. They abound in original matter, and cannot but excite the deepest reflection. In the preface, and likewise in a note on the 10th book, we find some very just remarks on the moral tendency, of several of the most famous poems, and on the general spirit in which history has been written. The preface takes notice, " that modern modes of fighting, as well as the instruments now used in war, are not yet rendered familiar in our language," though he contends that there is no good reason for our timidity or reserve in the use of such terms; that we are really richer than the ancients were in this respect, having better sounding names, and more variety in the instruments, works, stratagems, and other artifices in our war system than they had in theirs. Accordingly he has been free in the use of all these modern military terms, and we think the experiment has perfectly succeeded. I am convinced with him, that there is as much dignity and harmony in the words, gun, musket, bayonet, pistol, cannon, shell, mortar, platoon, brigade; as in spear, shield, helmet; greaves, bow, shaft, sling, cohort, and phalanx.

In his note on Mr. West, the painter, he asserts (with how much justice I will not determine), that this artist is the first who introduced modern costume, and rendered it familiar in historical painting. With equal, if not greater truth, it may now be said, that Mr. B. has introduced and familiarized modern military terms in heroic poetry. Whether he thought of emulating his countryman in this respect, I know not, but his design was equally bold; and it promises to be equally successful with that of the painter, which is said to have produced a revolution in the art.

The note in the 5th book on the British colonization exemplifies in a memorable manner the effect of habitual feelings of liberty. The free-born spirit that goes forth with the young colony becomes more conspicuous, aims at higher objects, and sustains a greater growth of national prosperity than it could do in the mother country, though as free as England. The contrast the author draws between our system and that of other modern nations, which have sent colonies abroad, does honour to his liberality, and is an equal tribute of respect to our country and his own. Indeed this is not the only instance in which the English nation is highly complimented in the work before me. I am happy to see it, because it is more than certain other writings of Mr. B. had taught me to expect.

In the 2nd book there is a note on the graphic art, occasioned by a view of the hieroglyphics of Mexico. It is the result of deep reflection, and leads to some uncommon conclusions with respect to the early

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unstoried ages of human society. There are several other philosophical notes, which, for their original vein of thinking, and the very perspicuous and unaffected manner of holding up his thoughts to his readers, cannot fail of fixing their attention, if not their approbation.

Mr. B.'s prose style is remarkable for its harmony and eloquence. He has likewise attained a degree of purity, so far superior to any other of his countrymen, whose writings we have seen, that, were it not for the danger of giving offence to him, or them, I should perhaps ascribe it to his long residence in this country.

I intended, however, when I began this article, to notice a few oddities in his orthography and his neology. He is so sensible of having laid himself open to animadversion in this respect, that he has written a postscript to his notes in justification of the liberties he has taken with our language. But as he has explained himself fully on this subject, I will only add a word of regret at seeing a disposition in American writers for innovating so fast in our common national language, as must in a few generations more produce an irreconcilable dialect. Such a tendency is certainly to be deprecated; and I am sorry to find, that so great an example as Mr. B.'s writings must prove to his countrymen should have given countenance to these innovations.

ORIGINAL POETRY——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LINES ON AN ERUPTION OF MOUNT ETNA.

THE following lines, on an eruption of Mount Etna, are the composition of a boy, a native of Philadelphia, who is only *nine years and five months old.* They are not presented to the patrons of The Port Folio as a specimen of fine writing. To excellence like this, even the most partial of judges, will not pretend that they have any claim. When considered, however, as the production of a mere child, a playful school-boy, whom we would expect to find whipping his top, elevating his kite, or shooting his marbles, rather than clambering up the steeps of Parnassus; when, considered, as issuing from such an infantile source, we cannot doubt of their exciting a lively interest in the bosom of every liberal reader. The vigour and elevation of thought, the pregnancy of imagery, and the bold command of language they exhibit, hold forth a promise, which, if realized by future cultivation and industry, may yet add a star of no common lustre to the galaxy of American genius and literature.

It is not pretended that he following infantile effusion appears now *precisely* as it came from the pen, or rather tongue of its little author. On the other hand, it is true, that some degree of corrective aid was afforded. In the first five stanzas, however, this aid was so very trifling, that, were it not for the sake of giving a candid statement, it would not be worthy of being mentioned. It consisted merely in a few *verbal* alterations, without affecting, in the slightest degree, either the

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ideas, or the *texture* of the verse. The credit of these, whatever it may be, belongs exclusively to the infant author.

In the second, third, and fourth stanzas no alteration whatever has been made. They appear now, in the precise words, in which they were originally dictated. In the first and fifth stanzas, *five* words have been altered, but the primary ideas are faithfully retained.

In the composition of the last stanza, which will be observed to exhibit more abstraction, and a greater condensation of thought, than either of the others, it must be acknowledged that the little votary of the Muses received assistance. It is due to him, however, to add, that its appearance in print along with the rest, meets his disapprobation. For he is of too proud and independent a spirit, and is actuated by too strict a sense of justice, to receive, much more to claim, credit for what is not his own.

As it is conceived, that the composition of this little poem is calculated to shed some light on the effect of physical circumstances on the human intellect, it is hoped that the following brief statement will not be unacceptable.

For a few days previously to composing it, the infant author had been affected with an inflammation of one of his eyes. For the removal of this he had been confined to a dark chamber, perfect rest had been enjoined, and a low diet prescribed. Thus debarred from two of his principal pleasures, the use of exercise, and the enjoyment of light, he concluded that it would be no additional restraint, to lie in bed, which he accordingly did. Under these privations, he amused himself and beguiled the time, by a recitation, almost incessant, of select passages from Shakspeare, Pope, Young, Thomson, Gray, and other British poets of high standing. In this state of perfect abstraction from all external objects, self collected, and fired by a vivid recollection of a rich variety of poetic imagery, his mind was the more highly impregnated, and the better prepared for the maiden effort it was about to make.

Most of the lines were composed with rapidity and ease. They appeared like the spontaneous ebullitions of a heated and an overflowing mind. As the little author was still under medical restrictions, he was unable to write them himself, and was, therefore, obliged to engage an amanuensis, to whom, with the exceptions already stated, he dictated precisely as follows:

When Etna's dreadful throat begins to roar,
The people fly, affrighted more and more;
The wasteful lava, burning as it goes,
Hurls dire destruction both on friends and foes.

Th' impetuous torrent nothing can withstand,
And shrieks and groans of victims fill the land;
Gates, houses, towers, and palaces give way,
And all that once was great, now melts away.

Thick smoke and flames, so dismal to be seen,
Like vivid lightnings quick and glaring gleam;
And burning flakes, like flaring meteors fly,
And glide like comets through the darkened sky.

The burning lava, from the mountain's sides,
Into the sea a fiery river glides,

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It makes the deep to boil, and lash the shore,
And distant lands re-echo to the roar.

Neptune, the sovereign sea-compelling god,
Starts at the sound, and quits his green abode,
Finds the fierce elements embattled there,
And scarce can rule them in his sea-shell car.

Such are the dire effects of Etna's rage,
And such the wars her boiling lavas wage;
Forth bursts the stream, earth trembles with the throw,
Fires flash through air, and ocean heaves below.

T. L. C.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Lines on visiting the Exchange Coffeehouse in Boston.

HAIL to this pile! by struggling Genius rais'd,
By Patience crown'd, by pausing Wonder prais'd.
Here, public good in public beauty trace,
Where Roman grandeur blends with Grecian grace.
Lo the proud Dome, beneath whose ample bend
The column'd lines in classic taste ascend!*
Here, busy Commerce bolds her active reign,
Or social Feeling calls the lounging train,
While round, the Arts their varying beauties wind,
And studious Science pours her heavenly mind.

But, leading thence, what gayer scene unfolds!
What splendid charms the gazing eye beholds!
With golden hues where purple drapery blends,
Like some rich cloud as summer's sun descends,
There Music throws her quickening spirit round,
And bending arches† catch the joyous sound,
While circling mirrors filled with life appear,
And glittering arrows teach the danger near.
See bashful Beauty like a phantom glide,
Her fair form glancing forth from every side,
And as fond Love a whispering worship pays,
With sidelong glances mark his ardent gaze.

Descending thence, that smiling scene invites,
Where spreads the social board, and grace delights,
Where high refinement's polished radiance glows,
As the full tide of cheerful freedom flows,

* The Exchange Room, sixty by forty-three feet in dimensions, occupies the centre of the building, and is surrounded by five galleries, the two lower of which are supposted by Doric pillars, the third and fourth by pillars of the Ionic, and the fifth by those of the Corinthian order. Shops and offices of various kinds open on the lower galleries.

† The ceiling of the ball-room consists of three distinct and beautiful domes, which, far from injuring, greatly add to the effect of the music.

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And kind Affection wakes her warmest fires,
As Beauty charms or sparkling Wit inspires;
Like the green walls, whose soft ungarish rays
Catch from the crimson shades a transient blaze.

Thou! by whose genius, mid a world of woes,
With firm *unaided* hand, this pile arose,
Unlike the herd, who every dear design
To each poor self with pigmy soul confine,
Thy mind expanding breathed a nobler prayer,
And public honour urged thy anxious care;
Let then that herd, who, striving to abuse,
Conspired in vain to thwart thy generous views,
With envious glance behold thy deeds of fame,
And with malignant lip asperse thy name,
Still shall that name mid breathing praise be found,
And those high deeds by patriot pride be crowned,
When all these worthless insects of a day,
Unknown, unhonoured, shall have passed away.

Oh happiest thou, though not a laurel thine,
For the blest myrtles round thy *Lares* shine;
There Grace and Beauty pour their tenderest tones,
With every charm, that blended Genius owns,
There lives thy pride, there all thy rapture lies,
And the world's homage were a poorer prize.

Manto.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE LOVER'S DREAM.

Why, whispering breezes, why disturb my dream!
Ah! why thou prattling, softly-sounding stream,
With thy smooth, dying murmurs startle me?
Thou mindst me of those serenades so sweet,
At midnight still, our list'ning ears that greet,
Breaking sweet dreams, with sweetest melody!

Kind dream! methought with Emily I stray'd,
E'en now, a charming, loving, gentle maid.
O, for a never-ending sleep like this!
Why have I waked to feel her cold disdain—
Ah, me! the torturing passions come again,
Grim crew! and snatch my visionary bliss!

Methought we rov'd through flow'r-enwoven vales,
Fann'd by the wings of odour-breathing gales,
Forgetful of the world, and worldly care!
Her eyes looked love; from her mellifluous tongue
Such sweetness breath'd as if an Angel sung,
Or lovers dream, but angels only hear!

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Alas! the breeze or stream the heavenly vision broke!
Would it were real! or I ne'er had woke!
Still! murm'ring wind; ah, hush! thou prattling stream,
I'll sleep again; sweet Fancy, still be kind
To my distracted, tortured, loving mind—
A world, a world, for such another dream!

J. H.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SONNET TO MAY.

TO MARY.

SWEET queen of smiles, that o'er the dewy plain
Now com'st to bid the blushing bud unfold,
All eyes with rapture thine approach behold;
Whilst nature joys to own thy blissful reign.

The modest wild-flower, and the flaunting train,
The garden's pride, alike confess thy care;
And hark! the spritely warblers of the air
Pay to their lovely queen the welcome strain.

O let me wander, now the solar ray
Bursts from the east and lights the bloomy tree!
I love the lonely walk at early day,
It wakens feelings that are dear to me:
Ah! Mary, can I view the charms of May
And not indulge the tender thought of thee?

May morning. G.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ODE ON SPRING.

By the author of the poem on the Natural Bridge.

DIVINELY bright behold the Spring,
Borne on the flutt'ring Zephyr's wing,
While every dale, and every glade,
Murmuring greet the heavenly maid.

The ruder winds no more awake
The slumbers of the silent lake;
And mark the swan delights to lave
Its plumage in the silver wave.

The school-boy through the blooming bowers,
Wandering, plucks the painted flowers,
Or, listening to the red-bird's lay,
Forgets awhile his wonted play.

The swallow in a mazy ring,
Skims the pool with rapid wing,
While merry on the blossom'd spray,
The mocking songster pours his lay.

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O Spring, sweet rosy-bosomed maid,
Be yet thy parting smile delayed
Still blandly whisper through the trees,
And wave thy tresses to the breeze!

CORRESPONDENCE——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Before your correspondent C. attempted to account for certain affections of the human body, which are produced by a rarefied atmosphere, by a deficiency in the oxigenous portion of atmospheric air, in very lofty situations, he ought accurately to have ascertained that this was the fact.

The latest æronauts, who have brought down air from the upper regions, and have had it examined by the most celebrated chymists in Europe, inform us, that it is precisely of the same degree of purity, as that on the surface of the earth.*

If this be true, what becomes of the theory of C.?

LACONIC.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE spirited Biography of that justly celebrated military commander, general ANTHONY WAYNE will inflame the youthful enthusiast and rouse the veteran soldier. Of the numerous officers, who have adorned the annals of America, few have been more splendidly distinguished than the subject of this faithful memoir. He was, in the strongest sense of the word, valiant. His courage was always of a daring, determined, decided, and desperate character. The *virtus*, or military fortitude of the Romans, was his shining characteristic. The word fear was wholly unknown in his vocabulary. Actuated by an undaunted soul, stimulated by the desire of glory, and governed by the principle of patriotism; with a stout heart, a steady hand, *the Douglas blood*, and

An eye, like Mars, to THREATEN OR COMMAND,

he hewed his way with his sword, and Danger, *with limbs of giant mould*, fled away before him. With blended sorrow, shame, and indignation we add that the remains of this warrior, of whom his ungrateful country ought to be justly proud, repose ingloriously, not to say

* "Atmospheric air, and air taken at the height of 6636·5 metres, are exactly the same." Phil. Mag. vol. 31, p. 224. The experiments on the air brought from the upper regions, by Guy Lussac, were performed at the Polytecnic school in Paris, under the inspection of Messrs. Thenard and Gresset.

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ignominiously, on a distant frontier, amid the savage rudeness of the forest. The bold chieftain while prodigal of his blood, and reckless of his life, he bared his bosom to many a hostile spear, would scarcely anticipate that his whitening bones would be left *for daws to peck at* on the very soil he defended! He adds another to an illustrious, but neglected catalogue.

> EDWARD and HENRY, now the boast of fame,
> And virtuous ALFRED, a more sacred name,
> After a life of generous toils endur'd,
> The FOE SUBDUED and property secur'd,
> Ambition humbled, MIGHTY BULWARKS STORM'D,
> Or laws establish'd and the world reform'd,
> Clos'd their long glories, with a sigh to find
> The *unwilling* gratitude of BASE MANKIND.

But though the state may be negligent of his fame, and leave his ashes to be dissipated by the night winds, there are who feel for his renown, and who erect for him as fair an obelisk, as Sensibility can conceive, or ardent Enthusiasm rear. No corrosive mildew of ingratitude can blight his military reputation. It is the *immobile saxum* of the Roman poet, and will remain unshaken when *gorgeous palaces* shall have crumbled away.

> Let FAME, that all hunt after in their lives,
> Live registered upon his brazen tomb
> And then grace him, in the disgrace of death,
> When, spite of cormorant devouring Time,
> The endeavour of his ardent soul may buy
> That HONOUR, which shall bate the sithe's keen edge
> And make him heir of all eternity.

The character of "PROTEUS" is certainly of a *meteoric* complexion, but it ought not to excite the *astonishment* of his delineator. Sanguine, volatile, ardent, impetuous, restless; with boiling blood, vehement passions, and irritable nerves, the impulses, the habits, and the conduct of such a being are the natural results of his genius and temperament. Men need not be either confounded or amazed at the eccentricity of a *comet*; and the *sallies* of some minds are equally *irregular*. A certain species of men are a sort of *chartered libertines*. Do you expect to fix their volatility? expect at the same time to tie up the north wind, with a needleful of thread, or drain old ocean, with a teaspoon.

> To fix this Proteus were to cork in jars
> The fleeting rainbows and the falling stars.

The comparison which "Scrutator" has instituted between the character of boys and girls, reminds us of a blunt but apposite passage in one of DRYDEN'S translations, where he introduces a downright Cretan, one Lygdus, thus addressing his wife:

> I have but two petitions to prefer,
> Short pains for thee; for me a *son and heir*.
> *Girls* cost as many throes in bringing forth;
> Besides, when born, the *chits* are *little worth*;
> *Weak puling things*, unable to sustain
> Their share of labour, and their bread to gain.

The request of O is inadmissible. He is too extravagant in his expectations. We must address him in the words of WALLER.

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Should you no honey vow to taste,
But what the *master bees* have plac'd
In compass of *their* cells, how small
A portion to your share would fall!

Our correspondent must be content sometimes with plain fare, and not ask us *every day* to set forth a princely banquet.

The hints from our learned friend at N—— shall be most sedulously and respectfully regarded. We have been in the habit of perusing regularly the elegant miscellany, to which he alludes, and were remarkably well pleased with the wit and talents, displayed in many of the first volumes. The proprietorship of the work has been repeatedly changed, and under the administration of the present editor his Journal has declined somewhat in reputation. Still, in our opinion, it is better conducted than many rival and contemporaneous publications; and at one epoch, of no short duration, it was unquestionably the most amusing work of the kind, published in Great Britain. We have reason to believe that Mr. Sheridan, Joseph Richardson and many other gentlemen of the most brilliant talents, contributed pretty liberally to diversify its pages. Perhaps no establishment of this nature approached so nearly to the best manner of the old "Court Miscellany," and "The Town and Country Magazine," we mean before the pages of the latter were polluted by scandal. It was at one time edited by the celebrated ISAAC REED, Esq. a man of elegant attainments and a sort of literary virtuoso. The arts, manners, and amusements of the age were extremely well depicted, and the anecdotical, the witty and the dramatic departments were very ably filled. Such being our opinion of the general plan and execution of the variegated volumes, to which our friend has solicited our attention, we shall open them with renovated delight, when assisted by his taste and judgment in the task of selection. Not a single article, that he has suggested for our consideration, shall be neglected in the course of our literary labours. But, at present we can avail ourselves but rarely of his judicious advice. For, contrary to all expectation, even of the most sanguine of our friends, we receive and believe we shall continue to receive, a mass of *original* communications of no vulgar or flimsy character. Nevertheless, we will sometimes find room, even if we are obliged to print extra sheets, for foreign productions of such exquisite composition, as our friend has indicated. With the native wild flowers and the *sua poma* of our own country, we will mingle elegant exotics, and the golden fruits of the other hemisphere. The classical authors of England, France, Germany, Spain and Italy, shall often pass in review before us; and whatever is new and rare, whatever is calculated for the substantial benefit of society, or by harmless wit and smiling good humour is fitted to beguile life of some of its tediousness, shall never be deliberately neglected by the Editor.

Two poems written, we believe, by a lady of this city, one, entitled The Transit of the Exotic, and the other "Forget me not," in allusion to a beautiful copy of verses, by Mrs. Opie, have much merit, and we hope the writer will frequently favour us with lines of a *similar description*. These two last words we have printed in italics, because another article, accompanying them, we were obliged to reject, and a second communication of the same character, which should have been rejected, was inserted in our second number in the absence of the editor from the press. The verses in question were inadmissible, not from any lack of metrical exactness, or any flagrant errors of composition, but because the allusions and situations were so perfectly local and de-

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mestic, that, however pleasing and proper in the family circle, to which they refer, they are wholly uninteresting to the public, to whom they must be absolutely unintelligible. We speak this in no fastidious humour, nor have we the slightest wish to repress the genius, or wound the feelings of an ingenious and amiable woman. But WE MUST DO OUR DUTY, AND MAINTAIN OUR RIGHTS, AT EVERY HAZARD. If any stress be laid upon his literary habits, and his experience, as the uncontrolled manager of a public Journal, the Editor must be supposed to know with some degree of certainty what is proper to meet the public eye; and when, after due deliberation, he rejects a communication, every candid, liberal and reflecting man must ascribe that rejection, not to Caprice, not to Petulance, not to Wantonness, not to Rashness, not to Carelessness, not to Haste, but to reasons of the most decisive and invincible character.

ANALYTICUS, who has done us the honour of occasionally corresponding with us for some years, is thanked emphatically for many of his recent speculations. The metaphysical and ethical mode, which he sometimes adopts in his acute analyses of human sentiments, manners, and character, as portrayed in SHAKSPEARE's imperishable page, is particularly entitled to the attention of the curious inquirer. The union of philosophy with poetry, upon the principles adopted by our friend, is like the fabled loves of Mars and Venus, it is the alliance of Strength and Beauty. Professor RICHARDSON, one of the politest scholars in Scotland, was one of the first, who undertook to investigate Shakspeare, in this acute, ingenious, and profitable manner. Both his style and sagacity deserve the highest praise, and like lord Karnes, he may be very advantageously consulted, by that upper class of readers and critics, who peruse the bard of Avon for higher purposes than those of mere amusement. These elegant models of critical ingenuity have certainly not escaped the regard of Analyticus, who, we know, is in the regular habit of perusing those profound authors, who marshal their ideas according to the most rigid rule of reasoning. We wish that our correspondent, pursuing, with a sort of periodical punctuality, his original plan, would investigate in a regular train some of the more recondite passages, as well as singular characters and extraordinary situations in Shakspeare. Othello has been viewed in every light, and Desdemona's character has been drawn by philosophers, commentators and critics, as well as by Shakspeare himself. But we should be delighted to peruse an essay on the merits and demerits of Iago, Roderigo, Cassio and Emilia. A man of genius, combining a knowledge of the human heart with habits of philosophical precision, might exhibit those characters in a very strong and salutary light. The characters of Portia and Beatrice, of Rosalind and Celia would furnish copious topics of curious resemblance, under the management of a diligent investigator. Julius Cæsar and Mark Antony, Cassius, King John and the Lady Constance, King Henry VIII and Queen Catharine, Justice Shallow, Justice Silence, Nym and Poins would furnish hints for frequent speculation. The habits, manners, and, in particular, the *phrase* of ancient Pistol might be judiciously scanned, and the origin and progress of bombastic speech and writing be, from the latter circumstance, very curiously traced. The character of Cleopatra would furnish a fine subject for the moral, and that of Autolycus in the Winter's Tale, for the humorous painter. The Midsummer Night's Dream might employ an author for years, and the too much neglected play of Love's Labour Lost, task all the ingenuity of a Columbian commentator. In Measure for Measure, the grave characters of the Duke and of Angelo,

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and of Isabella, in opposition to the heartless Barnardine and the fantastic Lucio, form a most interesting group, which might demand all the scrutiny of the philosophic gazer. The inimitable scene between the Justice, Elbow, and Froth deserves an essay, and in Troilus and Cressida, the principal personages merit a very scrupulous examination. Above all, a very pleasing parallel, after the manner of PLUTARCH and SALLUST, might be run between the characters of Henry of Monmouth, and Harry Hotspur.

The amiable and accomplished lady, from whom we lately received a tribute to the memory of her regretted son, will find some mitigation for her grief by strengthening those habits of contemplation, composition and study, which her genius, education and industry inspire. Let her be constantly, nay laboriously employed in a course of LITERARY PURSUITS, and although Occupation will not entirely *pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow*, yet it may render the sense of it less painful, and perhaps deprive a rankling dart of some of its acuteness. At this enchanting season, the survey and the description of natural scenery, the investigation of the truths of science, and the processess of art, the endless, variegated, and delightful departments of the belles lettres, all may agreeably engage her attention, and whether she reads, meditates, or composes books, she will find, at least, a temporary oblivion of care. As we believe that her faith is fervent, and her principles unshaken, and as we *know* that her fine fancy is keenly seasible of all that is sublime and beautiful in composition, she will discover in the oriental writings innumerable topics of consolation, expressed with all the energy and elegance of the most consummate composition. By the perusal of the IMMORTAL WORK to which we now allude, her fortitude will be invigorated, her grief appeased, her hopes gilded, and her fears quelled.

Under the title of VARIETY, we propose, from time to time, either from original sources, or from very rare or recent publications, to publish a mass of miscellaneous matter, so prepared and arranged, as to afford the most diversified entertainment to the reader. Of those departments of a magazine, which are devoted, principally, to the amusement of the loungers, who by the bye, form the great majority in a metropolis, this kind of medley, which may be called small talk, or table talk, or variety, or by any title, which sufficiently indicates its light and heterogeneous character, has always proved highly acceptable. Such is the fondness of *desultory man* for short paragraphs, either pithy or poignant, that although grave essays may have their turn for examination, edification or delight, still the terse, the epigrammatic, the laconic pages in a miscellany are always the *first* to be perused. Indeed the example of ERASMUS, of LUTHER, of SELDEN and of JOHNSON, is quite sufficient to stamp a value upon those miscellaneous compositions, in which either wit or wisdom is *briefly* expressed, and men find either the merry or the memorable without being at much pains to seek for either. The adagia of the Greeks, the spritely sayings of the Romans, the apologues of the Orientals, and the colloquies of the middle Latinity, all demonstrate that this love of whatever is concise and brilliant is a universal passion. We remember many years ago to have perused a translation of this character from the Spanish, and an old volume, edited by one Fuller, containing about *twenty thousand* good things, and we were of opinion that they were among the most sensible as well as spritely books, we ever remember to have looked into.

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In the department of the USEFUL ARTS, we have received from some obliging friend at New-York, a communication, relative to a magnificent aqueduct, near the enchanting vale of Llangollen, in Wales. This description may furnish profitable hints to the civil engineer. In a country so new, and so astonishingly extensive as America, it is peculiarly proper to foster every project, auxiliary to public undertakings, whether of utility, beauty, or grandeur.

In noticing this article we advert, with pleasure, to the inscription. Perhaps no style is of more difficult attainment than the lapidary. A very large proportion of the epitaphs in Westminster Abbey are in the very worst taste of writing, and are remarkable for any qualities, rather than terseness, force, or brevity. Numerous inscriptions on the most magnificent edifices in London, and throughout the United Kingdom, often serve only to perpetuate the imbecility of the inscriber. Such is the copiousness and diffusion of many a protracted period in this class of writing, that it seems we are reading a history rather than an inscription. In the concluding paragraph of the article we are now commending, the reader will acknowledge the justness of the sentiment and praise the classical elegance of the style. It is free from the defects above mentioned, and is not unworthy of the genius of a Lacedemonian.

The gentleman, who has favoured us with the precocious production of a darling child, is thanked, with emphasis, for such an interesting communication. Although the partiality of a parent is extremely visible in his letter, yet that very circumstance is honorable to the author; and we have so much faith in him, both as a Phycisian and a Philosopher, that we believe his feelings have not beguiled him to exaggerate the truth. This remarkable record of prematurity of talent, although marvellous, and even romantic, has been before realized in the case of Cowley, Chatterton, and many others, whose names, the memory and various reading of our correspondent will readily suggest. The *boy bard*, whom the fondness of a father thus affectionately describes, deserves all that fostering care, which infant genius demands; and, from our knowledge of the abilities and affection of the parents, we are of opinion that the talents of the child will not languish for lack of culture. This prattling poet in miniature commences with good omens the career of literature. We hope he will reach the goal, and be crowned with the chaplets of Applause.

MORTUARY.

Died, on the 3d inst. at Rockland, near Havre de Grace, Philip Thomas, Esq.

In the death of this worthy man, his widow is deprived of an affectionate husband, his children of a tender father, and his servants of the most indulgent of masters; his immediate acquaintance of a kind neighbour and firm friend, whilst the poor of his district will have to mourn that the hand which so often ministered to their wants will never again resume its wonted office.

Of a frank and noble disposition, free from the grovelling prejudices of the generality of mankind, Mr. Thomas was eminently calculated to grace the social circle, and add to the felicities of life; and, while his doors were ever open to his friends or the wandering stranger, his domestic arrangement displayed all that can be conceived of the hospitality, freedom and comforts of a real country gentleman of "olden time."

Died, on the 7th inst. aged 62 years, Samuel Breck, Esq. This gentleman was born in Boston, in which town he resided till within the last sixteen years: these he has passed in Philadelphia; where, in the philanthropic spirit of his native home, he gained the love of all who knew him, by his urbane manners and numerous virtues.

The Price of The Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. I. JUNE, 1809. No. 6.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS.

WITHOUT discussing the question, whether particular countries are peculiarly favourable to the production of particular genius, we are safe in the assertion, that the United States, in proportion to their age and population, have furnished a large quota of successful adventurers in the Art of Painting. Many Americans have distinguished themselves in the European schools in different departments of this most difficult and elegant art. In portrait painting, STEUART is, perhaps, unrivalled; and our pretensions to the higher walks of historical painting are well supported by WEST and TRUMBULL. Others might be named, whose industry and genius reflect high honour on our country. This success is the more worthy of admiration as our country contains very few, indeed, of those models of Art and Taste with which Europe abounds, and which are so absolutely necessary to any degree of perfection in the profession, that no force of genius or application can dispense with them. Hence those, who have not the means of visiting the old world, languish in obscurity, or abandon the attempt in utter despair. Every transatlantic student may have access to works of established excellence; while in our country the few that exist are scattered in various private hands, and inaccessible to all but the immediate friends of their possessors.

With a view of establishing a general public depository of celebrated works in the Fine Arts, and affording the American genius an opportunity of attesting and improving his powers, a number of gentlemen

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of the city of Philadelphia, in the year 1805, founded *The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts*. Having obtained an act of Incorporation from the Legislature, a suitable lot of ground was purchased. A building was immediately erected, intended only as the commencement of the Academy, and appropriated to the exhibition of statues. This was first finished, because models of sculpture are easily obtained, whereas much time and very ample funds are necessary to obtain any considerable number of paintings of sufficient merit for such an institution. This part of the building being completed, an importation was made from Paris of casts of the most celebrated statues and busts, carefully selected under the direction of Mr. Armstrong, our minister at that court, but more particularly attended to by his secretary, Nicholas Biddle, Esq. of this city. This importation consisted of sixteen statues and groups, and about thirty-five busts. Since the opening of the Academy it has been greatly enriched by liberal donations of various kinds. It would be unjust not to distinguish some of the gentlemen who have contributed to its aid.

From Joseph Allen Smith, Esq. of Charleston, South Carolina, the Academy received several very fine casts, executed in Italy, which the writer of this article thinks are superior to those procured at Paris, both in work and materials. The *Dying Gladiator*, *Meleager*, *Venus of the Capitol, and of the Bath* are among the statues presented by Mr. Smith. In addition to these, the Academy has, from the same gentleman, a large number of elegant and expensive engravings, and an invaluable collection of medals, gems, and intaglios executed in the first manner, amounting to above fifteen hundred. They are an inexhaustible source of admiration and pleasure.

In the painting department the Academy is deeply indebted to Robert Fulton, Esq. and Mr. P. G. Lechleitner, who have severally deposited there a number of excellent specimens of this noble art, from various masters and schools. The two celebrated pictures of West, from scenes in King Lear and Hamlet, belong to Mr. Fulton's collection.

At this time the statues and paintings are both placed in the same apartment; but the directors think themselves warranted, from the encouragement already given to this institution, and that they confidently hope to receive, in commencing the building of a spacious room for the exclusive exhibition of pictures, which will be done without delay.

Besides furnishing a school for the cultivation of American genius, the institution must have a happy effect in improving and refining the public taste; in leading the mind to contemplate and understand the beauty and excellence of art, which will diffuse itself over every thing

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that is an object of refinement and utility. It is not only a source of elegant, interesting, and innocent amusement, but of important public improvement. Our builders and other mechanics, and every class of men may find something here to please and instruct.

Description of the Building.

The Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts is situate on the north side of Chesnut midway between Tenth and Eleventh-streets; the lot of ground is one hundred feet front by one hundred and seventy-eight feet deep; it recedes from the front line of the street seventy-five feet, has twenty-five feet vacant ground on each side, and forty-three feet back; it is set sufficiently high to admit of a terrace in front.

The present building which is fifty feet front by sixty feet deep, is so calculated as to be a whole when finished; and, at the same time, to admit of extensive future additions, viz. one room of one hundred feet by forty-three exterior at the back, and one on each side of fifty feet by twenty-five exterior: toward which additions the whole of the fire-places, funnels, doors, and stair-ways are already effected; and it is only necessary to break away four inches of brick-work where they will be found placed in a uniform and regular manner. The character of the exterior architecture is modern Ionic. The front elevation consists of a marble basement four feet high, with (as is intended) a large flight of steps, to a recessed porch eighteen feet front on the front line, and ten feet deep; the remainder of the elevation consists of a high principal story and an attic with cornice, parapet, frieze, and neck moulding. The recessed porch is to have a column on each side coupled (one diameter distant) with a pilaster against each side of the recess; a full order of entablature is to rest on the whole of these with trophies or plain tablets above; and the pavement is to be of marble slabs variegated, a centre for which has been presented by Mr. S. Gratz, of a quality equal to the Kilkenny, viz. of a fine jet black with an occasional sprinkling of pure white. The roof is nearly flat in every part, except where the dome appears, which is unique: it is a hemisphere of brick turned, two-thirds of which was sprung without a centre, and the remainder, owing to the lateness of the season, with very slight and little centring. The whole could have been effected in a superior style had not the building been begun too late in the season; and it is a better mode than with centring, because every course of bricks keys itself; and it is extremely simple, a single strip regulates the whole. Centring always costs more than the arching, hence it is economical, and can always be done in a circular arch, but not in a lineal one; on this arch immediately, and without any medium of wood, is laid a most complete piece of slate-work, each piece of which is secured immedi-

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ately to the first brick dome, and having stood the test of two winters may be pronounced a sound job. In addition, in consequence of having no rafters, nor any other work except as before expressed, this roof costs less than a shingled one.

The interior consists of a principal room, two committee-rooms, three chambers, and complete cellars under the whole. The principal room is forty-six feet diameter and eighteen feet high to the springing of the ceiling, which is a dome having the sole light from its centre: the ceiling is plain except a radii of light in stucco around the opening and semi-circular architraves with reversed mouldings at the springing. The sides consist of eight tall pedestals alternating with an equal number of recesses which open to stair-ways or intended additional rooms; these recesses also consist of principal and attic pannels or openings; over these are arches whose saffits obtrude into the dome, the effect of which is novel; so that the dome appears (as it really does) to rest on those heightened pedestals, which have their full order of entablature occasionally relieved by guiloche enrichments. The whole of the building was completed from the commencement in eleven solid weeks (in all not seventeen weeks) and is a specimen of sound work.

TRAVELS——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE,

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

LETTER LXVI.

If instead of continuing along the Rue St. Victor, I had crossed at once into the Rue St. Jacques, we should in our way have passed close to the Sorbonne, where I have been two or three times; not that any thing remains to be seen, or that the place itself inspires much respect from its utility, or sanctity in former days, but from the desire of conversing with a sculptor, who has the use of two or three rooms there. I had bespoken of him a small cast of St. Vincent de Paul, and wished to be sometimes present when he worked upon a statue he had then in hand; it was Gretry the composer, whom he was shaping out of a block of beautiful Grecian marble. In an adjoining room was another artist, whom I was also glad to visit in his workshop, though the

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legs and arms scattered about the entry, gave it the appearance of a giant's den. I found him upon one occasion occupied in taking a bust from the life, while the little old gentleman whose resemblance he was at work upon, sat so still and with so composed a countenance, that one of our company, who is short-sighted, mistook him for a statue, and was extremely alarmed at seeing it move. This little old gentleman was no other than Tronchet, whose name will be most honourably transmitted to posterity, as one of the few who remained faithfully attached to Louis XVI in his utmost need, exerting himself at the bar of the convention to preserve the life of the unhappy monarch, and to save the nation from the disgrace and danger of an action so cruel and so impolitic. How this good and generous man survived the consequences of his exertions I know not, but he is now a senator, the emperor knowing, as Cromwell did, how to avail himself of the countenance and talents of those, whom he cannot suppose attached to his person, but who, he is certain, have too much honour to betray the government, or to be engaged in conspiracies against him. You will see an account of the Sorbonne in the Encyclopedia: it had been established for the protection of faith and of good morals, but must have already degenerated to a great degree from the pious intentions of the founder, when the doctors of the establishment could sooth the scruples of Louis XIV, and tell him, as from holy writ, that the property of his subjects was his, and at his disposal. When I first saw this anecdote in the Memoirs of St. Simon, it reminded me of La Fontaine's fable of the animals sick of the plague. It was agreed, that they should all confess the crimes they had committed; and the lion began. He confessed, with sorrow, that he had not spared the neighbouring flocks, and that he had sometimes made so free as even to eat a shepherd; he was willing, therefore, if the rest thought proper, to devote himself for the general good, and to suffer death. But the fox soon consoled him. These shepherds, sir, said he, belong to a race that has the insolence to think itself our superiors; and as to the sheep, it was doing them a great deal of honour, sir, to devour them. Hume relates a very good story of this sort in the reign of James I, who had consulted two of the bishops at court about taking the money of the people. The good-natured monarch, though awkward and pedantic, was no enemy to wit.

The cathedral of Notre Dame is too much crowded with houses to be seen to advantage; it possesses, however, that solemn and stately air which distinguishes the best specimens of Gothic architecture: it is shaped as a cross, is 780 feet long and 144 broad, and of sufficient height, but it did not answer the expectations I had formed of the metropolitan church of a great empire. This sentiment was probably occasioned by the impression which the dome of the Pantheon had left

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upon my mind, and by the nakedness of the walls, which I had once seen covered with paintings and tapestry, and adorned with several handsome and venerable monuments. These were destroyed in great measure by the rage of republicanism in '93, together with all the sculptural and architectural ornaments on the outside of the church; where many headless kings and mutilated saints still remain, sad witnesses of the phrenzy of those times. It was here that Bonaparte was anointed emperor by the Pope, with not quite so many demonstrations of joy from the spectators within, or the mob without, as the paper of the day pretends, but with perfect complacency and submission; they gazed upon the ceremony and upon the procession, as they would have done upon any other splendid show, while those at a distance conversed about it, as they might have done about the coronation of a king of Persia. I saw his imperial robe, stiff with gold and with embroidery; it is so large that it must have set upon him like the cloak of Hercules upon the shoulders of a dwarf. The priest who had the care of these, showed us at the same time, many of the sacred utensils which were used at the coronation, together with others for the celebration of mass, which had been presented by the emperor, whose virtues he descanted upon as fluently, as he would have done some time ago upon those of Louis XVI. The churches in France are again frequented, but not as formerly; and many years must pass away, before the assistance of the government or the contributions of individuals can restore them to their ancient splendour. I was present at Notre Dame, on the day of thanksgiving for the victory of Austerlitz; and upon this occasion the solemnities of religion were aided by the charms of music and the pomp of military parade. The different public bodies, the great magistrates of the empire, and the princes, attended in state, to express their gratitude to heaven for the glory of the empire, and the safety of the emperor. I very much doubt however, if more than a dozen individuals were sincere in their expressions of satisfaction; and perhaps not one attached any serious and solemn idea to the festival of the day. It is but twelve years since a great many of these very people assembled in this very church, to sing hymns in honour of the goddess of Reason, with a sort of sacred music, and all the mockery of devotion. Robespierre, who had none of those eminent advantages of mind or body, which enabled some distinguished personages of antiquity to enslave their country; who had neither a commanding figure nor persuasive eloquence, and was not even brave; had that which supplied the absence of every requisite in the accomplishment of his purposes. He had cunning to affect disinterestedness; he could talk of virtue, and avail himself of the violence and crimes of others, and yet take the merit, at a proper time, of repressing and punishing them. He would not venture to enter

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the city as Pisistratus did Athens, with a fictitious deity at his side, but he permitted Hebert and Chaumette to introduce this goddess of Reason to the convention, and to install her upon the principal altar of Notre Dame. The former archbishop of Paris had already devested himself of his episcopal ornaments before the convention, asserting, that all religion was founded on imposture, and requesting forgiveness for having so long contributed to abuse the credulity of the people. When Chaumette, who had been formerly a schoolmaster, and Hebert, who had been a priest, approached at the head of a procession composed principally of the dregs of the capital, and presented to the representatives of the French nation the object, which, as they said, was alone worthy of adoration; let men no longer, cried Hebert, tremble at the imaginary thunders of a deity, whom their terrors have created. Let Reason be the only divinity in France; and behold, the goddess in person offers herself to our adoration! So saying, he removed a veil from the face of a beautiful woman, properly habited for the occasion. The multitude now shouted, the convention applauded, and the new religion was established. The next step was to celebrate the rites of the goddess; and that her triumph might be more complete, the scene chosen for the purpose was the cathedral of Notre Dame. The feast given to the people of Paris on that day, was the greatest outrage upon decency, that perhaps ever took place; it combined the operation of every vice, and was equal to all that the Roman poets have related or invented of the unhallowed rites of Isis or Osiris. The same scandalous scenes, with inferior means of celebration indeed, but with all possible profanation, took place at the same time in all the principal cities of the republic. Some young female, distinguished for her personal attractions, and frequently the weeping daughter of parents who had fallen victims to the revolution, saw herself surrounded by the vilest of her sex, and was compelled to perform the principal part upon these occasions; while a troop of peasants bore along with every mark of derision, and as sacrifices to be laid upon the altar of Reason, all that had ever been considered as sacred to the purposes of religion by the piety of their ancestors. It was at this same period of the revolution, and while the supposed efforts of France in the cause of liberty, commanded the sympathy and good wishes of so many of us in America, that these vile scenes were exhibited, and that those devastations were committed, of which the museum at the Petits Augustins has received the remains.

By far the greater part of the sepulchral and other monuments were mutilated or destroyed, and the great body of the people, as if infected by the madness of the government, which had ordered the

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royal vaults at St. Denis to be opened, and all their ancient kings and princes, all the Valois, and the Bourbons, to be thrown promiscuously into one common pit, proceeded to violate all the burial places of the republic, where the remains of persons of rank and fortune had been deposited. The lady who represented the goddess of Reason, was a Mademoiselle Oliva of the opera, the same who had been employed some time before on account of her resemblance to the queen to personate that unfortunate princess in the affair of the diamond necklace. I am willing to believe, that she was in both cases the reluctant instrument of some unprincipled men, and that she had performed her part upon the stage of the opera with infinitely more satisfaction than in either of the two last instances. Like the princess, whose name had been so scandalously abused, she was made to finish her days at the guillotine: such also was the fate of Hebert and of Chaumette, and of the apostate archbishop. It must have been a striking lesson, to compare the guilty terrors that overwhelmed this wretch, with the smile of serenity with which Madame Rolland and the princess of Monaco went to execution.

Adjoining the cathedral is the archiepiscopal palace, where the cardinal de Retz once fortified himself against the court, during the regency of Anne of Austria, and whence he marched almost in battle array to the palace of justice, where the prince of Condé might as it was supposed, had he been unable to defend himself, have made some attempt upon his person. You will see a well-drawn character of this famous cardinal by Monsieur de la Rochefoucault, in one of Madame de Sevigné's letters; but I know of no book within your reach that can give you a proper idea of the war of the Fronde, which he was chiefly the occasion of: such a mixture of pleasantry and atrociousness, of songs and assassinations, of epigrams and battles, the world never before saw; and far better would it have been for mankind, if a similar spirit had prevailed during the late revolution. The memoirs of the cardinal de Retz are less read than they deserve to be; they paint the inclinations and principles of a very extraordinary man, who, without acrimony, hatred, or low-minded jealousy, could lavish his fortune, risk his person, and devote his time, in order to excite a civil war. It was to him a frolic, and an amusement that he was fond of. Conspirators were the only characters he admired in history. He was at the same time a distinguished preacher, and a dissolute man of pleasure, and never so happy as when he was preparing for an insurrection of the people, or haranguing them from the top of a carriage. His wish to be extraordinary carried him at last into retirement, when he might still have enjoyed for many years the reasonable pleasures of society: nor was even his resolution to pay his debts so scrupulously devoid of a

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certain affectation of singularity. I cannot here deny myself the satisfaction of doing homage to the virtues of a good man, of whose death I have been informed since I began this letter, and whose epitaph might with the utmost propriety be taken from a Latin sentence* which the cardinal applied to his own case, on a particular occasion, before the parliament of Paris, as a quotation from Cicero, but of which he was himself the composer. He had been accused by the keeper of the seals, and not without reason, of throwing every thing into confusion, for the promotion of his own interested views: to have entered into the particulars of a public justification might have embarrassed him; he did better. I will not condescend, said he, to answer such calumnies; but I will say, for I may say truly, with the Roman orator (and here he applied the words in Latin) that in the worst of times I would not desert the state, in its prosperity I asked nothing for myself, and in its most adverse moments I never lost my hopes. These words, which have infinitely more grace in the original than in the translation I have been able to give of them, might, with the strictest regard to truth, be engraven upon the tomb-stone of general Gadsden, of South-Carolina; of whom it may also be said, that having been one of the first to raise the standard of revolt against the parent government, he was the first to advise an act of oblivion in favour of those who had differed from him in opinion, and would never give his consent to any act of confiscation.

The palace of Justice, which is towards the other extremity of the island, was formerly the residence of the kings of France, and it was here that Charles VI suffered those indignities, which were repeated at the expense of Louis XVI, in '92. It has been at different times enlarged and embellished, and now presents a noble facade on an ascent of several steps; in front is a court, which is enclosed by an iron railing, very handsomely finished and decorated, and said to be 130 feet in length. It was here that the parliament of Paris held their sittings, a body resembling the parliament of England only in name, being simply, notwithstanding their pretensions to be something more, a court of justice, divided into different chambers. You will see, if I remember right, a short but accurate account of their history and constitution, in the letters of lord Chesterfield. Without having any share by right in the legislative authority, the parliament acted as a court of record for the king's edicts; refusing to be governed by those they had not recorded, and frequently refusing to give them that sanction. In that case the king held what was called a bed of justice; he attended the parliament in person, and ordered the proper officer to

* In difficillimis reipublicæ temporibus urbem nunquam deserui, in prosperis nihil de publico delibavi, in desperatis nihil timui.

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register his edict. There were ten of these parliaments throughout the kingdom, and they are accused, those of the distant provinces in particular, of having in many instances exercised a very unjustifiable authority, and of having indulged, I speak of the individual members, in a degree of aristocratic superiority which gave great offence. How far that may have been the case I know not, but they certainly provoked their fate by refusing their concurrence to the general land tax, which was proposed by Monsieur de Calonne, and by urging the king to assemble the states general, which led to the horrors of the revolution, and to those convulsions which have disfigured the face of Europe. Except in cases where the court exerted its influence, and even then also, justice was well administered by the parliaments, though the members purchased their places, and transmitted them like any other property to their heirs. It seems contrary to all ideas of propriety, that a man should purchase a right to judge, and that such an office should be hereditary; but purchase gave a degree of independence, not unfavourable to the administration of justice in an absolute monarchy; and those who could foresee their future situation in life with certainty, were not unlikely to qualify themselves for filling it with honour.

There were other parts of the kingdom, not within the jurisdiction of any parliament, which had a provincial, and in some respects a representative government of their own; and it was one of M. Necker's best ideas, to extend this mode of internal administration to all France. Had it been established at an early period, the great body of the representatives when assembled, would not have remained so entirely at the mercy of a few eloquent and designing men, who from habits of public speaking, and from some knowledge of business, soon rendered themselves masters of the general opinion. The greater part of the members of the various parliaments of the kingdom fell victims to the revolution, and among them Monsieur de Lamoignon, better known by his family name of Malesherbes. He had filled with distinguished reputation the highest judicial office, and had lived in retirement since the commencement of the revolution, until he was informed that it was intended to bring the king to trial; but though upwards of eighty years of age he would not, as he expresses himself in his letter to the president of the convention, he would not desert the king in the hour of distress, for he had shared in his prosperity. Posterity will to the end of time honour the memory of Malesherbes, and will see with horror how useless his generous offer was to the king, and how fatal to himself. The chamber of vacations, which was in the nature of a committee of the parliament during its recess, having some time before signed a protest against the measures of the national assembly, an act of amnesty had been passed for this and every offence of the sort, but the paper containing

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the protest was known to be at the house of Monsieur de Malesherbes in the country, where he had returned after the death of the king, and lived remote from the world, with his children and grandchildren. It was pretended also, that an emigrant had been concealed by some of the family; and it was upon these pretexts that the venerable magistrate was dragged to execution, after the mockery of a trial, together with his sister, his daughter and her husband, and the husband of his granddaughter. One might have supposed that the sight of Malesherbes, so long the love and veneration of all ranks and orders, exposed upon the scaffold in the midst of his family, would have excited in the breast of every spectator, an emotion that no guards or bayonets could have resisted; but the people of France, of late so ferocious and ungovernable, seemed now in a state of torpid insensibility: they quietly submitted to see upwards of 90 persons a day conveyed to the guillotine, and would have submitted to see the daily number of victims increased to 150, which it was intended should be the case, if Robespierre had not been cut off. Fortunately for France, the monster who might with impunity have continued to destroy all that was venerable and respectable, all that was distinguished, or noble, or rich in the republic, began to throw out hints against certain committees, and manifest dissatisfaction with Tallien and others, so long the instruments of his cruelty. He was even supposed to have placed them upon his list, which was known to be the list of death. A party was now formed, strong enough for his destruction; and the very assembly which, a few weeks before, had ordered a day of thanksgiving throughout the republic to the supreme being, so lately acknowledged, for the safety of Robespierre, were at present as unanimous in declaring him a public enemy. Domitian was himself cut off, says Juvenal, as soon as he became dangerous to the outcasts of society.

I have often rejoiced that my excursion to France had not been made at an earlier period, at any period indeed between the death of the king and the power of the directory. There are circumstances now, that I could wish otherwise; but the laws appear to be fairly administered between man and man; a ferocious officer of the police but rarely breaks in upon the rest of a private family; humanity is not insulted by the daily exhibition of numbers carried to execution; there is some semblance of religion, and an individual, who resolutely avoids all interference with politics, except what the Moniteur puts him in possession of, pursues his object, be it pleasure, or business, or science, with as little fear of being molested as under the old government. The emperor too, for justice is due to all men, gains not a little upon being compared to the tyrants of '93 and '94, or to the profligate directory which preceded him. Had I arrived in France at any time during the period abovementioned, I should have found the provincial towns

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groaning under the tyranny of a proconsul, who was sometimes an apostate priest, sometimes a dissolute runaway attorney's clerk, glorying in one continued insult to every idea of decency and morality; I should have seen the produce of the farmer under requisition, and met waggon loads of prisoners, of all ages and sexes, going under an escort to Paris, which, like the lion's den in the fable, admitted of no return; I should have seen the crosses overturned, the churches converted into stables, and whole districts labouring to appearance under the peculiar malediction of Providence. Nor would the general appearance of Paris have been such as to afford one any consolation. The parts of the city formerly occupied by the favourites of fortune and the court, were deserted, and the words *national property* in large characters over the door of many a hotel, explained the fate of the former proprietor, and the situation of his family. The law of the maximum, which fixed the price in assignats of every article in common use, rendered the approach of a customer frightful to a shopkeeper, who did not dare to decline selling, while the peasantry of the neighbourhood, who had been in the practice of supplying the markets, who continued to do so from fear alone, approached the halles with regret visible upon their countenances. Hardly a carriage was heard in the day, and if heard in the night, it was generally known to be employed in transferring prisoners to the Conciergerie. The noise and tumult of former times had been troublesome, but the tranquillity of the present times was frightful; it was the silence of death. The few individuals who walked the streets, avoided all intercourse with each other, as in the time of some infectious disorder, and hurried along in a certain squalidness of dress, in imitation of their rulers: this, which served the purposes of disguise to many, was supposed by others to be connected with the principles of liberty, and has been adopted in time by the unthinking part of the community in some distant countries, where liberty ought to have been better known; while all affected a certain coarseness of speech and rudeness of behaviour, which were alike hostile to the feelings of decency and the cause of humanity. In the midst of all this ferocity and these horrors, the means of dissipation were abundant. Between twenty and thirty theatres were opened every night, and, as the government defrayed the greater part of the expense, the prices of admission were so low, that many found it answer the purposes of economy to pass the evening at a playhouse. The pieces exhibited were such as became the character and conduct of those, under whom all trembled. No actor would have ventured to perform the part of a king, who was not an odious tyrant, or have pronounced a hemistich, which might seem to reflect upon the administration. A priest in his sacerdotal dress, contriving the plan of a general massacre, or the

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death of Marat, were subjects for tragedy; and a young man getting disguised into a convent of nuns, was the groundwork of a favourite comedy. I have conversed with many who were in Paris at this period, and who felt for the degradation of a great nation; but there were others, who having procured assignats for specie, enjoyed the opportunity afforded them of being luxurious at so small an expense, and who felt happy in the possession of a magnificent hotel, the owner of which might have been pining in a dungeon, or wandering with his children in quest of bread. To such men France was even then a delightful country; they rioted in all which had ever excited their sensuality, and returned satiated at last, and as if loaded with the spoils of a conquered country, to astonish their simple neighbours with a display of handsome plate and gorgeous furniture. To know the virtues and amiable manners of the French nation at the time I speak of, a traveller must have visited the prisons, many of which containing persons from every station in life, bore the appearance of a well-regulated commonwealth. The rich divided their means of existence with the poor, children came voluntarily to share the danger of their parents, wives and sisters softened the captivity, and partook of the hard fortune of their husbands and brothers; and the old and faithful servants of a family were seen to continue their attendance to the last, and follow their benefactors to the scaffold. In this reunion of unfortunate persons were then alone to be found those ancient magistrates, the luminaries of the nation in its better days, who had so bravely stood between the crown and the people; the greatly rich, who like Lavoisier, devoted thousands to the improvement of useful sciences, or like Labordes, made the rays of bounty shine upon all about them, and there alone were still to be admired those graces of polished conversation, those amiable manners, which can so well express, or rather imitate, the virtues of social life.

The active courage of the nation seemed confined to the frontiers: at home the only proof of resolution was to suffer without complaint, and submit to death with equanimity. We are all eighty years of age, was the common expression. I have seen, says Riouffe, forty-five members of the parliament of Paris, and thirty-three of that of Thoulouse, march to death with the same air and demeanour which distinguished them in former times, when walking in procession on the day of some public ceremony.

I had very little idea, when I began this letter, of deviating so widely from what, I intended, should be the principal subject of it; but the mention of the parliament of Paris has led me insensibly from my purpose. Let me however mention one case more, which marks the worst times of the revolution, and may console you for all the useless horrors I have related with an instance of parental love, which cannot

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be too often applauded. A father and a son, of the name of Loiserolle, were confined at St. Lazare, where the committee of public safety chose to lay the scene of one of those imaginary conspiracies, which enabled them at any time to get rid of a number of prisoners at once. The son, who had been placed upon the list of conspirators, happened not to be in the common room; he had retired to rest in an adjoining chamber, when the nightly demand was made for the accustomed waggon load of victims to be transferred to the Concergerie, which was known to be the threshold of death. Loiserolle was now ordered to advance.—Here I am, said the noble-minded father; and requesting in a whisper, that no one would disturb his son, or inform the officers of the police of their mistake, he took his place with others in a square formed by the guards, appeared at the bar of the tribunal the next morning, answered to his name, which was the only question asked, and bravely died in his son's place. I hope in God some poet or historian, worthy to record such magnanimous actions, will rise up hereafter. It pleased Heaven that this should be the last instance of cruelty perpetrated by the jacobin government; their fall took place a few days afterwards; and Robespierre, after undergoing a degree of agonizing pain, which seems to have in some measure vindicated the justice of Providence, died at the guillotine.

THE FINE ARTS—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ANECDOTES OF AMERICAN PAINTERS.

Of the artists who now flourish in England, those who profess painting may be said to be among the most numerous; and it must be a fact extremely grateful to every lover of his country, that some of them, and those the most distinguished, are Americans. The names of WEST, TRUMBULL, and COPELY need only be mentioned in proof of my assertion.

While the lovers of the fine arts in various countries, have admired the works of these great men, there are numbers here who are yet to be informed that they are their countrymen. VANDERLYNE, another of our master painters, is at Paris. As these names should be the pride of every American, it ought also to be recollected that others of almost, if not quite equal merit, are still with us. STUART'S fame has been universally disseminated. The elegant, the lamented MAL-

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SOANE is no more. Others of great merit are still, I regret to say, too little known, who, while they excite the admiration and respect of their friends, are equally worthy of public patronage.

These names it is the intention of the present work to bring into more general notice, after which a review will be taken of those more eminent. It is to be presumed that such a work will be peculiarly interesting to all, who admire genius and delight to patronise it; and to the common reader, as it will make him more conversant with the merit of native artists, who while toiling in obscurity, and almost overcome by insurmountable difficulties, have too much pride to call their countrymen ungrateful.

In pursuance of the design above intimated, we commence with a narrative of one whose name is known only to a few, whose merit has been acknowledged by artists and connoisseurs, and whose works have excited the admiration of all who know them.

HOVEY.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.—GRAY.

IT is but too true that the spark of genius oft bursts forth in obscurity, glows with vivid lustre for a while, then languishes and dies unless nourished by the breath of patronage. The rich and great whom it becomes to encourage every thing excellent, should therefore make it their pride, to seek out and patronize native genius.

The subject of the present memoir first shone forth in retirement, patronage brought him into notice, and the discontinuance of it, obliged him to return to his original situation. Thus the genius, which if properly cultivated, might have astonished the world, and added to our national fame, must now dwindle to insignificance, or be content with the praise of the vulgar, and the gaze of the rustic.

OTIS HOVEY we believe was born in Massachusetts about the year 1788, whence his father removed soon after to Oxford, in the western part of the state of New-York. Hovey early evinced surprising talents for his favourite pursuit, and was frequently engaged in sketching various subjects with coal and chalk. These sketches, in a style coarse as the materials with which they were executed, excited the attention and wonder of the neighbours, who were struck with their force of expression, and correct delineation of nature. An amazing instance of his early genius is thus related: A sleigh and horses had been left carelessly in the road; at some alarm the horses started off

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at full speed, and passed the window of the room in which Hovey was sitting. This was a fine subject for him: he made a rapid sketch of it, so true to nature, that every person who saw it was amazed, acknowledging it not merely as a fine sketch, but as a representation of the sleigh and horses of the individual to whom they belonged.

In pursuits like these, was spent the early part of his life, and such were the indications of his uncommon genius. Thus employed, he was discovered by a gentleman of the city of New-York. This gentleman, astonished at the wonderful proofs of talents exhibited by Hovey, both from his regard for the family, and his love of the fine arts, was desirous of assisting him. Thinking that in a city like New-York it would not be difficult to obtain a sufficient degree of patronage for such a youth, he invited him to come there, offering at the same time every necessary aid from his own purse.

With such encouragement, and such a patron, Hovey did not hesitate to accept the invitation, and accordingly came to the city about the year 1805, being then 16 or 17 years of age. His story was told, his patron introduced him to some of his friends, and during his stay afforded him a liberal support. After some exhibition of his talents, this gentleman endeavoured among the polite, the wealthy, and the learned, to raise a subscription sufficient to enable him to have the benefit of a few years instruction in Europe. To the shame of the city be it said, after frequent and unwearied applications, he was obliged to give up the project, it being an expense too great for one or two individuals, unless of large fortunes.

While this plan was in agitation, the pleasures and dissipation of the city began to take strong hold upon the disposition of Hovey. Emerging from the western wilds, untutored in the ways of the world, almost equally ignorant of books, no place could be more dangerous to a young man of genius, than a city like New-York. At such an age the passions are strongest, and the voice of Reason is hushed by the almost irresistible allurements of Pleasure. His patron early saw the danger to which his young protegé was exposed, and repeatedly remonstrated against his conduct; these remonstrances it is to be feared were little attended to. The consequence was, that although this gentleman would willingly have continued to assist young Hovey, and to retain him in the city, yet finding that his disposition had taken a new turn, and knowing that great talents, unless cultivated, were dangerous to their possessor in a populous city, he thought it most advisable for him to return home.

This could by no means have been agreeable to Hovey. He had now imbibed a relish for a city life, he had tasted of the banquet of dissipation, and sipped of the bowl of pleasure: it was sweet and agreeable, he had not yet learned that there were bitter dregs at bottom,

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and could not therefore quit these joys, but with the keenest regret. There was, however, no alternative: his conduct would not justify his patron in keeping him longer in a place where so many temptations are daily offered to the youthful and unwary. Hovey was therefore obliged to leave the enchantments of the city for the dull realities of the woods.

Previous however to his departure from New-York, where he remained in the whole but a few months, he executed those few paintings, which entitle him to the character of an artist. The last of these will bear the test of correct criticism, and will not shrink from a comparison with any work painted under similar circumstances. It has frequently been called "wonderfully fine" by men of the first taste and most correct judgment in the art of painting. These pictures are in oil, and when it is considered how few they are in number, and that the only instruction he received towards their completion, was in the mixture of colours, it must excite our astonishment that in so short a time and with so few advantages, he has painted so well. All these pictures, five or six in number, are in the possession of the gentleman already mentioned. The first is only remarkable as a first attempt, and as such evinces genius. In the others he made a progressive improvement. His last and best painting is from an original brought from Europe. The subject is a Spanish shepherd or goatherd at his devotions: an aged figure, with his hands in a supplicating posture, a fleece thrown carelessly over his shoulders, and his scrip suspended. The execution is really exquisite, the colouring fine; perhaps the greatest painter would not have disdained to be thought the author of this piece. It is sufficient to say that Hovey's copy is little inferior to the original, and when placed together a difference can scarcely be perceived, so that connoisseurs often mistake the one for the other.

Little is known of Hovey since his return home; the last account stated that he still continued painting, and occasionally took the portraits of his neighbours, probably earning by this means a precarious subsistence. Literary history is full of the names of those whose lives were spent in want, who ended them in wretchedness, yet whose works while they are the delight of posterity, serve also as a reproach to the age in which they lived. While we hope that this stigma may not be affixed to the American character, it is too much to be feared that Hovey is doomed to add another name to the list of unfortunate genius, and neglected merit.

BAYARD.

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MEMOIRS OF HAYTI——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LETTER II.

The Cape, January 31st, 1804.

THE proceedings of the black army during the seige of the Cape together with some letters, written to Dassalines by the French Commanders, were officially published after the evacuation, in a small pamphlet in the style of a bulletin, by the Indigene General. I send you a translation of it, that you may have an opportunity of forming some opinion of the state of the military art among the Haytians.

After the embarkation of the French, Dessalines with his troops entered the town of the Cape in triumph, attended by a large concourse of white inhabitants, who had gone out to meet him, and to welcome his arrival. Orders were immediately issued to the soldiers that the whites should not be molested, but on the contrary, treated in the most kind and friendly manner, as they had placed themselves under the protection of the Indigenes, and had manifested an implicit reliance on their good faith. These orders were not agreeable to the soldiers, who were half starved, naked and poor, and who had been waiting with eager impatience for this opportunity to plunder. They were, however, better obeyed than could have been expected from so unprincipled a band of ruffians.

Business was for a considerable time suspended, and the whites were too much terrified to open their stores. It was even dangerous for them to appear in the streets, for when they did so, they were robbed of their hats, watches, and whatever else they had of value about them. This want of confidence existed about three weeks, when a man of the name of Benard, finding that no outrages of a sanguinary nature had been committed, ventured to open his store. The sight of his property proved an irresistible temptation to destroy him. On the following morning he was discovered with his wife and child assassinated in bed, and his store completely plundered. This barbarity was without doubt perpetrated by some of the soldiers, but the offenders were not discovered, and perhaps never inquired after by their commanders. Mr. Benard, a Frenchman by birth, was, it is said, a naturalized citizen of the United States, and had but lately removed to the Cape from Boston.

The number of whites that remained in the Cape, confiding in the assurances of safety and protection, solemnly made by Dessalines, may be estimated at about *three thousand*. They consisted chiefly of merchants, tradesmen, and artizans, two or three priests, several physicians, and many families, of whom a considerable number were females, who had formerly been wealthy proprietors, but were now in

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reduced circumstances, and probably preferred death itself, to wandering over the world in poverty and distress. There also remained a number of white soldiers, who had deserted from the French army, mostly Poles, and several designing sycophants, who by their talents as *intriguants*, expected to obtain important and lucrative offices under the government. Among these, Rimet, the French *adjutant of the place*, and a Mr. A——, a private citizen, were very conspicuous. The former apparently as a reward for his reliance on the protection of the blacks, was *nominally* invested with the office of *commandant de la place*, but in fact only for the purpose of supplying *Richard*, the *real* commandant, an ignorant negro, with a tutor to instruct him in the duties of his station. Mr. A—— was appointed Interpreter, an office which afforded many opportunities for fraudulent gain.

The sick and wounded soldiers, mentioned in the 5th article of the capitulation, who had been left by the French under the guardianship of the Indigènes, were soon *despatched*, but whether by drowning or shooting was not publicly known, and the physician that had remained with them, was taken into the service of the negro army.

Immense quantities of cannon, mortars, muskets, swords, shot, balls, and every species of arms and ammunition, were left in the arsenal by the French, and there found by the blacks. It is a little singular that the French did not make use of some of their wonted caution on this occasion, and destroy or render useless, which they might have done, many of these articles.

The blacks being now entire masters of the French part of the Island, the declaration of its Independence was immediately proclaimed, and every regulation for the establishment of tranquillity made without delay.

The first important step now to be pursued after the establishment of their Independence by the new dynasty, was the selection of a form of government best adapted to the nature and disposition of the subjects, and for this purpose a grand convention of the chiefs from the different parts of the Island was assembled. The result of their deliberations, was, the appointment of their commander in chief, Jean Jacques Dessalines, *governor-general* of the Island, a title rather unassuming in its pretensions, while in fact, he was invested with the most despotic power. The convention perhaps knew, that before the effects of a republican enthusiasm had subsided, there might be some objection among *the people* to those titles which are generally appropriated to an extensive degree of power, but they also knew, that nothing but an iron hand would be capable of governing a race of men, unaccustomed to liberty, and wholly ignorant of the import of the term.

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Among the acts of this assembly, it was resolved, that the name of the Island should be changed to Hayti, its original name, when discovered. The French calendar was abolished. The name of Port au Prince, which during the democracy of the French revolution, had been altered to Port Republican, was restored. Cape Francois was permitted to retain only the appellation of The Cape. The names of streets and places, which bore any relation to the French were changed. Even the use of the French language was considerably discouraged, and the Creole obtained more general currency. Dassaline never spoke a word of French, nor would he permit himself to be addressed in that language. He has been known to say to an American, who began to converse with him in French, "*speak Creole, I am not a white man!*"

The Island was divided into several departments, each commanded by a general of division. Subdivisions of these districts were then allotted to the command of brigadier generals, and of these again the towns and parishes, were placed under the authority of commandants. The seat of government was established at Gonaives, a small town, in the bite of Leogane, the first day of January was declared to be the commencement of the era of their independence, and on that day was published an official paper, purporting to be a solemn abjuration of the French nation. *Clervaux*, a man of colour, was invested with the office of *general in chief*, the title of the second in command.

These, and many other arrangements being established, the chiefs retired to their respective places of residence, to attend more immediately to the government of their districts.

R.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MARRIAGE IN GREECE.

(*From the Memoirs of Anacreon. MS.*)

THE sun had just begun to gild the summits of the mountains as I entered the delicious valley of Pædias, which is watered by the various streams of the Ilyssus, the Eridan and the Cæphisus. The numerous forests of olive trees were now in full bloom, and appeared like a white veil sustained by branches of dark green. The birds which migrated to more genial climes to avoid the rigours of the past season, were re-

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morning; and, in gayest notes of transport they expressed the joy with which they revisited their former abodes. I journeyed many weary miles on the meandering banks of the Ilyssus, and breathed incessant prayers to the gods and the muses who preside over its sacred waters* to favour my undertaking with their auspicious influence. The placid undulations of the waves afforded a striking contrast with the tumultuous agitation of my breast; and though the birds awakened their sweetest melody, they infused no harmony into my soul. However Wit may riot in the successes of the convivial board, or Wisdom boast its superior dignity, they afford no solace to the mind of the lover whose breast is disturbed by doubt. To him no eye sparkles but that of her for whom he sighs, and no rules excite his meditations but those which are taught by the son of the cerulean goddess. His soul though unappalled by the all dangers of contention, is softened to tenderness by the influence of female attractions; sensibility usurps the place of courage, and man, with all his pride, is more timid than the fawn which flies before the mountain breeze.

Alternately cheered by the hopes of success and dismayed by the fears of disappointment, with a heart throbbing under all those conflicting emotions which agitate the reflections of a youthful lover, I arrived on the evening of the third day, at the mansion of Telesicles, the uncle of Myrilla. As I passed, with timid steps, through the groves that shaded the house, I saw her seated on a gentle eminence, which was denominated Ida. A mild breeze wantoned through the ringlets of her hair, and as it wafted the delicious odours of the violets upon which she reclined, it bore also the soft sounds of her melodious voice. But oh! what rapture thrilled my veins when I recognised in those tones, which I almost feared to hear, the music of one of my own songs. It was that last adieu, which breathed the despondency of a hopeless mind, when I believed her to be devoted to another. An expression of melancholy stole over her face, and her blue eye glistened with the tear of sadness as she feebly struck the unwilling strings. The scene was too affecting. I ran to her, and in an instant she was encircled in my arms.

Blessings on thee, oh Ida! thou witness of the most delicious moment of my existence. May the Graces select thee as the scene of their dispotings, and the Muses celebrate thy beauties in the sweetest songs of praise. May the luxuriant lentiscus and the blooming rose diffuse their odours through thy romantic shades in perennial vigour, and the

* The Athenians are of opinion that the Ilyssus is sacred to other gods and the muses. Paus. Att. lib. 1, cap. 18.

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lotus spread its hospitable branches to entice the weary to thy pleasant places!

Let delicacy draw the veil of concealment over this hour. Mutual recriminations occasioned reciprocal forgiveness, and, in the endearments of virtuous and unfeigned affection, we forgot the anxieties of the past, and contemplated, with eager delight, the flattering promises of the future.

When we entered the house, I was cordially received by the venerable Telesicles, whose head was blanched by the winters of many Olympiads. He was one of the intrepid heroes who distinguished themselves by the conquest of Salamis, in conjunction with Solon, whose patriotism never yielded to the vile clamours of Athenian democracy. He was among the first who dared to second the advice of the legislator, when he exposed the absurdity of that law which condemned to death, the citizen who should propose to renew the war against the Megarians. In the Council of Five Hundred, his wisdom justified the hope of his early years, and Attica acknowledged in him the undaunted soldier, the disinterested patriot, and the sagacious statesman. The death of Solon deprived him of the last friend of his youth, and in the peaceful shades of retirement he now experienced and enjoyed the reward of a virtuous life.

In a few days after my arrival I communicated to him the object of my visit. He embraced me with the cordiality of a father, and signified his entire approbation of the preference of Myrilla, and also of that of her mother, who was acquainted with my attachment. Thus, after a tedious banishment which was lengthened by the anxious thoughts that had perplexed my mind, was my happiness completed by the success of my ardent wishes. I despatched a courier to Anacreon with the joyful tidings of the felicity of his friend; and the alacrity with which he obeyed my summons attested the sincerity of his attachment.

At the dawn of a serene and cloudless day the inhabitants of a neighbouring hamlet were making sacrifices to the gods for our happiness. When the hour arrived, which had been agreed upon, I repaired to the house of Telesicles, accompanied by Anacreon and about thirty other male friends.* We were met at the door by a person appointed

* It was contrary to law to invite more than thirty to an entertainment in Athens, and it was the business of certain people who were called γυναικονόμοι to go to the houses and expel all above that number. The cooks were obliged to give a list of the names of the guests where they were hired. *Athenæ*, lib. 6, cap. 11. Men and women were never invited together. Cic. Orat. 3, pro Verr. Cornel. Nep. Præfat. in Vit. Imp.

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for that purpose by our host,* who was then occupied in making sacrifices to the gods, with some he joined hands;† of others he kissed the lips, hands, knees, or feet, and some received the χυτρον‡ or pot kiss. When we entered, we did not immediately sit down, but walked round the room, and examined the pictures and furniture.§ Over the door was inscribed, *let no evil enter.*

μηδεν εισιτω κακον.‖

The tables were decorated with garlands of wild asparagus, which, being covered with prickles and affording pleasant fruit, signified the difficulty of courtship, and the reward with which perseverance is crowned in the possession of a lovely woman.¶ The friends who accompanied me threw upon my head figs and other fruits, as omens of future plenty.** While we were thus engaged, Myrilla was led into the room by her uncle, and followed by her friends.

The blooming bride was attired in a flowing purple robe, and a jealous veil strove to conceal her timid blushes. The violet curls†† which luxuriantly wantoned on her neck, were perfumed with odorous essences and loosely bound with garlands of herbs which are sacred to Venus. We walked in procession to the temple, and at the door we were met by the priest, who presented us with a branch of the twining ivy that indicated the intimate union which we were about to form. A sacrifice of a milk-white heifer was then made to propitiate the pure Diana, the wise Minerva, and those deities who are believed to be unfriendly to matrimony, because they never bowed to the dominion of Hymen. The priest and the people also implored the protection of the Fates who spin the threads of life, of the Graces who embellish the comforts of social intercourse, and of the queen of Beauty, who gave birth to Love, and added strength to the silken bands of the god of Marriage.

The entrails of the animal having been inspected and the omens which had appeared to the soothsayers being propitious,‡‡ the notary

* When the guests arrived at the house of entertainment, the master of the house or one appointed in his place saluted them, which was called ασπαζωθαι. Schol. in Aristoph. Plut.

† Hom. Odys. γ. v. 35.

‡ This was when they took the person kissed, like a pot, by both ears, which was chiefly used towards children. *Tibul.* lib. 2. Though sometimes by men and women. Theocrit. Idyll. e. v. 132.

§ Aristoph. Vesp. Athenæ, lib. 4, cap. 27.

‖ Diog. Laert. in Diog.

¶ Bion. Idyl. 1.

** Schol. in Aristoph. Plut.

†† *Violet curls.* Pindar.

‡‡ Achill. Tat. lib. 2. Plutarch de Conjug. Præcept.

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was now ordered to read the contract, which simply stated that Telesicles having received a present, had given his niece in marriage to me, with the concurrence of her mother; and that he had bestowed a dowry, which was to be returned in case of my death, or of a separation by mutual consent.* If the dowry was not returned, I was bound to pay her nine oboli every month, or be subject to an action of maintenance in the odeum.† When this instrument was signed, Telesicles placed the hand of Myrilla in mine, and at the same time pronounced these words: "Athenian! I bestow this maid upon you, that you may give legitimate children to the republic."‡ We then exchanged vows of fidelity, which being ratified by fresh sacrifices, we prepared to return to the house which I had prepared for this occasion.§ Anacreon and myself ascended the car, and the blushing bride was placed between us.|| The shades of night had now descended, and our way was illuminated by the glare of a hundred torches. We were preceded by a band of musicians and dancers, whose joyous notes and nimble attitudes added to the festivity of the scene.¶ When we arrived at my house, the axletree of the car was broken, by which act it was signified that the bride would not return to her former home.** The hall was decorated with green garlands emblematic of cheerfulness, and the nuptial entertainment was now to be celebrated in honour of the gods of marriage, and that the marriage might be made public, by the assemblage of friends.†† The table, which was covered with tapestry, was placed in the middle of the room and surrounded by couches. The guests were arranged according to their respective ranks, and they were called to their places, by a person appointed for that purpose.‡‡ The first reclined the upper part of his body upon his left side, his

* Homer makes Telemachus say, that if his mother should be sent from the house, he would be obliged to return her dowry to her father, Icarius. Odys. 11. Vid. Isæus de hæred. Pyrr. Plut. in Alcibiad.

† The action of *αικε δικη*. Demost. in Neær.

‡ Menander.

§ Hom. Il. *β*. 700. Valer. Flac. lib. 6. Catul. epig. ad Mall. In Hom. H. - 66. Women, whose husbands died soon after the marriage are said to be left widows in a *new built house*.

|| Eustat. notes on the Iliad *ζ*. and *λ*. Catull. Epithal. This *groomsman* was called *παρoχος*.

¶ Hom. Il. *β*. *v*. 490.

** Hom. Il. *Σ*. 491. Ter. Adelph. act 5, sc. 7.

†† Hom. Il. *τ*. 299. Odys. *δ*. 18. Athenæ, lib. 5, cap. 1. Terent. Phorm. act 4, sc. 4.

‡‡ Eustath. in Il. *ζ*. *v*. 498.

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head raised, his back supported by a pillow, and his feet thrown behind the next person below him. In this manner four or five persons were accommodated on each couch, on which odorous flowers were profusely scattered.* Some preferred lying on their breast, that their right arm might more easily reach the table.†

First we offered a part of our provisions to the gods, and particularly to Vesta, the chief of the household gods.‡ The first meal was *a repast before supper* (Δειπνου προοιμιον) which consisted of bitter herbs, eggs, oysters, and other things which create an appetite. The second, or supper (Δειπνον) was a repetion of the former provisions,§ with bread (μαζα) made of flour, salt, water and oil,‖ baked under the ashes,¶ and compositions of rice, cheese, eggs, and honey wrapt in fig leaves, and of cheese, garlic and eggs.** We had also almonds, figs, peaches and other fruits.†† The third part of the entertainment, which was the second course, was composed of a variety of sweetmeats. These were furnished in great profusion and luxury,‡‡ although the guests were very frugal in their use of them.§§ A list of all the dishes was given to me by the cook and handed round the table, that the guests might select those which were most pleasing to their palates.‖‖‖

Our liquors were wine and water. The water had been cooled by ice,¶¶ and the wine was four years old.*** While we were eating, a little boy entered who was covered with acorns and boughs of thorns. He carried a basket full of bread, and sung, *I have left a worse and found a better state;*

αφυγον κακον, ευρον αμεινον

in allusion to the superior joys of matrimony.†††

* Cic. Orat. in Pison. Athenæ, lib. 25, cap. 10. Ovid, Fast. lib. 5.

† Plut. Sympos. lib. 5. Quest. 6. Hor. lib. 2, Sat. 4, v. 37.

‡ Homer and the Greek writers generally.

§ Athenæ, lib. 4, cap. 4.

‖ Schol. Aristoph. Pac. 1.

¶ Athenæ, 3, 27.

** Schol. Aristoph. Equit. 1100.

†† Ælian, Var. Hist, 1, 31.

‡‡ Athenæ, lib. 14, cap. 11.

§§ Herodot. lib. 1, cap. 133. Athen. lib. 4, cap. 10.

‖‖‖ Athenæ, lib. 15, cap. 10.

¶¶ Plut. Sympos. lib. 6. Athenæ, lib. 3, cap. 36.

*** Old wine was then, as it is now, in best repute. Hom. Odys. β. 340. γ 391. Pind. Olym. Od. 9. The Spartans drank it at the age of four years. When first made, it was boiled until a fifth part was consumed. Athenæ, lib. 10, cap. 7.

††† Athenæ, lib. 10, Hesych.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

IT is asserted by Heron, that the author of Junius's Letters was John Dunning, the attorney, afterwards lord Ashburton; but he brings forward no evidence, external or internal, to support his assertion. I will take the liberty to point out to your readers a few things that tend to strengthen this belief.

1. Dunning's memorial, entitled, "A Defence of the United Company of Merchants of England trading to the East Indies, against the Complaints of the Dutch East India Company," is not only a masterpiece of language and reasoning, but seems to be inspired by the genius of Junius.

2. When Wilkes figured in the political world, Dunning's attachment to the cause displayed itself on so many trials in which his professional abilities were engaged, that the name of DUNNING was sounded distinctly in the general cry of Wilkes and liberty.*

3. *Counsellor Lee (better known by the name of honest Jack Lee) the particular friend of Dunning, is made honourable mention of by Junius, in the preface to his Letters.*

4. No lawyer of his time understood the English Constitution better than Dunning. He knew it in spirit as well as in law, and, though not deficient in the depths of his profession, his eloquence partook more of the spirit than the letter of his profession.

5. His diction was of the purest and most classical kind; not modelled after any particular writer, but *sui generis*.†

I am, sir, &c.

ATTICUS.

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* This well-attested fact overthrows the objection started by a writer on this subject in a former number of The Port Folio, who insists that Horn and Dunning were friends. The PRECIS of Horn's philological work was communicated by him to Dunning, in 1777, that is, several years after Junius appeared.

† Dunning's letter, republished in The Port Folio from the European Magazine, on the study of the law, is such as one would fancy to himself Junius's unpremeditated composition.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The following translation, or rather imitation of the celebrated Spanish work, called the *Literary Republic*, is offered to your consideration with much deference by

LAURA.

THE LITERARY REPUBLIC.

From the Original Spanish.

REFLECTING on the number of books that exist, and which is continually increasing, as much through the vanity of authors who study mankind in order to write, and write in order to live, as by the facility of printing them, I fell asleep, and my interior sense drew the curtain which concealed the images of the things I had reflected on, while awake. I found myself near a city whose bowers of silver and burnished gold dazzled the sight, its beauty created in me a desire to draw nearer, and, seeing before me an aged man, who was going towards it, I overtook him: it was *Marcus Varro*, of whose knowledge in profane and sacred history, I had learned much from the testimony of *Cicero*, and others. I inquired of him the name of the city; he replied courteously, that it was the *Literary Republic*, and offered to show me all that it contained worthy of examination. I accepted the offer, and we continued our way in agreeable conversation.

As we proceeded, I observed that the neighbouring fields produced more hellebore, than any other plant, and asking the cause, he told me that Providence always placed the antidote near the poison, and that it had here placed that plant for the relief of the citizens, who by continual study were subject to pains of the head. He added, that many of them used hellebore to strengthen the memory to the great danger of the judgment.

Having reached the city, I remarked that the walls were high and defended by cannon made of goose quills, charged with balls of paper, the ditches were filled with a dark liquor; at equal distances were high towers in which great quantities of linen rags were beat to atoms in marble mortars, and then formed into sheets of paper; a substance easily produced, but which has cost mankind so dear. Nature providentially concealed gold and silver in the entrails of the earth, as objects that would trouble our repose, she placed them in the remotest regions of the globe, and raised as walls before them, high and inaccessible mountains. But industrious man discovered the art of navigating the seas, penetrating the mountains, and extracting the metals, which have caused so many cares, wars, and murders in the world.

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And these vile rags with which even nakedness could not cover itself, have been drawn by his diligence from the dunghill, where they were thrown, and changed by his labour into those sheets, where Malice is the mistress of Innocence, and which have caused such an infinite variety of ills.

The frontispiece of the gate of the city was formed of columns of marble and jasper, in which not without design Architecture seemed to have been wanting to herself; for, of the five orders, the Doric only appeared, hard and unpleasant symbol of labour and fatigue. In niches between the columns were placed the statues of the nine Muses, to whom the sculpture had given such lightness and expression, that the soul was transported as if really feeling their influence.

Clio appeared to kindle flames of glory in the breast, by reciting the deeds of illustrious men; *Terpsicore* elevated the mind by the sweetness of her music; *Erato* gave to numbers and the compass, movement and life; *Polymnia* awakened the memory; *Urania* raised the soul to the contemplation of the stars; *Calioſte* excited heroic spirits to glorious actions. The frontispiece was surmounted by the statue of *Apollo*, whose golden hair fell in brilliant waves over his shoulders; in his right hand he held a plectrum, in his left a lyre.

On entering the suburbs we found that they were inhabited by those, who exercise the arts which fatigue the body, but require little aid from the understanding. Bastard children of the Sciences, who having received from them their existence, and the rules by which they are governed, deny them, and work without knowing on what principle they labour. We passed these mechanics without paying them much attention, except to the Athenian *Dedalus*, who holding in one hand a saw, and a vice in the other, boasted of having invented them.

We next saw those liberal arts in which Genius guides the hand, who obeys it as its instrument, and who themselves depend on the sciences, occupied in words and quantities; they were divided from the mechanics by a gentle river, whose shores were joined by a bridge, the gate of which was supported by columns of jasper and alabaster; whose cornices were ornamented with trophies of pencils, brushes, pallets, squares, compasses and chissels; on the height of the frontispiece, Architecture was represented as a young woman, holding in her right hand a compass, her left leaning on the foundation of an edifice; at her feet, on the plane of a pedestal, was written these lines of Michael Angelo,

> " Non ha l'ottimo artista alcun concetto
> " Chè un marmo solo in se non circunscriva."

At her right side stood Painting with a pencil, and pallet in her hand, and a mask hanging at her neck; at her left was Sculpture

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crowned with laurels, reclining on fragments of statues. From this bridge extended a spacious street inhabited by professors of drawing and painting; among the architects, the Athenian *Agatarcus* gloried in having discovered the art; *Sostratus* drew a plan of the tower of Pharos; the Corinthian *Sfindarus*, one of the temple of Delphos; *Carus*, the Indian of the colossus of Rhodes; *Scopas*, the Mausoleum of *Artemisia*, and *Apolodorus*, the forum of *Trajan*. Others laboured at perfecting columns, pedestals, cornices, and architraves for an edifice; laborious undertakings for this short life in which the first sighs almost reach the last.

Further on, *Stratonicus*, *Acragus*, *Mentor*, and *Bedas*, were making wonderful engravings on silver. *Stratonicus*, engraved on a cup a satyr, with such skill that he appeared alive, and gave terror to the nymphs, who seemed to pant with fear.

Zopyrus, on a silver vase delineated the follies of *Orestes*; and *Pytheas* finished that admirable work called *Magiriscia*, which no one has dared to imitate. Beneath a portico king *Attalus* diverted himself in viewing the manufacture of cloth of various textures, and boasted of having invented them: near him several *Trojans* were employed in embroidery, and they copied on carpets to the envy of Painting, all the works of Nature, with such truth, that Nature herself was astonished.

In another portico, *Alcamenes*, *Cricias*, *Nestocles*, and *Agelades*, sculptured in marble, and *Pyrioteles* engraved *Alexander* the Great on precious stones, which he alone was permitted to do, as *Lysippus* to make his statue in marble, and *Apelles* to paint him on canvas. Oh! great privilege of Valour, in whose honour few are found worthy to be employed.

Among the last, though the first in his art, was the *Chevalier d'Urbino* finishing the statue of *Daphne*, half transformed into laurel, on which the view rested, expecting every moment to see her form entirely covered by the bark; and the wind move the leaves into which her hair changed by degrees.

Further on were the professors of painting, an art which emulates nature: on its invention there was great disputes. *Gigias*, of *Lydia*, boasted of having discovered it; *Pyrrhus* contradicted him, and also the Corinthians; the Egyptians said they had known it six thousand years before it had been known in *Greece*; a dispute which it would be difficult to decide, because the arts arrive at perfection by insensible degrees.

Bodies bathed in light throw out shadows, and from these shadows the art originated; *Ardices* and *Telesantes*, were the first who drew outlines, and distingushed forms; *Polygnatus* and *Aglofon*, used black

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and white; *Philocles*, the Egyptian, invented lines; *Apolodorus* the pencil, and *Atonello*, the oil which renders pictures eternal.

As we were viewing these things in profound silence, it was interrupted by a dispute between *Zeuxis* and *Parrhasius*, rivals in painting; and as the jealousy of genius is the most violent, they would soon have come to blows; *Zeuxis* was ashamed of having been deceived by the curtain of *Parrhasius*; though he had repaired his credulity by painting grapes so naturally that the birds came and pecked at them; but he should have been less arrogant, for if the imitation of the grapes was happy, that of the boy who carried them, was not so; since he did not frighten the birds away.

We here saw *Aristides* painting with such expression, that the emotions of the soul, were discovered in his works; *Protogenes* had almost finished the picture of *Jaliso*, at which he had worked seven years, without other food than bread and water, any nourishment less simple, embarrassed his genius; this picture was to be placed in the temple of Peace; there remained nothing to be done, but the form of a dog, which he strove several times to imitate, but always in vain, till in despair he threw a sponge at the picture. I was astonished at the fury of the painter in destroying a work that had cost him so much pain, but my astonishment increased at beholding the mark made by the sponge produce the effect which his utmost efforts had vainly attempted; hence I learned that hazard often produces what care and attention cannot attain; and that it is best to follow the first impulses of nature, which are governed by divine movement, and not by worldly prudence.

We were amusing ourselves with this variety of pictures, when we reached a crowd of people, who disputed the precedency of painting and sculpture; *Lysippus* insisted that sculpture should have the preference, for it required greater knowledge of proportion, and more care in the delineation, for if an error was committed it could not be repaired in a work exposed to the touch and the view, whose perfection must be certain, and whose materials are more durable, and more precious, than those of painting. *Apelles* sought by various reasons to establish the superiority of painting. He said it was a silent history, which placed at once before the eyes, many actions, places, and movements to the great delight and improvement of the soul. If sculpture by the solidity of its materials shows the quantities of bodies, painting by the application of light and shade makes them appear on a plain surface. In sculpture bodies preserve their just distance, but painting groups, separates, and raises them with such skill as to deceive the eye, and make even Nature ashamed at seeing herself surpassed.

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The dispute increased and threatened to become serious, when *Michael Angelo*, great sculptor and painter, appeased them by showing three circles which intersected each other, saying that thus these two arts and architecture were equal.

We then entered the city through a gate crowned with half a sphere, on which appeared the seven sciences. The doors were of bronze, or that Corinthian metal, so celebrated by the ancients; two grammarians with heavy eyebrows and long beards, habited *à l'antique* with keys hanging at their girdles, stood as guards and porters at the door; and looked so insolent with the importance of the trust, that to avoid passing I had resolved to return; but curiosity urging me on I was obliged to bear with them, and having entered, a superb edifice presented itself to my view. Before it was a spacious court, where all the books were delivered, sent from every part of the world to that Republic. The whole place was filled with them, and they were received by ancient censors each destined to examine the books of his profession; they were very severe, and only suffered to enter the city, books perfect in their kind, that could enlighten the understanding, and be of service to mankind.

I drew near a censor, and saw that he received books of jurisprudence. Fatigued with such numbers of letters, treaties, decisions, and opinions, he exclaimed, oh! *Jupiter*, why do you not send into the world every century an Emperor *Justinian*, or an army of Goths to remedy this idle deluge of learning. Without opening many cases he delivered them to the cooks that they might use the civil tracts to light fires, and the criminal ones to fry fish and cover roast meat.

Another censor received the works of the poets, among which was a great number of odes, tragedies, comedies, pastorals, eclogues, and satirical works, with much humour he applied the amorous verses to make bandboxes for the ladies, or gave them to the confectioners to wrap up surgar plumbs, &c.; the satirical ones he sent to hold pepper, or cover pins and needles, few being found among them, worthy of notice; the same fate attended the tracts of astronomy, astrology, necromancy, sortilege, and alchemy, for he sent almost all of them to make cartridges, and be employed in fireworks.

The censor who examined the works of *Belles Lettres*, was much afflicted to see them surrounded on all sides by commentaries, questions, annotations, lucubrations, &c.; and from time to time could not forbear laughing to see a Latin book, or even one in a modern language, with a Greek title, by which the authors expected to give dignity to their performances, like fathers who call their children *Cæsar* and *Pompey*, believing by these names to inspire them with valour; the censor reserved a few of these books, and sent the rest to an apothe-

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cary to cover the jars which had Greek inscriptions, though they were filled with herbs of the country.

Great part of the historical works were excluded from the temple, and destined to make triumphal arches, statues of paper, and other theatrical decorations; those of medicine, not less destructive than engines of war, to make wadding for cannon.

From the north, particularly from France and Italy, came troops of mules loaded with books of politics, social contracts, commentaries on *Tacitus*, and on the republics of *Plato*, and *Aristotle:* a venerable censor received this dangerous merchandize; his severe countenance was expressive of candour and prudence: at their sight, he exclaimed, oh! books, in which virtue and religion serve as conveniences, what tyranny have you not introduced into the world? how many states and kingdoms have been destroyed by your power! On deceit and malice you seek to build their preservation and prosperity, without considering that they cannot last on false foundations.

Nothing is stable but religion and truth, and that prince alone is happy, who is guided by their counsels.

I was much struck with what he said, and expected to see him send them to be used for weathercocks; which move with every wind, and even without wind, or else to make masks; for the chief study of politicians is to cover the face of falsehood, and give it the appearance of truth; but he ordered them all to be burned; and when I inquired the reason of this sentence, he replied, these papers held so much venom that even distributed in small pieces in the shops, they would be dangerous to public tranquillity, and that therefore it was more safe to deliver them to the flames.

I felt so afflicted to see so many works of genius destroyed, that I turned from that quarter, and entering the edifice found myself in a square room, the ceiling of which represented the heavens, with all the constellations; the zodiac with the twelve signs, was inclosed by four angles, in which were represented the four principal winds; *Eurus*, with white clouds; the South, red and furious; the West shedding flowers; and the North shaking hail and snow from his misty mantle. On the four walls was seen the four seasons of the year, Spring crowned with roses; Summer with ears of wheat; Autumn with vines; and Winter with thorns. In the midst of this room hung a great balance, and by its side a small one; in the first they weighed genius by the quintal, in the second judgment by grains and scruples.

By the light of a window, Hernando Herrara compared with great attention the merit of various productions of genius with each other; and I thought he made some errors, for works of genius are not always what they appear to be; some at first view, are lively and brilliant,

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but of little intrinsic value; others with less show have more solidity. But I wished to learn from him in what estimation he held the Tuscan and Spanish poets; and asking with much humility his opinion, he replied in the following manner:

"The Roman empire fell, and enveloped in its ruins, fell the sciences and the arts, till divided into separate dominions, governed by different laws, the states of Italy flourished in peace, and Science again raised her head.

Petrarch was the first who pierced the confused clouds of ignorance with sparks of light, drawn from his own genius, and gave lustre to the Tuscan poetry; his spirit, his elegance, his purity, and his grace, rank him with the most celebrated writers of antiquity.

Dante desiring to be thought a poet, ceased to be scientific, and desiring to appear learned, was no longer a poet; he elevated himself above common intelligence, without attaining the power of delighting, the peculiar province of poetry, nor that of imitating, which is its form.

Ariosto, with great genius and facility of invention, broke the laws of epic poetry by neglecting unity in its fables, and by celebrating only one hero, while he celebrated many in an ingenious and variegated piece, but of which the materials are not polished or refined. This license was imitated by *Marino*, in his *Adonis:* more attentive to delight than to instruct, his fertility and elegance, form a beautiful garden abounding with parterres of flowers.

More strict in the precepts of the art, was *Torquato Tasso;* no one can read his book, without respect and reverence.

What has been said of the poets of *Italy*, may be applied to those of *Spain;* their necks were bowed beneath the *African* yoke, and the *Muses* thought more of concealing themselves in the mountains, than of tuning their shells; till *Juan de Mena* soothed their fears, and caused them to raise the sweet sound of their voices amid the clangor of arms. In him we find much to admire, but nothing to imitate; for so great at that time was the aversion to rhymes, that he was obliged to express his ideas in couplets, without their aid.

After him flourished the *Marquis de Santillana Garcia, Sanchez Costona, Cartagena*, and others, who, by degrees, approached perfection.

In a more polished period, and by the native force of his genius, *Garcillasso de la Vega*, rose to a very great degree of elevation; he was the prince of Lyric poets. With sweetness, and wonderful purity of expression, he described the sentiments of the soul, and as they are subjects appropriate to songs and eclogues, in them he surpassed himself: painting with elegance, tenderness, and affection, and exciting

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them at pleasure: if he is sometimes careless in his sonnets, it is the fault of the times in which he wrote; in his eclogues, he uses a style decorous, simple, and elegant, a medly of rusticity and grace, of modern and antique words, imitating *Virgil.*

In Portugal flourished *Camoens;* he was tender and amorous, had a great genius for Lyric and Epic poetry. In the time of *Garcillasso*, *Boscan* wrote, who, considering that he was a stranger, merits great praise, and is entitled to much indulgence for his negligence in the choice of words.

To these succeeded *Don Diego de Mendoza*, full of life, but rude and uncultivated.

Cetino flourished almost at the same time, whose tender and affectionate lines are without nerve or vigor.

Louis de Brabona, was endowed with a more elevated genius, but having had no one to consult, his verses flow without art or elegance.

Juan de Argona, began to translate *Statius*, and it is to be regretted that he died before it was completed. He showed in the fragment he left, that he neither wanted talents nor spirit; imitating *Anguilara* in his translation of *Ovid.*

Don Alphonso de Ercilla, though prevented by his devotion to the profession of arms, from acquiring much knowledge, has given proofs in his Araucana of great facility of invention, and fertility of genius.

In our days *Martial* of *Cordova* has been reborn in *Don Luis de Gongora*, the darling of the Muses, and the favourite of the Graces, great architect of the Spanish Language, with which he knew how to play with incomparable address, and indescribable elegance; even his errors are pardonable, because they are inimitable.

Contemporary with him, was *Bartolomeo Leonardo de Argensola*, the glory of Arragon, and the oracle of *Apollo;* whose fertility, learning, purity, and elevation, will be eternally admired by all, though equalled by few; but his copyists and editors have disfigured his works, because they did not understand them; a danger to which all posthumous works are subject.

Lope de Vega, is a noble valley of Parnassus, so productive that the imagination is dazzled, and Nature herself becomes enamoured of his abundance: despising the dry and narrow rules of art, his works appear like a rich Magazine, where you can choose jewels to your taste, and where all tastes may be satisfied."

(To be concluded in our next.)

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RHETORIC——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LECTURE II.

ON THE NATURE AND PROPER USE OF ACCENT.

GENTLEMEN,

MY last address to you being on *Articulation*, or the construction and proper use of the organs of speech in producing those various sounds which constitute the human voice, by which the elementary sounds or letters of our language are expressed, and of which elementary sounds, syllables, words and sentences are composed, I shall endeavour in the present lecture to explain to you the nature and proper use of Accent and Emphasis: principles of pronunciation most essentially necessary to convey the truth and force of sentiment.

Confiding in your having acquired, agreeably to my recommendation, a perfect knowledge of the various sounds of the letters according to their several combinations, you must now be informed of the general principles of *Accentuation*, which affects letters and syllables, and of *Emphasis*, which distinguishes, by a stress of the voice, one or more words in a sentence from the rest; thereby expressing, with proper precision and effect, the true import and meaning intended to be communicated.

The term accent, means a peculiar manner of expressing one letter in a syllable, or syllable in a word, from the rest, that it may be better heard or distinguished from them. Whether this distinction relates merely to the *stress* or *force* of the voice, or to the variation of tone, are questions which have agitated and disturbed the republic of letters for centuries, and opinions very widely different have been held and defended by very learned and able men. It is still, among critics, a source of discussion, nay, of literary warfare, to ascertain what accent is: but in this dispute, as in many others, the subject matter is sufficiently plain, till obscured by the labours of the disputants. No person to whom an English word is shown, with an accentual mark placed over it (as advértisement, or advertísement) feels any doubt in regulating his voice according to that mark. This plain matter then it is, and not any point of subtil inquiry, which it is the object of this lecture to methodize and explain.

Accent, in English, is only a species of emphasis. When one word in a sentence is distinguished by the voice as more important than the rest, we say that it is *emphatical*, or that an *emphasis* is laid upon it; when one syllable in a word is distinguished by the voice and more audible than the rest, we say that it is *accented*, or that an accent is

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put upon it. Accent, therefore, is to syllables, what emphasis is to sentences; it distinguishes one from the crowd, and brings it forward to observation.

If this account be right, it naturally follows, that in monosyllables, accent and emphasis must be the same; and that those monosyllables alone have any accent which are capable of being emphatical. Monosyllabic nouns and verbs are therefore accented; but particles and other subservient parts of speech are, for the most part, incapable of any accent, if monosyllables. We therefore find them in verse generally disposed in the unaccented part of each foot; as "Fa'r *as the* solar wa'lk, *or* mi'lky wa'y." For the same reason, many monosyllables are occasionally accented, or not, according to their accidental importance, as in these lines, the word *must*:

> Where all must full or not coherent be;
> And all that rises, rise in due degree;
> Then in the scale of reas'ning life 'tis plain
> There *must* be somewhere such a rank as man.
> *Essay on Man*, I. 46.

So the word *not*, in the following:

> Remember, man, the Universal Cause
> Acts not by PARTIAL, but by GEN'RAL laws;
> And makes what happiness we justly call
> Subsist *not* in the good of *one*, but *all*.
> There's *not* a blessing individuals find,
> But some way leans and hearkens to the kind.
> *Ib.* IV, 35.

Here *not* is wholly unaccented in the first instance, slightly in the second, and very strongly in the last. The pronoun *us* is often passed over without much notice, but is strongly brought forward in this line:

> Better for *us* perhaps it might appear.
> *Ib.* I. 165.

So exactly is accent, in English, the same as emphasis, that when words of different meaning are contrasted, the accent of one is often changed from its natural seat, to that distinctive syllable which the opposition has rendered emphatical. Thus the accent of *unso'ciable* and *into'lerable*, is regularly upon the syllables *so* and *to*; but when we say some men are *sociable*, others UN*sociable*; some *tolerable*, others IN*tolerable*; we usually throw the accent upon *un* and *in*, the particles upon which the contrast depends.

Such is the general nature of accent among us. Among the ancients the term denoted a very different thing. Accent, with them, signified a musical modulation of the voice, making it higher or lower with re-

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spect to gravity or acuteness of sound. These inflections of the voice, however, seem to affect sentences rather than single words. Accent appears to be the most unstable part of the English language. We can all remember words differently accented from the present practice; and many might be collected which still are fluctuating with their accent unsettled.

Adve'rtise.

Wherein he might the king his lord advèrtise.
Shakspeare.
As I by friends am well advértised.
Ibid.

Hence advértisement is the ancient accentuation.

My griefs are louder than advèrtisement.
Ibid.

A'spect, aspe'ct.

His words here ended, but his meek aspèct.
Par. Lost.

Attri'bute (verb) *a'ttribute.*

With glory àttributed to the high Creator.
Ibid.

Comme'rce (both substantive and verb).

With even step and musing gait
And looks commèrcing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes.
Il Penseroso.

Co'njure, in the sense of to enjoin solemnly.

O Prince! I còniure thee, as thou believest
There is another comfort than this world.
Shaks. Meas. for Meas.

Mela'ncholy.

There many minstrales maken melody
To drive away the dull melàncholy.
Spenser.

Pe'rfume (both verb and substantive).

Than in the pèrfum'd chambers of the great.
Shaks.

Pu'rsuit.

In pùrsuit of the thing we would have stay.
Shaks. Sonnet 143.

Sepu'lchre (verb).

Go to my lady's grave and call her's thence,
Or, at the least, in her's sepùlchre thine.
Shaks. Two Gent.

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Warlike.

To their night watches in warlike parade.
Par. Lost, IV, 780.

Such are a few of the striking differences between ancient and modern accentuation. Many others might be collected by an attentive and general reader. The present selection will be sufficient to prove the assertion.

What then are the characteristical qualities of that accent which gives eminence to one letter in a monosyllable, or to one syllable in every polysyllabical word of the English language, is the question now offered to our consideration. On first view it may seem that the answer should be readily suggested by the ear, and it may appear strange that a matter so open to the observation of every day, and almost every moment, should be a matter of dispute. Still stranger, however, surely must seem the question, What is the difference between the accent, tone or pitch of the voice, used in uttering a syllable, and the quantity or time employed in uttering it? or, are they not the same thing? or, if not absolutely the same thing, are they not so blended and confounded in the nature of modern speech, that to distinguish them is no longer possible? Upon a just investigation of these points, it would be found that the parts concurring to constitute that small, and it might seem simple thing, a syllable, are so many, so different, so minute, and so implicated, that when fully and fairly exhibited, it would not perhaps appear wonderful if the critics and disputants have, some overlooked, and others avoided the labour necessary to such an analysis as alone could obviate mistake about them.

Upon this field of critical discussion, the most conspicuous, and perhaps the most skilful of modern combatants, are Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Walker; the former asserting that accent has reference only to quantity, not to quality, and that of course the accented syllable is only louder, and not higher than the other syllables; the latter maintaining that accent relates to quality, not to quantity, to tone or tune, not to strength. This opinion coinciding with that of I believe a considerable majority both of ancient and modern critics, and proceeding from a man who, from his acuteness of investigation and strength of talents, is now generally and justly considered an oracle with respect to pronunciation, I shall proceed in the discussion of the subject, under the adoption of the system advocated by him; the greater part of English writers on accentuation having considered the eminent syllable in English speech as principally distinguished by acuteness of tone: for though variation of force in speech might suffice for expression, which however may be doubted, yet variation of tone is essential towards adding

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the grace of melody. The truth is, that to give eminence to an accent, a strengthened enunciation is necessary. But, the eminent accent of words, in English speech, with superior force, has also, by the indispensable law of that speech, a higher tone, and is what has been most commonly called, an *acute accent*. Without variety of tone, or in musical phrase, without various notes, though there might be measure, there could be no melody in speech. It would therefore be highly injurious to our language to hold that the accent of English words derives its character from force of utterance only.

But it will be obvious to all acquainted with English speech, that the longer polysyllables have more than one distinguishing accent. One indeed is always predominant; superior in force, higher in tone: it is properly called by way of eminence, the principal accent, or, even simply the accent. By its situation in the word, the situation and the comparative eminence of inferior accents is directed. In trisyllables, if the middle syllable be accented, neither of the others has a distinguished character; they will be equally grave, or what is called *unaccented*. But if the first have the accent, the third will be more distinguished than the second; it will be louder and sharper, as in the words *e'nerg'y, co'nfide'nt*. If the last have the accent, the first will be more distinguished than the second, as in re'fug'ee, co'nfida'nt. In both cases, the middle syllable will have the lowest tone, as well as the least forcible tone. In words of four syllables, there will still be but two of distinguished accent, as otherwise two acute or strong accents would meet in one word, which the genius of English pronunciation forbids. Under this restriction, words of five syllables may have three, or only two distinguishing accents, and words of multiplied syllables more in proportion, called *secondary* accents. But more of this hereafter.

That, in every syllable, of every language, some *tone*, *accent*, or *pitch* of the voice, must accompany articulation, is as evidently of natural necessity, as that some portion of time must be employed in it. It is very obvious then, that in the English language, every word not monosyllabical has one syllable always made eminent by a distinguishing tone or accent. This syllable is often called the *accented syllable*, and its tone the accent; and the other syllables in contradistinction are called *unaccented*; a mode of speaking, which, if it have any occasional conveniency, may perhaps be allowed, provided it be always remembered that the terms are so used, by a license of speech, to signify the more and the less eminent accentuation; accent or tone being that, some mode and degree of which must always coëxist; that is, must always be among the impressions made by the voice upon the ear, with every syllable uttered.

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Among foreign modern languages, the general character of the accentuation in the Italian, the Spanish, and the modern Greek, is the same as in the English. In all these, and I believe I might add the Portuguese, the German, and those of the same origin with the German, one syllable, of every two or more in one word, is made eminent by its tone. We are well assured that, so far at least, the accentuation of the ancient Greek and Latin, agreed with that of these modern languages. It may be important then to observe, on account of the more extensive familiarity with the French than with any other foreign speech, in our country, and still much more throughout Europe, particularly on the continent, that the French language differs in this from all others. The French grammarians and critics universally hold, that no syllable of any word in their language is entitled to any characteristical accent. It is not here meant, that no syllable, in French polysyllabical words, is ever, in proper French pronunciation, made eminent by force of utterance; but only that no one syllable is, in French, as in the other European languages, constantly entitled to such preëminence. Hence a consequence, obvious to those who have had any opportunity for observation is, that the accentuation of all the other European languages has peculiar difficulties for the French people. That of our own, in particular, little among the difficulties for an Italian learning our speech, is to a Frenchman, after boyhood, in general unattainable. The French are, above all other foreigners, distinguished among us, by what is commonly called, and properly enough, a foreign accent.

In some languages, different accentual marks regulate not only the tone or modulation of the voice, but also supply the place of our sentential stops.

The Greeks have three grammatical accents, viz. the *acute* accent (ʹ) which shows the tone of the voice is to be raised; the *grave* accent (ˋ) which marks a depression of voice; and the *circumflex* accent (ˆ or ˜) which is composed of both the acute and the grave, and points out a kind of undulation of the voice. The Latins have made the same use of these three accents. The Hebrews have a grammatical, a rhetorical, and a musical accent, placed sometimes above and sometimes below the syllable; thus serving not only to regulate the risings and fallings of the voice, but to distinguish the sections and periods in a discourse, and to answer the same purposes with the points in other languages. The tonic accents are essentially necessary to the Jews, as they may be said to sing, rather than to read their language.

The use of accents is remarkable in some of the eastern languages, particularly the Siamese and the Chinese. Among the people of China every word, or, what is the same thing syllable, admits of five accents;

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and thus stands for many different things. The union of the two letters, *ya*, according to the accent fixed on them, signifies *God*, a *wall*, *excellent*, *stupidity*, and a *goose*. Their talking is a kind of music or singing. Hence the great difficulty of their language to foreigners. If they deviate ever so little from the true accent, they say quite a different thing from what was intended. Thus, meaning to compliment the person you are talking to, with the title of *sir*, you call him a *beast*, with the same word, only a little varied in the tone.

The Siamese have also a great variety of accent.

But the English, having no more than one accent, have only one mark in writing to point it out, viz. the acute accent of the Greeks (') which is universally adopted.

Accent is either *principal* or *secondary*.

The *principal* accent is that which necessarily distinguishes one syllable in a word from the rest. The secondary accent is that which we may occasionally place on another syllable besides that which has the principal accent, in order to pronounce every part of the word more distinctly, forcibly, and harmoniously: thus *privateer*, *domineer*, *caravan*, have an accent on the first, as well as on the last syllable, though a somewhat less forcible one. The same may be observed of *violin*, *repartee*, *complaisant*, *referee*, &c.

In accenting words, care should be taken to avoid all affected deviations from common usage. There is the greatest occasion for this precaution, as a rule has been arbitrarily and injudiciously introduced upon this subject by some superficial orthoëpists, which has no foundation either in the structure of the English language, or in the principles of harmony, viz. that in words consisting of more than two syllables, the accent should be thrown as far back as possible. This rule has occasioned much pedantic and irregular pronunciation, and has perhaps introduced all the uncertainty which attends the accentuation of several English words.

Accent generally dwells with greatest force and propriety, on that part of the word, which from its importance, the hearer has always the greatest occasion to observe; and this is necessarily the root or body of the word. But, as harmony of termination frequently attracts the accent from the root to the branches of the word, so the first and most natural law of accentuation seems to operate less in fixing the accent than any other. Accent seems to be regulated in a great measure by etymology, and a regard to the classical laws of the different languages from which words are derived. In words of the Saxon, the accent is generally on the root: in words from the learned languages, particularly the Latin and Greek, of which there are many, it is generally on the termination. And if to these we add the different accents we lay on

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some words, to distinguish them from others, we seem to have three great principles of accentuation; the *radical*, the *terminational*, and the *distinctive:* the radical, as lóve, lóvely, lóveliness; the terminational, as harmony', harmoníous; the distinctive, as a cónvert, to convért.

Dissyllables have necessarily one of them accented, and but one. The word *Amen*, is the only word which is pronounced with two accents, when alone. Dissyllables formed by affixing a termination, have generally the former syllable accented, as chíldish, faírer, kíngdom.

Dissyllables formed by prefixing a syllable to the radical word, have commonly the accent on the latter; as to retúrn, to besee'm.

Dissyllables, which have two vowels that are separated in the pronunciation, have always the accent on the first syllable; as líon, rúin, ríot, except the word *create*.

As words increase in syllables the more easily is their accent known. Trisyllables formed by adding a termination, or prefixing a syllable, retain the accent of the radical word; as, lóveliness, ténderness, contémner, cómmenting, commending, assúrance.

Trisyllables which have in the middle syllable a diphthong, as endeavour, or a vowel before two consonants, as doméstic, accent the middle syllable.

Trisyllables which have the accent on the last syllable, are commonly French, as magazíne, reparteé, acquiésce; or they are words, formed by prefixing one or two syllables to a short syllable; as, immatúre, overchárge.

When the true accent of dissyllables is known, those polysyllables, whose terminations are perfectly English, have likewise their accent invariably settled.

These rules respecting accent, are a few of the most essential; others may be obtained from Lowth, Johnson, Murray, Walker, and other writers upon grammar.

Of accent, as well as of spelling, and of idiom, there is a standard in every polite nation; and in all these particulars, the example of approved authors, and the practice of those, who by their rank, education, and way of life, have had the best opportunities to know men and manners, and domestic and foreign literature, ought undoubtedly to possess considerable influence. Hence *that* accent and *that* pronunciation is generally in every country accounted the best, which is used in the metropolis, by the most polite and learned persons. Yet every language has some peculiar, essential, general rules. For the Latin those rules were very few and simple; for the Greek more various. The accentuation of English speech also is not without its laws, of which Dr. Samuel Johnson, in his grammar prefixed to his dictionary,

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has given a collection, in which, however, there prevails a considerable degree of irregularity.

The fluctuation of our language, both with respect to the signification of words and the accentuation of them, is a subject of general and just lamentation. Frequent and strenuous exertions have been made to correct this evil, but they have hitherto proved ineffectual. It should, however, always be considered by classical scholars and literary men as an indispensable duty to oppose such innovations as violate the prosody, and consequently destroy the harmony of our best poets, who should always be considered as an authority sufficiently high to be appealed to as a standard.

The foregoing observations upon that important principle of correct pronunciation, *Accent*, have engaged so much of your time and attention this evening, that I must reserve those upon emphasis as the subject of my next lecture.

SMITH'S NARRATIVE.

The capture of Major Andre was an event so important in the American revolution, and his fate was so generously deplored even by his enemies, that every account of the transaction which led to it, must be interesting. The following notice of a new work on this subject, which we extract from a late British Review, will, therefore, be read with interest, making proper allowances for the *opinions, prejudices* and *situation* of Mr. Smith.

An authentic Narrative of the causes which led to the death of major Andre, adjutant-general of his majesty's forces in North America. By Joshua Hett Smith, Esq. counsellor at law, late member of the convention of the state of New-York. To which is added, a Monody on the death of major Andre. By Miss Seward.

THE author of this narrative was supposed by the Americans to have been an agent of general Arnold, and upon the apprehension of major Andre, and the escape of Arnold, was arrested and tried on a charge of treason. Circumstances, no doubt, were strongly against him; but, if we credit this relation, and we can see no reason for disputing the author's veracity, he was very innocently engaged in the communications between Andre and the American general. Of this

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trial, and his defence, Mr. Smith gives a full and particular account; as well as of his escape from America, which was attended with many very interesting circumstances. As soon as it was discovered he had broke prison, the most diligent search was made to discover him. "Parties," says the author, "were sent in different directions from the four roads that led from the jail; but on their return without success, it was concluded I must be secreted in the town, among the king's friends, who were by far the most numerous and respectable of the inhabitants. On the evening of the third day, before my good protectress had any hint of the measure, a young lady came hastily to her, and informed her, that a few hours ago her father's house had been searched, and she heard the party say, they should next take the road where my good friend lived; she instantly came to me with the intelligence, and advised my leaving the place where I was for another more secure, which was a hollow between two stacks of chimnies; this I did not approve of, as the place had a suspicious appearance, and seemed to me calculated for a hiding place. I therefore observed, that as it was near the evening, I would go out to the woods, and return when dark; I had scarcely mentioned my resolution, when the young lady called to her, and said the guards were very near the house; when instantly snatching up one of the blankets, I stept lightly down the stairs, she following with the other blanket: we heard the tramp of a number of steps in the piazza; I immediately made to the back door, and crept under a small hencoop; she hastily threw her blanket over it, and, turning round, met the party coming in at the front door. My protectress being a suspected person, from the reasons I have already mentioned, her house was searched with great care; and the young lady afterwards informed me, that in the very hole where she wished me to secrete myself, they thrust their bayonets and pikes; so that had I been there, I must, inevitably, have been put to death! The house being thoroughly searched, they proceeded to the barn, stables, and even the pigsty; and, passing the hencoop, under which I was concealed, they were about to take off the blanket, when my protectress exclaimed, "For God's sake do not hurt my poor chickens;" on which they went into the house, and I could hear them distinctly charge her with the knowing where I was: alarmed, lest her fears might overcome her fortitude, I immediately crept out, and made the best of my way to an adjoining wood, under the cover of darkness, which had commenced.

"Having reached the wood, I was involved in doubt what course to take; to go back did not seem prudent, as on my return, some soldiers might be left as a guard: it now began to rain, and fortunately a large hollow tree afforded me a shelter from its rage. A variety of conflicting passions agitated my mind; for that very night a person was to come and bring me clothing, and take me part of my way to New-York, upwards of eighty miles. To omit profiting by this chance, I knew, would be imprudent; and the person I expected had promised to assist me, and possessed my most unlimited confidence. At length it occurred to me that the lady, from whose house I had just escaped, had a relation about five miles distant: I knew him to be a kind, friendly man, to whom I could commit myself with safety. Thither, therefore, I determined to proceed; and when in the main road, I thought I could easily reach his house. I travelled all night; it rained during the whole time; and my feet being tender, from the distressing and unusual state in which I was placed, I made but little progress, especially along a slaty and rocky country. When I had walked a considerable distance I halted, intending to wait for the dawn of day; thus advancing slow-

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ly, I seated myself on a rock, faint, fatigued, and lacerated with briars, and passed my time in lamenting the hard fate which my civility to a stranger had entailed upon me.

"On the approach of day I saw something like a house, and the appearance of light; I advanced towards it:—the reader will here again form some faint idea of my sensations, when I found the spot was near the gibbet, and the house I had descerned the jail, whence I had escaped in the dark. I had lost my road, and in my bewildered state of mind, had the whole night been wandering back again, over the same ground!! Afflicted, dismayed, and almost exhausted, I had no other alternative than to return to the place whence I had last escaped; and now gave up all for lost! It was, however, fortunate that I had not far to go, the day-light rapidly advanced; and I omitted no time in regaining the good woman's house, having the main road before me; and being equally fortunate in not meeting a single traveller, or my forlorn appearance must have attracted notice, and perhaps have led to a discovery.

"I observed, on my approach, that there was light in the house, and once more assuming courage, fortified by hope, I ventured to tap gently at a window whence the light appeared, and, in a minute the door was opened for my reception. My female friend informed me, that the party, who had been there the preceding day, were not satisfied with their first search, but insisted on making another by candle-light, which they did, and even commanded her to open every closet, chest, and trunk, declaring their authority to confine her, unless she declared where I was; and that one of them even went again to the chicken-coop, under which I had been concealed, and thrust his bayonet into various parts of it. She said it was well I overheard the conversation, and resolved to withdraw; and she consoled me by saying, I now had nothing to fear, as they had gone away perfectly satisfied. I mentioned my attempt to reach the residence of her relation for shelter, and I had the pleasure to learn that there I should have been safe; but it was providential that I missed my way, for a large party of continental troops were encamped not far from his house, and I must have passed them before I could arrive at it.

"Combining all these circumstances, which appeared so providential, I was led, independent of the fatigue I had just passed through, to take some rest in my former birth, with renewed ground to encourage hope.

"My friend had promised to be with me the following night, but when that came I was sorely disappointed. Through a chink in the place of my retreat, I could see the members of the court, judge, jury, and all, pass and repass; and, indeed, I was every moment in dread of being discovered, and brought back to my old quarters. In this situation I continued, however, five days, under the most painful apprehensions.

"However opinions may vary as to the justice of Washington, in executing major Andre as a spy, the public will peruse with strong interest, *a Narrative of the causes which led to his Death*, from the pen of the gentleman, who was commissioned to conduct the unfortunate major from the Vulture to the interview, which he had with general Arnold, at Mr. Smith's house. The two officers were alone the greater part of the day. Towards the evening Arnold came to my house, and proposed that I should convey Mr. Anderson back to the Vulture, which had nearly regained her former situation; he saw, however, from the state of sickness under which I then laboured, with a fit of the ague

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upon me, that I was unable to gratify him; on which he proposed my accompanying him part of his way on his return to New-York, by land, as soon as my health would permit, on the removal of the ague fit; to which I made no objection, as, when better, it would be in my way to visit and bring my family home from Fish Kill, being obliged to cross the river for that purpose. He soon after returned, and told me a difficulty had occurred, of which he was not before apprized; for that Anderson had come on shore in a military dress, which he had borrowed, from pride or vanity, from an officer of his acquaintance at New-York: that as it would be impossible for him to travel in that uniform, he requested the loan of one of my coats. Being nearly of my size, I lent him a coat: the other part of his dress, he said, did not require change. General Arnold then proposed returning to his command at West Point, leaving Mr. Anderson very disconsolate with me. I endeavoured to amuse him by showing him the prospect from the upper part of my house, whence there was an extensive view over the capacious bay of Haverstraw, to the opposite shore; he cast an anxious look towards the Vulture, and with a heavy sigh wished he was on board. I endeavoured to console him by the hope of his being at the White Plains, or New-York, before her. Finding himself better, I promised to accompany him on his way. I could not help remarking to him, that I thought the general might have ordered a flag of truce from Stony Point, to have returned him to the Vulture, without the fatigue of his going to the White Plains, that appearing a circuitous route, unless he had business to transact at that place. From this time he seemed shy, and desirous to avoid much conversation; he continued to urge preparations for his departure, and carefully avoided being seen by persons that came to the house.

"Previous to his quitting it, general Arnold had prepared a passport for him to go to the White Plains, and a flag of truce for me to go thither and return. Finding myself better, and refreshed with the rest I had taken, I ordered my servant to get the horses in readiness, and we reached the ferry at Stony Point before it was dark, intending, if the weather should be fine, to proceed as far as major de la Van's that night, at a place called Crum Pond, the distance of about eight or ten miles from the ferry, where I knew we should be well entertained, and take the dawn of the morning to proceed with more satisfaction. Between my house and the fort at Stony Point, our conversation was principally about the taking and retaking of that place; I found my fellow-traveller very backward in giving any opinion, or saying much about it. We were met on the road by several officers belonging to this post, with whom we conversed very freely, and stopped at the sutler's at the ferry to drink with them. When we arrived on the opposite side, we rode up to the tent of colonel Livingston, the commanding officer at Verplank's Point; I being well acquainted with him, he having served his clerkship and studied the law with my brother, the late chief justice of Canada, and being also a relation of Mrs. Smith; he pressed us to stay to supper with him, but this Mr. Anderson seemed desirous to decline. As we proceeded, I thought he grew more cheerful, and as our road became better, we rode on with an increased speed, and had reached about five or six miles when we were challenged by a patrole party. On advancing, the commanding officer, a captain Bull, demanded a countersign before we should pass, and drew his corps about us; he inquired who we were, the reason of our travelling in the night, and whence we came? I told him who I was, and that we had passports from general Arnold, the commanding officer at West

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Point, which we had received from the general that day; that we were on the public service, on business of the highest import, and that he would be answerable for our detention one moment; he insisted on seeing the passports, and conducted us to a house in the vicinity where there was a light. On approaching the house Mr. Anderson* seemed very uneasy; but I cheered him up by saying our papers would carry us to any part of the country to which they were directed, and that no person dare presume to detain us. When we came to the light I presented the passports, which satisfied the captain; but he seemed better pleased when I told him I intended to quarter that night at major de la Van's, who, he said, was a stanch friend to the cause of his country, would treat us well, and render every aid in his power that tended to promote the welfare of America: he soon began to be more pleased, and in the most impressive manner entreated us not to proceed one inch further in the night, as it was very dangerous, for the Cow Boys had been out the preceding night, and had done much mischief, by carrying off cattle, and some of the inhabitants as prisoners. Alarmed at this intelligence, I was hesitating what to do, when my companion expressed his wish to proceed; but the captain suggested many prudential reasons why he would not advise our progress at night. He particularly remarked that we had little chance of defending ourselves against both parties then out, as he had heard them firing some little time before he met us. All this determined me to take the captain's advice, which seemed to direct the surest step for our safety. I accordingly returned a short distance, to look for night quarters, and my companion reluctantly followed.

"With no small difficulty we therefore returned several miles, and gained admittance into a house for the night; while such was the caution and danger of admitting nocturnal inmates, that we were obliged to take to bed, or keep the family up, who would not retire until they saw us safely lodged. We slept in the same bed; and I was often disturbed with the restless motions, and uneasiness of mind exhibited by my bed-fellow, who, on observing the first approach of day, summoned my servant to prepare the horses for our departure. He appeared in the morning as if he had not slept an hour during the night; he at first was much dejected, but a pleasing change took place in his countenance when summoned to mount his horse.

"We rode very cheerfully towards Pine's Bridge without interruption, or any event that excited apprehension; here I proposed to leave my companion; but I observed that the nearer we approached the bridge, the more his countenance brightened into a cheerful serenity, and he became very affable; in short, I now found him highly entertaining; he was not only well informed in general history, but well acquainted with that of America, particularly New-York, which he termed the residuary legatee of the British government (for it took all the remaining lands not granted to the proprietary and chartered provinces). He had consulted the Muses as well as Mars, for he conversed freely on the belles lettres: music, painting, and poetry seemed to be his delight. He displayed a judicious taste in the choice of the authors he had read, possessed great elegance of sentiment, and a most pleasing manner of conveying his ideas, by adopting the powerful colouring of poetical imagery. He lamented the causes which gave birth to and continued the war, and said, if there was a correspondent temper on

* The name assumed by major Andre.

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the part of the Americans, with the prevailing spirit of the British ministry, peace was an event not far distant; he intimated that measures were then in agitation for the accomplishment of that desirable object, before France could establish her perfidious designs. He sincerely wished the fate of the war could alone be determined in the fair, open, field contest, between as many British in number as those under the command of count Rochambeau at Rhode-Island, whose effective force he seemed clearly to understand; he descanted on the richness of the scenery around us, and particularly admired, from every eminence, the grandeur of the Highland mountains, bathing their lofty summits in the clouds from their seeming watery base at the north extremity of Haverstraw Bay. The pleasantry of converse, and mildness of the weather, so insensibly beguiled the time, that we at length found ourselves at the bridge, before I thought we had got half the way; and I now had reason to think my fellow-traveller a different person from the character I had at first formed of him. This bridge crosses Croton river, a branch of the Hudson.

"I pointed out to him the road to the White Plains, whither his passport enabled him to go, or lower if he thought proper, he being on public business, as was mentioned in his pass; but he thought the road by the way of Dobbs' ferry, having the river as his guide, would be much the nearest route; having a good horse, he boldly ventured to take that road: had not proceeded more than six miles, when he was stopped by three of the New-York militia, John Paulding, David Williams, and Isaac Van Vert, who with others, were on a scouting party, between the outposts of the two armies. These men stopped major Andre at a place near Tarry, and seized his horse by the bridle in a narrow part of the road. Andre, instead of immediately producing his pass, asked where they belonged to? They answered, "*to below.*" Not suspecting deception, he replied, "*So do I,*" AND DECLARING HIMSELF A BRITISH OFFICER, THAT HE MIGHT NOT BE DETAINED, being on pressing business! The law of the state gave to the captors of any British subject, all his property, and, of course, his horse, saddle, and bridle, were in the first instance a temptation to stop him on the least ground for suspicion, while he being alone, they were the more bold against an *unarmed* man. Finding himself thus taken by surprise, and detained, he offered a very valuable gold watch; this led to farther suspicion: upon which they took him aside in the bushes and searched him, until they found his papers lodged in his boots. Another circumstance of suspicion was the coat I had lent him, which was crimson, with vellum button-holes, bound with Prussian binding. The captors then conducted him to lieutenant-colonel Jameson, a continental officer, who had the command of about nine hundred men, mostly militia. When major Andre was brought before him, he passed under the the name of Anderson, choosing to hazard the greatest danger rather than let any discovery be made which could involve Arnold, before he had time to provide for his safety. With this view, to effect Arnold's escape, he requested that a line might be written to him, to acquaint him with Anderson's detention, which Jameson granted. The papers which were so found in the major's pocket-book, were in Arnold's hand-writing, and contained exact returns of the state of the forces, ordnance, and defences, at West Point and its dependencies, with the artillery orders, critical remarks on the works, an estimate of the number of men that were ordinarily on duty to defend them, and a copy of a state of affairs that had been laid before a council of war, by the commander in chief, on the 6th of the month. These papers

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were enclosed in a packet to general Washington, accompanied with a letter from major Andre, avowing himself to be the adjutant-general of the British army, and was forwarded by Jameson."

These extracts will be sufficient to show that the reader is not to expect to find in this volume a mere dry detail of military and political events, but a relation of interesting facts drawn up with much simplicity, and bearing every appearance of truth. The following is his account of major Andre's death:

"At length the awful period arrived; and on the morning of the 2d of October, this unhappy victim of the errors of others, was led out to the place of execution. As he passed along, the American army were astonished at the dignity of his deportment, and the manly firmness and complacency of countenance, which spoke the serene composure of his mind; a glow of sympathy pervaded the breasts of the soldiers, and tears of sensibility were visible in every eye. He bowed himself, with a smile, to all he knew in his confinement. When he approached the fatal spot, and beheld the preparations, he stopped, and paused, as if absorbed in reflection; then quickly turning to the officer next him, he said—'What! must I die in this manner?' Being told it was so ordered, he instantly said, 'I am reconciled, and submit to my fate, but deplore the mode; it will be but a momentary pang:' and with a calmness that, while it excited the admiration, melted the heart of every spectator, performed the last offices to himself. He then requested that all around him would bear witness to the world, 'THAT HE DIED LIKE A BRAVE MAN!' He perished universally esteemed and lamented; indeed a general sorrow at his fate pervaded all ranks of people through the continent of America."

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE INQUIRER.—No. I.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I AM highly gratified that Philadelphia can boast of one periodical publication conducted on a liberal plan, and free from religious controversy, and the muddy streams of party and factious discussions. I propose to avail myself occasionally of this vehicle, to call upon some of your correspondents for solutions of literary doubts and difficulties that occur in the course of my reading, and shall regard myself as under considerable obligation to such of them as will furnish satisfactory solutions.

COLLIER ON RIDICULE.

I have in my possession an extremely valuable work, called "Reflections on Ridicule, or what it is that makes a man ridiculous, with

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the best means to avoid it: wherein are represented the different manners and characters of the present age. By Jeremiah Collier, A. M. seventh edition, Dublin, anno 1764."

Every time I peruse this book I discover new beauties. The sketches of characters are exquisitely drawn by a most masterly hand. The admonitions against incurring ridicule are the most just and profound: and the moral precepts are founded upon good sense, and a knowledge of the world. But there is hardly a page that does not bear the stamp of the French idiom, so fully that I cannot persuade myself it is other than a translation from the French. Yet it is announced in the title and preface, as an original work.

Among other expressions of the above description, the word "agreements," is used in fifty places for charms, or accomplishments, which surely must be a translation; as it is nowhere in any other English work applied in the same sense. There are, moreover, innumerable references to French manners, French customs, and French characters.

I wish therefore to be informed whether this is ascertained to be a translation; and if so, from what work.

—

Cassada Tree.

The contradictory qualities of the Cassada Tree, as stated in Staunton's Embassy, are perhaps the most extraordinary of any in the whole range of Natural History. The root is said to be salutary food. Yet the juice expressed from the root is deadly poison. And, still more to heighten our wonder, and to show the sports of madam Nature, the sediment from the juice is said to be the tapioca. Can any of your correspondents state whether this account partakes of the traveller's privilege of rodomontading?

—

Slaves.

Russel, in his history of Modern Europe, states, that among the principal English exports, during the domination of the Anglo Saxons, were slaves. I wish to know how long this traffic was carried on? And, in what mode were these slaves acquired?

—

Brydone's Tour.

A more agreeable book than Brydone's Tour cannot easily be found. I have, however, heard it confidently asserted by a literary character, that it is an absolute fabrication; and, like Damberger's Travels, made by a Grub-street garetteer, who had never visited either Sicily or Malta. Can this assertion be true?

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Campbell's India.

Campbell's India I have read with wonder. Some parts of it appear absolutely incredible. But there are certificates annexed to the book, that finally removed my doubts respecting its authenticity. I was nevertheless lately assured that it was the production of Mr. Carpenter, who published a paper in Charleston, and in New-York. On this point, I request information.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ON THE STUDY OF NATURAL HISTORY.

Though Natural History, strictly speaking, comprehends the whole animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms, or is, in other words, a History of Nature; yet, it is seldom so generally applied, and is frequently confined to Botany and Zoology; sometimes to the latter alone. It is, of all human knowledge, the most sublime, because it exhibits the *power*, and introduces us, as it were, into the *presence*, of Omnipotence. It is the most instructive, because it unfolds his goodness, wisdom, and perfections. It is also the most delightful, from its inexpressible beauty, vastness, and variety. The first lessons of infancy should be learnt from the pages of this magnificent volume, as the plainest, the most easily comprehended, striking, and impressive; perpetually inspiring the highest conceptions of the Creator; and animating us with the purest spirit of devotion. Our amazement increases on every fresh survey, and we exclaim in the rapturous language of the poet:

> "These are thy glorious Works, Parent of Good!
> "Almighty! thine this universal frame;
> "Thus wond'rous fair, thyself how wond'rous then!
> "Unspeakable!"

If then the objects of creation, which surround us, are capable of producing such effects, when beheld even in a general way, how must every sensation of wonder, awe, and devotion be increased, when we contemplate them more closely, and individually; when we consider their conformation, instincts, peculiarities, uses; their secret connexion, and reciprocity of dependence on each other; as forming one immense chain of created beings, emanating from, and upheld by one

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Great, Incomprehensible, Self-existent, Eternal! We there discover such unity of design, such beneficence, grandeur, order, and harmony, as cannot fail, not only of forming our minds to virtue, but of instilling into them the principles, and laying the foundation of *true taste*, in every art that is great, excellent, or praiseworthy.

For these reasons, there are no literary productions of the present day, whose appearance I so cordially welcome as well-written books on Natural History; but, sorry I am to say, that my congratulations on this head, particularly as respects the objects of our own country, are so rarely excited, as almost to induce the melancholy belief that this divine study is in danger of being entirely abandoned, and superseded by the rage for incongruous and idle Novels; the insatiable greediness of gain, and the noisy discord of distracting politics. Three hundred years have passed away since the first settlement of this country; and twenty millions of its inhabitants have descended to the tomb, without leaving, in this department of Science, one eminently distinguished vestige behind them. Yet every thing around invites to the pursuit; but invites in vain. Numbers of the finny race, that tenant our lakes, seas, and rivers, and many of the feathered tribes that warble in our woods, are totally unknown to us; and though the periodical appearance and departure of others, be as regular and uniform, as the Seasons, yet they never excite in us a single inquiry. They come, we know not whence; exist, we know not how; and go, we know not whither. The air swarms with insects, with which we are totally unacquainted; though the safety of our crops, and the protection of our people, from famine, have, at times, nearly depended on a knowledge of the subject. Multitudes of plants vegetate in our extensive regions, whose very forms have never met our eye; though many of them might probably be highly important as food or medicine to man; even the earth, on which we tread, encloses treasures that we will not be at the trouble or expense of searching for, till they force themselves on our view; contenting ourselves with the same superficial scratching of the surface, with those who went before us; and sending, at a vast accumulation of risk, expense and national dependence, to a distant country for those very supplies, which nature has bountifully scattered at our feet. These assertions, my countrymen, are not merely declamatory; neither are they meant to give offence; but to rouse in your bosoms a love and ambition to excel in these most useful and virtuous studies. Every enlightened nation of Europe has become, as it ought to be, the proper historian of its own natural productions; while *we* have sat down satisfied, ingloriously satisfied, to receive from France, Britain, or Germany, an account of the productions of our

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own streams, our own fields and forests; and to swallow as facts the crude suggestions of foreign pride, ignorance, and prejudice.

As I propose, in my succeeding numbers, to make application for information to those readers of The Port Folio, who may be disposed to give it, on some subjects of the Natural History of the United States, so I mean not to impose on others, what I would be unwilling to engage in myself. I will, therefore, add example to precept, and shall, from time to time, communicate through the same medium, such interesting particulars of some of our American animals, insects, birds, fishes, plants, minerals, &c., as are either new or not generally known; and which, in numerous extensive tours through the territories of the United States, I have been enabled to collect.

W.

OF CRITICISM——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Mr. Oldschool,

The sun of Genius seldom breaks forth with resplendent lustre in the high heaven of invention, but some untimely cloud of carping calumny, or critical clamor, rises to darken its disk, and intercept its glories from the eyes of an admiring world.

About the middle of the last century the reputation of Pope, which had until then, shone forth with the dazzling ray of originality, suffered dim eclipse, from the malignant curiosity or the eagle-eyed acuteness of the variously erudite Joe Warton. The famed Milton, shortly after, was for a moment overshadowed by the murky wing of literary envy, raised by the arts and the impudence of the base-born Lauder. And even the giant Warburton has in our own day, been accused of having erected the colossal trophies of literary triumph upon the pilfered fragments of the labours of Vandale and Meuisius.

The great weapon which the pigmies of Literature ever wield against the indestructible monuments of the fathers of Science, and of song, is the charge of *plagiarism*.

But the legitimate critic is not now to learn that Genius ennobles whatever it touches; and that Virgil, when he raked in the dunghill of Eriarius, had the prescriptive right of discovery to the possession and the use of any gem, which chance might have deposited, or culture created in that humble soil.

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The lay of Moore which has often waked to vibration, each corresponding string of harmony, in every soul not "dull and dead" to all the melody of mind, has yet, as often roused the envy of those vulgar souls which wait with malignant gaze to triumph in the fall of Genius, what time

> —— his venturous spirit loves to urge
> The labouring theme to Reason's utmost verge;
> Kindling and mounting from the enraptur'd sight,
> While anxious Wonder eyes his daring flight.

Every scholar must have been delighted with that felicitous introduction of classical or mythological allusion, which dignifies and decorates that sportive and vigorous offspring of Bacchus, and the gayest of the Muses, the Anacreontic glee of "Oh fly not yet."

We allude with peculiar emphasis to those lines; lines which even now tingle in our ear:

> Fly not yet, the fount that played,
> In times of old through —— shade;
> Though icy cold by day it ran,
> Yet still like souls of mirth began,
> To burn when night was near.

It may perhaps gratify the puny malice of little minds to be informed that this allusion however happy, is not derived from the original of the elder Pliny, but was borrowed with all the licentious audacity of Genius, from the thrice laboured poetry of the younger Warton.

This University Bard satirizing the nocturnal excesses of a high blooded votary of fashionable frivolity, says that Hippias' blood,

> Like —— fount by day ran icy cool,
> At night as hot as Hell's sulphureous pool.

Every reader of classic taste will readily perceive that the nectareous "rill of song," which flows thus sweetly from the pen of the British Anacreon, although not drawn immediately from the undefiled well of antiquity, has, by filtration through the mind of Moore, become defecated from all the turbid impurities of Warton.

P——.

New-York, May 27th, 1809.

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One of the best critics of North Britain, a poet and a prose writer too of very splendid powers thus defends Gray. We know not whether the latter has ever found a more eloquent apologist. EDITOR.

"I have heard the finest ode in the world blamed for the boldness of its figures and for what the critic was pleased to call obscurity. He had, I suppose, formed his taste upon Anacreon and Waller, whose odes are, indeed, very simple, and would have been very absurd, if they had not been simple. But let us recollect the circumstances of Anacreon, considered as the speaker of his own poetry, and of Gray's Welch Bard. The former warbles his lays reclining on a bed of flowers, dissolved in tranquillity and indolence, while all his faculties seem to be engrossed by one or a few pleasurable objects. The latter, just escaped from the massacre of his brethren, under the complicated agitations of grief, revenge, and despair; and surrounded with the scenery of rocks, mountains, and torrents, stupendous by nature, and now rendered hideous by desolation, imprecates perdition upon the bloody Edward; and, seized with prophetic enthusiasm, foretells, in the most alarming strains, and typifies by the most dreadful images, the disasters that were to overtake his family and descendants. If perspicuity and simplicity be natural in the songs of Anacreon, as they certainly are, a figurative style and desultory composition are no less natural in this inimitable performance of Gray. If real prophecy must always be so obscure, as not to be fully understood till it is accomplished, because otherwise it would interfere with the free agency of man, that poem which imitates the style of prophecy, must also, if natural, be to a certain degree obscure; not indeed in the images or the words but in the allusions. It is in the allusions only, not in the words or images, for these are most emphatical and picturesque, that the poem partakes of obscurity; and even its allusions will hardly seem obscure to those who are acquainted with the history of England. Those critics, therefore, who find fault with this poem because it is not so simple as the songs of Anacreon, or the love verses of Shenstone and Waller, may as well blame Shakspeare, because Othello does not speak in the sweet and simple language of Desdemona. Horace has nowhere attempted a theme of such animation and sublimity as this of Gray; and yet Horace, like his master, Pindar, is often bold in his transitions, and in the style of many of his odes extremely figurative. But this we not only excuse, but applaud, when we consider, that in those odes the assumed character of the speaker is enthusiasm, which in all its operations is somewhat violent, and must, therefore give a peculiar vehemence both to thought and language."

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSHOOL,

IN looking over some old papers, I discovered the enclosed account of an interesting interview, in which I partook, some years ago, with that great man, Dr. ROBERTSON, the illustrious Historian of his own and of our country. It is a circumstance which I have often repeated to my friends and acquaintance; but it is now, for the first time, offered to public notice. If you should consider it as entitled to a place in The Port Folio, it is at your service.

Your friend and humble servant,

New-York. J. M.

IMMEDIATELY preceding the death of this great man, several American gentlemen arrived at Edinburgh, on a tour which they were making through Great-Britain.* Having previously heard of the severe illness, under which he then laboured, they had taken no introductory letters to him; but finding him still living, they expressed to Mr. Balfour, an eminent bookseller, and one of the executors of Dr. R. their desire to see so distinguished a character.

Mr. Balfour had the kindness to state their wishes to Dr. Robertson, and he was pleased to express a desire to gratify them: he announced to them, through Mr. B. that on the first day, "when he should find himself well enough to see company at all, he would send for *the Americans.*"

To their great gratification, they received the summons, on the third day following. They repaired to his house, about a mile distant from Edinburgh, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon. They were introduced into a drawingroom, and awaited about ten minutes, when he entered from an adjoining apartment.

His first salutation was (alluding to the circumstances under which their introduction was made) "you see, gentlemen, but the *wreck* of Dr. Robertson"!

He reclined upon a sofa; and aware of the embarrassment his visitors naturally felt, he introduced the conversation, commencing with inquiries as to the state of affairs in the United States, supposing that that subject would to them be most easy and familiar. He spoke of general Washington with enthusiasm. He said that governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, had early predicted to him, (Dr. R.) the eminent rise of general W. in public life. He spoke of Dr. Ewing, the Provost of

* Dr. D. Hosack, Mr. John Morton, and Mr. Childs, of New-York.

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the University of Pennsylvania, as a man of great talents, for whom he entertained a great personal regard.

He inquired into the plans of the travellers; and finding that they had preferred a correct knowledge of Great-Britain before they went upon the continent of Europe, he highly approved them, as being directed to a country to which their own was so nearly assimilated in its laws, manners, and customs.

They enjoyed his conversation for about three quarters of an hour; when, finding him a good deal exhausted, they took their leave.

With the prospect of death immediately before him (his physicians had announced to him that he could live but a few days) he was, in that interview, as calm and collected as if many years were still to be his portion. His last words at parting were, "Do not forget to present my kind regards to Dr. Ewing."

On the arrival of the travellers at Dublin, fourteen days afterward, they received the intelligence of the death of this illustrious man!

EPISTOLARY——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Bethlehem.

I AM always delighted with my visits to this place, and leave it with reluctance. The town is charmingly situated in a mountainous, healthy, and romantic country, upon one of the most beautiful rivers that our country can boast of. I take infinite pleasure in wandering upon the retired banks of the Lehigh, whose solemn, winding stream, and richly-shaded borders present a beautiful and secluded scene.

The society of brothers and sisters united in one common interest, and shut out from the noisy and busy pursuits of the world, offers a sublime and beautiful model of the perfection to which human nature may be elevated, when the petty passions and desires of our nature are subdued or properly controlled. The Moravians are a most benevolent and charitable set of people, and have an integrity and simplicity of manners, at the same time an honest and frank politeness that prepossesses us strongly in their favour.

Bethlehem is the spot for those who are disgusted with the vain pursuits of the world, and a retreat where those who are bowed down with the misfortunes incident to life, may find comfort and consolation

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and live in calm resignation. The surrounding country is charming, and the neighbouring villages enliven the prospect. I have visited most of them, and particularly Nazareth, where you and I have passed many happy moments. The fond recollection of youthful pleasures, enjoyed while at school, rushes upon the mind. It was here that we received the rudiments of knowledge, and the first impression of piety and religion. As Memory throws her sunshine on the past, the many boyish amusements of our younger days, arising with renewed recollection, appear as actions of yesterday. The pleasure we took in receiving instruction from our amiable tutors, the amusements and plays in the moments of recreation, our delightful excursions to Bethlehem, the Blue mountains, &c. the little gardens we cultivated with such indefatigable labour and pleasure; the anxious joy with which we arose before break of day to receive our Christmas and Easter presents; the religious festivals, that occurred at stated periods; the fearful, the pleasing sensations, when summoned to attend our monthly confessions, when we reposed ourselves with unlimited confidence, in the bosom of our venerable and respectable President, acknowledged all our faults, promised amendment, and received his fatherly advice and benediction: the innocent celebration of our respective birth-days, and the playful and complimentary verses addressed to each other on these occasions, when we strove to outvie each other in the wit and beauty of our lines. I never shall forget the pleasure I experienced on the anniversary of my birth, when rising early in the morning, and entering the room, I observed these little testimonies of affection and esteem, upon my desk a pile of these verses, and my place decorated with the early flowers of Spring, my companions greeted me, and our amiable tutor advanced, took me by the hand, and congratulated me on having progressed one step more towards manhood. It was H——d, who has since become a celebrated Physician, and employed by the Holland Company, in the sultry and unhealthy climate of Batavia, has enlarged the delightful and charming Science of Botany; the manner of this one action was sufficient to leave a most favourable impression, but his uniform, affectionate, and tender conduct endeared us to him. All these scenes return with renewed pleasure, sometimes accompanied with a melancholy recollection of other circumstances, that is both pleasing and mournful to the soul. It was here that I first experienced the delights of generous friendship, and felt the first pangs of a separation from the objects of it, the day is still fresh in my memory, when C——s left us to return home, when I felt myself alone, and insulated, in the midst of my gay companions. Most of our acquaintances are scattered over the wide world: upon inquiring I found that many had gone to that country from whose bourne no traveller returns, others were

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engaged in the busy and active pursuits of the world, and rising to eminence in their respective professions. This one a soldier, here a lawyer, a physician, a divine, a merchant, or a wealthy farmer. D——l lives here surrounded, with all the comforts and happiness that arises from domestic felicity and retirement, blessed in his amiable and lovely partner, and three smiling cherubs, the offspring of their union. I came unexpectedly upon them, and found them seated together, with their lovely infants playing around them, who flew into my arms, seeming to recognise me as a friend of their parents; I soon won their little hearts. We passed the evening in recalling times that are passed, and in talking over the adventures of his love, in which my friend represented himself sometimes as the sad emblem of despair, and again the happy picture of revived hope, as the goddess of his idolatry frowned or smiled. At parting I put into her hands those beautiful lines of Thomson, so applicable to their situation, which I had scribbled with my pencil:

"Happy they! the happiest of their kind!
"Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate,
"Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend."

She read them with satisfaction, and her eyes beamed upon her husband with inexpressible love.

I left this happy couple with regret at my own hapless fate, who am most unfortunately gifted by nature with proud, cold, and insensible feeling, that can never suffer me to become the willing happy slave of woman.

L——e, whom we all loved and esteemed for his amiable and engaging manners, became the melancholy victim of despair and hopeless love; scorned and rejected by the woman, whom he fondly hoped would become the friend of his heart, and consoler of its cares, he fell into a dull and gloomy habit of retirement; the world with all its pleasure to him, was a mere blank; he relinquished all his former companions and pursuits; for a while Reason maintained her sway; but possessed of the most keen and tender sensibility, he sunk under this misfortune; his strength of mind was broken, his early impressions of piety were destroyed, and in a moment of phrenzy and despair, he committed that most horrid of crimes, which in opposition to reason, virtue, and religion, violates the decrees of God and man: he fell by his own hands. As usual, the funeral rites were refused to this unfortunate young man, and he lies in a retired and sequestered corner of the wood, in which we have so often played together. I walked to his lonely and solitary tomb encircled with deep shaded cypress, and shed

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a tear of regret and affection over our lost companion. Peace to his departed shade!

The unfortunate girl, who loved him, but tampered with his feelings, and trifled with his passion, discovered her folly and cruelty, when too late, and became the miserable object of delirious phrenzy. She wandered about desolate and forlorn; her form and countenance once so lovely and expressive, is now changed into the wan and withered figure of despair; her eyes once beaming intelligence and serenity, now gleam with the wild stare of madness; her hollow cheeks; her projecting features, and pallid, death-like complexion; her dishevelled hair; her hurried, and irregular step; the wild touching tones of her voice, while with frantic and incoherent words, she calls upon her Henry; mourns his untimely end; imprecates herself as the cause, and implores the Mercy of Heaven to avert the merited curses from her head. All these, mark her as the hopeless, irrecoverably lost maniac. I conversed with her until my feelings were wrought to the highest pitch; I offered assistance; I attempted to console, but all in vain; and I tore myself away in a state of mind, almost equal to her own.

H——r, who was gallant, gay, and generous, and possessed of a large fortune, entered as an officer in the Austrian army, and has risen to considerable rank; and S——d, whom I remember as a spritely mischievous boy, is here transformed into the sleek and rigid tutor; and I need scarcely recall to your remembrance our noble friend Jarvis, who lives in the memory of every American, who gloriously preferred certain death to an abandonment of his post while contending against the enemies of his country, and bravely kept his dangerous station in the main top of the Constellation, while fighting under the command of the gallant Truxtun. Even in his boyish plays he discovered that manly and generous spirit, which in after years, gained him the applause and regret of his countrymen, and the honourable resolve of Congress, so justly due to his memory.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

MRS. ELIZABETH FERGUSON.

Mrs. Elizabeth Ferguson was the daughter of Dr. Thomas Graeme, by Anne, the daughter of Sir William Keith, then governor of

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Pennsylvania. Her father was a native of Scotland, and a graduate in medicine. For nearly half a century he maintained the first rank in his profession in the city of Philadelphia. He held, during a great part of this time, the office of collector of the port. Her mother possessed a masculine mind, with all those female charms and accomplishments which render a woman alike agreeable to both sexes. They had one son and three daughters, all of whom attained to the age of maturity. The subject of this memoir was the youngest of them. She discovered, in early life, signs of uncommon talents and virtues, both of which were cultivated with great care, and chiefly by her mother. Her person was slender, and her health delicate. The latter was partly the effect of native weakness, being a seven months' child, and partly acquired by too great application to books. She passed her youth in the lap of parental affection. A pleasant and highly-improved retreat, known by the name of Græme Park, in Montgomery county, twenty miles from Philadelphia, in which her parents spent their summers, afforded her the most delightful opportunities for study, meditation, rural walks, and pleasures, and, above all, for cultivating a talent for poetry. This retreat was, moreover, consecrated to society and friendship. A plentiful table was spread daily for visitors, and two or three young ladies from Philadelphia generally partook with Miss Græme of the enjoyments which her situation in the country furnished. About her seventeenth year she was addressed by a citizen of Philadelphia of respectable connexions and character. She gave him her heart, with the promise of her hand upon his return from London, whither he went to complete his education in the law. From causes which it is not necessary to detail, the contract of marriage, at a future day, was broken, but not without much suffering on the part of Miss Græme. To relieve and divert her mind from the effects of this event, she translated the whole of Telemachus into English verse; but this, instead of saving, perhaps aided the distress of her disappointment in impairing her health, and that to such a degree as to induce her father, in conjunction with two other physicians, to advise a voyage to England for its recovery. Her mother concurred in this advice, but for another reason besides that of restoring her daughter's health. This venerable and excellent woman had long laboured under a disease which, she believed, would have a fatal issue. She anticipated the near approach of death; and that it might be less terrible to her, she wished her daughter to be removed beyond the sphere of the counter attraction of her affections from the world of spirits, which her presence near her deathbed, would excite. This feeling is not a solitary or casual one, in the human mind. Archbishop Lightfoot wished to die from home, that he might dissolve more easily his ties to his family. A lady in Philadelphia, some years ago, in her

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last moments said to her daughter, who sat weeping at her bedside, "Leave me, my child; I cannot die while you are in the room." Many instances of similar conflicts between religion and nature have occurred in domestic history which have escaped general observation.

Mrs. Græme died, according to her expectations and wishes, during her daughter's absence, leaving behind her two farewell letters to be delivered to her upon her return; one, upon the choice of a husband, and the other upon the management of a family. These letters contain many original ideas, and the most ardent expressions of maternal affection. The tenor of these expressions may easily be conceived by the following sentence extracted from the introduction to one of them. "I have rested for some time with my pen in my hand, from being at a loss to find out an epithet to address you with, that shall fully express my affection for you. After a good deal of deliberation, I can find nothing that pleases me better than 'my own dear Betsy'."*

Miss Græme spent a year in England, where she was accompanied by the Rev. Dr. Richard Peters of Philadelphia, a gentleman of highly polished manners, and whose rank enabled him to introduce her to the most respectable circles of company. She sought, and was sought for, by the most celebrated literary gentlemen who flourished in England at the time of the accession of George the third to the throne. She was introduced to this monarch, and particularly noticed by him. The celebrated Dr. Fothergill, whom she consulted as a physician, became her friend and correspondent as long as he lived. An accident attached the sentimental and then popular author of Tristram Shandy to her. She took a seat upon the same stage with him at the York races. While bets were making upon different horses, she selected a small horse that was in the rear of the coursers as the subject of a trifling wager. Upon being

* Mrs. Græme left letters to several of her friends, to be delivered to them after her death. The following is an extract from one of them to Mrs. Redman, the wife of the late Dr. John Redman:

"I have been waiting with a pleasing expectation of my dissolution a great while, and I believe the same portion of grace which has been afforded me hitherto, will not be withdrawn at that trying hour. My trust is in my heavenly Father's mercies, procured and promised for the all-sufficient merits of my blessed Saviour, so that whatever time it may be before you see this, or whatever weakness I may be under on my deathbed, be assured *this* is my faith; *this* is my hope from my youth up until now. And thus, my dear, I take my final leave of you. Adieu, forever.

ANNE GRÆME."

Sept. 22, 1762.

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asked the reason for doing so, she said that the "race was not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." Mr. Sterne, who stood near to her, was struck with this reply, and, turning hastily towards her, begged for the honour of her acquaintance. They soon became sociable, and a good deal of pleasant conversation took place between them, to the great entertainment of the surrounding company.

Upon her return to Philadelphia, she was visited by a numerous circle of friends, as well to condole with her upon the death of her mother, as to welcome her arrival to her native shores. She soon discovered by the streams of information she poured upon her friends, that she had been "all eye, all ear, and all grasp," during her visit to Great-Britain. The Journal she kept of her travels, was a feast to all who read it. Manners and characters in an old and highly civilized country, contrasted with those to which she had been accustomed in our own, accompanied with many curious facts and anecdotes, were the component parts of this interesting manuscript. Her modesty alone prevented its being made public, and thereby affording a specimen to the world, and to posterity, of her happy talents for observation, reflection, and composition.

In her father's family she now occupied the place of her mother. She kept his house, and presided at his table and fire-side in entertaining all his company. Such was the character of Dr. Græme's family for hospitality and refinement of manners, that all strangers of note who visited Philadelphia were introduced to it. Saturday evenings were appropriated for many years during Miss Græme's winter residence in the city, for the entertainment not only of strangers, but of such of her friends of both sexes as were considered the most suitable company for them. These evenings were, properly speaking, of the attic kind. The genius of Miss Græme evolved the heat and light that animated them. One while she instructed by the stores of knowledge contained in the historians, philosophers, and poets of ancient and modern nations, which she called forth at her pleasure; and again she charmed by a profusion of original ideas, collected by her vivid and widely expanded imagination, and combined with exquisite taste and judgment into an endless variety of elegant and delightful forms. Upon these occasions her body seemed to evanish, and she appeared to be all mind. The writer of this memoir would have hesitated in giving this description of the luminous displays of Miss Græme's knowledge and eloquence at these intellectual banquets, did he not know there are several ladies and gentlemen now living in Philadelphia, who can testify that it is not exaggerated.

It was at one of these evening parties she first saw Mr. Hugh Henry Ferguson, a handsome and accomplished young gentleman who had

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lately arrived in this country from Scotland. They were suddenly pleased with each other. Private interviews soon took place between them, and in the course of a few months they were married. The inequality of their ages, (for he was ten years younger than Miss Græme) was opposed, in a calculation of their conjugal happiness, by the sameness of their attachment to books, retirement, and literary society. They settled upon the estate in Montgomery County, which Mrs. Ferguson's father (who died at an advanced age soon after her marriage) bequeathed to her. But before the question of their happiness could be decided by the test of experiment, the dispute between Great-Britain and America took place, in which it became necessary for Mr. Ferguson to take part. He joined the former in the year 1775, and from that time a perpetual separation took place between him and Mrs. Ferguson. Other causes contributed to prevent their reunion after the peace of 1782; but the recital of them would be uninteresting as well as foreign to the design of this publication. Mrs. Ferguson passed the interval between the year 1775 and the time of her death, chiefly in the country upon her farm, in reading, and in the different branches of domestic industry. A female friend who had been the companion of her youth, and whose mind was congenial to her own, united her destiny with hers, and soothed her various distresses by all the kind and affectionate offices which friendship and sympathy could dictate. In her retirement she was eminently useful. The doors of the cottages that were in her neighbourhood bore the marks of her footsteps, which were always accompanied or followed with cloathing, provisions, or medicines, to relieve the nakedness, hunger, or sickness of their inhabitants. During the time general Howe had possession of Philadelphia, she sent a quantity of linen into the city, spun with her own hands, and directed it to be made into shirts for the benefit of the American prisoners that were taken at the battle of Germantown.

Upon hearing, in one of her visits to Philadelphia, that a merchant once affluent in his circumstances, was suddenly thrown into gaol by his creditors, and was suffering from the want of many of the usual comforts of his life, she sent him a bed, and afterwards procured admission into his apartment, and put twenty dollars into his hands. He asked for the name of his benefactor. She refused to make herself known to him, and suddenly left him. This humane and charitable act would not have been made known, had not the gentleman's description of her person and dress discovered it. At this time her annual income was reduced to the small sum of one hundred and sixty dollars a year, which had been saved by the friendship of the late Mr. George Meade, out of the wreck of her estate. Many such secret acts of charity, exercised at the expense of her personal and habitual com-

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forts, might be mentioned. They will all be made known elsewhere. In these acts she obeyed the gospel commandment of loving her neighbours *better* than herself. Her sympathy was not only active, but passive in a high degree. In the extent of this species of sensibility, she seemed to be all nerve. She partook of the minutest sorrows of her friends, and even a newspaper that contained a detail of public or private wo, did not pass through her hands without being bedewed with a tear. Nor did her sympathy with misery end here. The sufferings of the brute creation often drew sighs from her bosom, and led her to express a hope that reparation would be made to them for those sufferings in a future state of existence.

I have said that Mrs. Ferguson possessed a talent for poetry. Some of her verses have been published, and many of them are in the hands of her friends. They discover a vigorous poetical imagination, but the want of a poetical ear. This will not surprise those who know there may be poetry without metre, and metre without poetry.

The prose writings of Mrs. Ferguson indicate strong marks of genius, taste, and knowledge. Nothing that came from her pen was common. Even her hasty notes to her friends placed the most trivial subjects in such a new and agreeable light, as not only secured them from destruction, but gave them a durable place among the most precious fragments of fancy and sentiment.

Some of her letters will appear in future numbers of The Port Folio.

Mrs. Ferguson was a stranger to the feelings of a mother, for she had no children, but she knew, and faithfully performed all the duties of that relation to the son and daughter of one of her sisters, who committed them to her care upon her death bed. They both possessed hereditary talents and virtues. Her nephew, John Young, became under her direction, an accomplished scholar and gentleman. He died a lieutenant in the British army, leaving behind him a record of his industry and knowledge, in an elegant translation of d'Argent's Ancient Geography, into the English language. A copy of this valuable work is to be seen in the Philadelphia Library, with a tribute to the memory of the translator by Mrs. Ferguson.* The mind of her niece,

* A singular incident laid the foundation for the literary acquirements of this young gentleman. Before his 12th year, he was an idle boy; about that time, his aunt locked him in her father's library, for four and twenty hours, as a punishment for some offence. In this situation, he picked up a book to relieve himself, from the uneasiness of his solitude. This book arrested and fixed his attention. He read it through, and from that time he became devoted to books and study.

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Ann Young, was an elegant impression of her own: she married Dr. William Smith, of Philadelphia, and lived but a few years afterwards. She left a son and daughter; the latter followed her mother prematurely to the grave, in the year 1808, in the 30th year of her age; after exhibiting to a numerous and affectionate circle of acquaintances, a rare instance of splendid talents and virtues, descending unimpaired through four successive generations.

The virtues which have been ascribed to Mrs. Ferguson, were not altogether the effects of education, nor of a happy moral texture of mind. They were improved, invigorated, and directed in their exercises by the doctrines and precepts of Christianity. To impress the contents of the Bible more deeply upon her mind, she transcribed every chapter and verse in it, and hence arose the facility and success with which she frequently selected its finest historical and moral passages to illustrate or adorn the subjects of her writings and conversation.

She was well read in polemical divinity, and a firm believer in what are considered the mysteries of revelation. Although educated in the forms, and devoted to the doctrines of the church of England, she worshipped devoutly with other sects, when she resided among them, by all of whom she was with a singular unanimity believed to be a sincere and pious Christian.

There was a peculiarity in her disposition, which would seem, at first sight, to cast a shade over the religious part of her character. After the reduction of her income, she constantly refused to accept of the least pecuniary assistance, and even of a present, from any of her friends. Let such persons who are disposed to ascribe this conduct to unchristian pride, recollect, there is a great difference between that sense of poverty, which is induced by adverse dispensations of Providence, and that which is brought on by voluntary charities. Mrs. Ferguson conformed, in the place, and manner of her living, to the narrowness of her resources. She knew no want that could make a wise or good woman unhappy, and she was a stranger to the "real evil" of debt. Her charities, moreover, would not have been her own, had they been replaced by the charities of her friends.

The afflictions of this excellent woman from all the causes that have been mentioned, did not fill up the measure of her sufferings. Her passage out of life was accompanied with great and protracted pain. This welcome event took place on the 23rd of February, in the year 1801, in the 62d year of her age, at the house of Seneca Lukins, a member of the Society of Friends, near Græme Park. Her body was interred, agreeably to her request by the side of her parents in the enclosure of Christ Church, in Philadelphia.

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Should this attempt to rescue the name and character of this illustrious woman from oblivion, fall into the hands of any of the female readers of The Port Folio, who have been accustomed to feel an elevation of soul in contemplating the honour which Madame Dacier, Madame Sevigné; Lady Rachael Russel, and Mrs. Rowe, have conferred upon their respective countries; let them exult not less in reflecting, that a similar honour has been conferred upon the United States, by the singular attainments and virtues of Mrs. Elizabeth Ferguson.

THE WANDERER——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Malo est audax. OVID.

How apt we are to complain of the very causes of our success, and to think the hand that is raised to give us bounty uplifted to strike us. Adversity, which is frequently the hand of heaven extended in beneficence to man, is generally regarded as the stroke of fate, that is to prostrate him in the dust, and is the constant subject and burthen of his complaints. Nay, the kindness of the blow is often in proportion to its severity; and countless characters, that have gleamed with transcendent effulgence in this night of time, have been indebted to the extreme chillness of adversity for giving them lustre.

Niobe is drawn by Ovid *audax malo*, bold from distress. The arrow, winged by Apollo himself, from which the startled air drew back, passed by her "as the idle wind;"

Praeter Nioben unam, conteruit omnes.

It had not power to move what had already sunk into firmness. *Excessere metum sua jam mala.* Evil was now her good, but both were beyond fear. The celestials were defeated. She was now fearless from grief.

In the fate of Tantalus's daughter, the Roman bard has illustrated and enforced a moral truth. Adversity gives a hardihood to character, as the fibre is hardened against the winds of heaven by exposure to their blasts. Never was there a revolution but the storm found out its genius. Never adversity, that it did not probe to the quick of talent. If ability inheres, adversity will try it and search it out. If it be a sight worthy of the gods, "A brave man struggling with the storms of fate," those storms making a man struggle into bravery are far worthier

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the divinities' attention. From being long engaged in the conflict with Destiny, you at length get to master him. You in some degree control events, or in the bold language of the poet, "take a bond of fate."

Philosophers account for the introduction of natural or physical evil consistently with the perfections of the introducer by supposing it the necessary and only possible mean of exciting the virtues. Without distress there could be no room for compassion, and without an object in need of relief the very bond of perfectness, charity, would be cancelled in the system. There seems to be a similar necessity for this evil for the production of talent. Such is the indolence of the human animal, it seems as though he would prefer natural darkness as favourable to rest, to the light of that sun, which would compel him to exertion to procure shelter from the heat of his beams. As moralists and mathematicians agree that to succeed in an experiment the power must be proportionate to the degree of resistance, great, indeed, must be the force to overcome this *passive* principle. When we add to this the clouds and darkness, that overshadow every human enterprise and project, we can hardly doubt for a moment, that this boasted lord of the creation would be torpid throughout the winter of existence, did not necessity mingle with the blood in his veins and stimulate him to action. It is, that torpor would be numbness, and that that blood must else cease to flow, that reluctant man is ever prevailed upon to put himself in motion. The same power that produces is alone competent to preserve, and when the necessity, real or apprehended, has ceased, the subject relapses into congenial inaction.

The belles lettres of the language are mostly the mere result of this principle. The writers of the most brilliant productions, that adorn the shelf of the scholar, have been goaded by necessity to the points of composition, as the least of the evils. Gloomy adversity has been the melancholy genius of their inspiration. Goldsmith and Johnson are striking illustrations of this remark. Of the poets, alas, who are they, that are not? Nor is it confined to our own language. Boethius passed off in the van of that melancholy troop, who, from the shortness of their stay, "come like shadows, so depart."

The storm, indeed, may blow away twigs, but it deepens the roots of the oak and gives vigour and extent to its branches. The twigs would be worthless, did the storm leave them. The oak becomes invaluable, as it rises in strength and might, extending still wider shelter and shade, and affording more abundant means of support and defence. Few characters are so light, that adversity would blow them away. On the contrary, scarcely one can be found, that it might not establish. O, that some youth of the neighbourhood could once pass under its gale, that it might be seen, whether it would not brace them into vigour or chill them into firmness; whether by bearing away the bushel of chaff

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it might not lay open and bring to light the single grain of wheat, that is now buried and lost. The characters are not scarce that want *winnowing*.

The world have often been surprised at the sudden rise of men, who, without capital, without any rare endowments, and without friends, have raised themselves to affluence, and the homage that follows as its shade. It is these very negative qualities that insured them success. It is "the art in their necessities" has made "these vile things precious." Adversity is the crucible in which tempers as well as talents are tried, as by fire. Patience, justice, and fortitude, three of the cardinal virtues, it often purifies to additional splendour. It is, indeed, poor consolation to the daughter of affliction, that she learns meekness from the frowns of a mother. But there is solid comfort in the reflection, that the head gains an energy from every pang of the heart, that the courage and resources of the mind rise with the terrors of the seige, and that it at length may "come off more than conqueror." Thus is comprehended the blessing of adversity. Thus is it seen how heaven loveth whom it chasteneth, and how Piety, writhing under its scourge, may yet "bow and kiss the rod." The contemplation of the uses of adversity will satisfy the philosopher with the superintendence of Providence; and nothing can more promote in a Christian, resignation to the direst dispensations of Deity, than the consciousness, that, in this state of probation, he is, in some degree, "made perfect through suffering."

JULIUS.

THE CELEBRATED CORINNA.

THERE has been no biography of any authentic stamp of this celebrated woman; and our readers will perhaps feel a pleasure from the brief narrative which we now lay before them, collected with difficulty, and from no common source.

Corinna (whose real name was Mrs. Thomas), the pride of the gay world, and no less celebrated for her charms, than for her genius, was born in 1675. She seems to have inherited from her father, who was far advanced in life, and whose health had been long infirm, an unhappy constitution, rendered yet more delicate by the injudicious tenderness, with which she was nurtured. From her infancy she was afflicted with fevers and defluxions; but, with these physical disadvantages, she possessed a gay and lively temper, and gave early

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mise of a vigorous intellect. Before she had completed her second year, the death of her father, of whose circumstances his family, from his expensive manner of living, had formed an erroneous calculation, involved them in embarrassment and distress.

The Duke of Montague made flattering professions of service; and when Mrs. Thomas solicited him, as Captain of the band of pensioners, to bestow a post on a Mr. Gwynnet, a young gentleman, who had long addressed her daughter, actually assented to her request, on condition that the bride-elect should apply to him in person. The guileless mother overwhelmed her generous benefactor with grateful acknowledgments, and instantly hastened to inform her daughter of their flattering prospects, when, to her extreme surprise, she received from Corinna, who had been accustomed to yield to her commands an implicit obedience, a peremptory refusal to avail herself of the bounty of the noble Duke. Compelled at length to explain the motives for a conduct so unreasonable and extraordinary, the young lady confessed that his Grace had attempted to allure her from the paths of chastity. To this she added, that in the condition he had annexed to his services to her lover, she had but too just cause to fear a renewal of his dishonourable purposes. The feelings of a mother upon such an occasion required no description.

The mind of Corinna had been highly cultivated by a perusal of the best authors, while, as her taste refined, her sentiments became delicate and elevated, and her character strongly tinctured with those virtues which

"The sons of interest deem romance."

Their circumstances becoming daily more perplexed and involved, she remonstrated with her lover on the inequality of their fortunes and prospects, and the imprudence of the connexion which he solicited. The attachment of Mr. Gwynnet, who was already in a great degree independent of his family, was increased by the delicacy and disinterestedness of his mistress; nor was it long before he gained the consent of his father to a union in which his happiness was so deeply involved. With this sanction he came to London, to claim the reward of his affection and fidelity.

Mrs. Thomas being at this time in an infirm state of health, her amiable daughter refused, in her own better prospects, to abandon her mother to the care of strangers. She replied to the solicitations of her lover, that as she had not thought sixteen years too long a period to wait for him, she hoped he would not consider six months as tedious, in expectation of receiving, at the end of that time, the recompense of his generous constancy. "Six months at present, my Corinna," he replied, with a sigh, "are more than the sixteen years that are passed; you now defer our union, and God will put it off forever." His words were prophetic. The next day he returned into the country, and made his will, by which he bequeathed to Corinna six hundred pounds; he sickened shortly after, and expired April 16th, 1711. To express the feelings of his mistress on this event language is inadequate:—"Sorrow," said she, "has been my portion ever since."

The deed of conveyance, by which the father of Mr. Gwynnet had empowered his son to dispose of his effects, with the will which he had in consequence made, were suppressed by his brother. She had, in the course of this suit, been obliged to sign an instrument to empower the lawyers to receive the money, and pay themselves the costs

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The consequences may be foreseen: thirteen pounds sixteen shillings was the residue which these conscientious gentleman, who sell justice very dear, paid into her hands. Reduced by this event to the necessity of retiring from her creditors to obscurity and want, she was betrayed by a pretended friend, and thrown into prison.

After her liberation from confinement, Mrs. Thomas resided in a small and humble lodging in Fleet-street, where she died, February, 1730, in the fifty-sixth year of her age. She was interred in the church of St. Bride's.

CORRESPONDENCE——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

YOUR correspondent "Atticus," wishes to know, whether "Paracelsus" be correct in his analysis of Atmospheric air; he is therefore informed, that Paracelsus in stating the theory of combustion, was desirous to keep out of view, every thing which might embarrass his description; the minute history of Atmospheric air being foreign from his purpose was of course omitted.

Paracelsus now takes the liberty to remark, that he cannot acknowledge himself in an error, while he is supported by the authority of Chaptal and Lavoisier. "Atticus" is mistaken in supposing "carbonic acid gas" a component part of Atmospheric air. It is a distinct substance, accidentally mixed with it, and no more forms one of its constituent principles, than water, smoke, or miasmata.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

To solve the difficulty stated by X Y in No. II of The Port Folio, I beg leave to inform him, that ὄρα, take care, is understood before the infinitive ἰμμεναι. The substituting an infinitive for the imperative mood where a word is wanting belongs to the genius of the Greek language. I am of opinion that Greek literature will never flourish in the United States till professor Dalzel's Αναλεκτα are reprinted. By the importation of Dalzel's Collectanea at Richmond, the nobly-sounding phrases and periphrases of the Greeks are understood in Virginia better, perhaps, than in any other State.

I am, &c.

ATTICUS.

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COURT OF FASHION.

We trust our *elegantes* will not, in future, have cause to complain of our gallantry, or inattention to their claims in this department. When our correspondence with the *beau monde* of London and Paris is systematised, these pages will be eagerly ranged through by the eye of every fair one, who has not adopted that silly idea, which Thomson applies to his little sun-burnt rustic, Lavinia:

When unadorned, adorned the most;

but has sufficient enlargement of soul to conceive

Art may improve what Nature gave,

and Cinderella-like, puts aside the sombre habit of the housewife, for the more splendid attire of the fashionable belle.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY, 1809.

EXPLANATION OF THE PRINTS.—ENGLISH COSTUME.

Nos. 1 *and* 2.—*Evening Dresses.*

FONTARABIAN robes of Saragossa brown net, worn over white satin or sarsnet; the front breadth ornamented with borders of vandyke lace, terminated at the extreme edge with gold cord, or narrow binding. Stomacher of white satin, laced with gold. Short sleeve of correspondent materials. A drapery flowing from the right shoulder (where it is confined with a brooch), is trimmed *semblable* to the front of the robe (as seen in Fig. 1 of the Plate), and falling in graceful negligence round the back of the figure, is trimmed on the left side with a gold tassel. A Pelerine, or Pilgrim's tippet, of lace, brought to points in front of the figure, and confined with gold brooches on the shoulders, forms a graceful finish for the bust. A patriotic hat of white satin, frosted velvet, or silver tissue, with Gallician plume. Hair worn in irregular ringlets. Diamond earrings, necklace, and bracelets. Shoes of white satin, with silver rosettes and fringe. Gloves of French kid.

The different terms applied to the various articles which compose this elegant habiliment will, of course, bespeak it entirely Spanish; and we here take occasion to remark, that it is equally consistent and attractive if formed of any fashionable coloured crape, or fancy leno.

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Evening Dresses in June 1809

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Full Dress

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No. 3.—Evening Dress.

A round robe, with short train of claret-coloured crape or muslin; a fluted riband round the bottom of the same colour; a French stomacher front of white satin, either plain or laced with silver cord, and trimmed with narrow vandyke lace, which is continued round the back and shoulders; a white satin long sleeve, edged as the stomacher, or with a deep antique cuff of lace. A square mantle of white net, embroidered in large spots or small stars of silver, and edged with vandyke trimming; sometimes this graceful appendage is formed entirely of lace, at others of gossamer satin, edged with swansdown. A Spanish hat of white sattin, with frosted silver plume and loop. Pearl necklace, earrings, bracelets, and armlets. White satin shoes, with silver embroidered toes. Gloves of French kid; and opera fan of carved amber.

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GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON THE FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON,

SELECTED FROM THE MOST ELEGANT PUBLIC AND PRIVATE SOURCES.

ALTHOUGH the walking, or carriage costume, has undergone little change as to their material or general construction, yet some few elegant novelties have been introduced, which claim, from their unique formation, the attention of our fair correspondents. The first which we shall notice is a walking, or rather carriage habit, formed in a high round robe of fine Merino cloth, the colour Spanish fly. This robe is formed a walking length, with long sleeves, and square Spanish mantle of the same, flowing over the back and shoulders. All the points and terminations of the robe and mantle are ornamented with a fancy border of chenille in shaded greens, finished with a narrow base of black velvet. At the extremity of the throat it has a plaited winged frill of point lace, in vandyke or scollop. A small bonnet of the jockey form, composed of the same materials, ornamented with edging, and band of variegated green feathers. A short lace veil of French point, and half boots of green kid, or velvet laced with black, completes this very attractive and elegant dress.

Pelisses are now often formed with scarfs and short mantles of the same, of Spanish fly, Saragossa brown, or fine purple cloth, or gold-coloured velvet; they are trimmed with spotted ermine, or other skin, or with the shaded border of floss silk. The Exile mantle is now much in esteem, and possesses much unstudied elegance. It is composed of fine Vigonia cloth of a very dark green, lined throughout with rose-co-

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loured, or amber sarsnet; and which being doubled over at the edges, forms a lively contrast to the fur with which it is trimmed about a nail beyond. This elegant mantle is constructed with a high puckered collar, clasped at the throat with silver, gold, or cut steel. It sits close to the figure in form of a wrap on one side; and on the other (which is rounded) it is folded by the disposition of the hand, as fancy or necessity may direct. The Polish wrapping coat of cloth or velvet, lined and trimmed with fur is a very seasonable article, and well adapted to defend the fair wearer from the severity of the weather. White satin mantles trimmed with swansdown, and formed in the Exile style, are considered as elegant wraps for the Opera. Large shawls and scarlet mantles are, however, still much worn on these occasions; with which the white fox, or swansdown tippet, also blends. The straw bonnet is still introduced as a winter article, in various forms, and ornamented with seasonable flowers and ribands. These coverings though exceedingly comfortable for the pedestrian fair, and simply pretty in themselves, are certainly best adapted for summer wear. It were an endless task, should we attempt to describe the various constructions which compose the velvet bonnets and hats which our fashionables display; suffice it that they are generally formed of the same material as the pelisse or mantle, and are either of the Spanish or helmet form, while some are in the small French style with full puckered fronts. They are ornamented with Chinese flos trimmings, lace, flowers, and sometimes with two short feathers. This latter article in various forms, is now a distinguishing article in full dress; indeed the dress hat (particularly the Spanish) is incomplete without this graceful appendage.

There is much elegance and novelty in the construction of both morning and evening robes at this season. By such females as are fond of the extremes of fashion, the waist is *frightfully increased in length*, but the most genteel and elegant women do not exceed a becoming medium. The bosoms and fronts of robes are generally much ornamented. The morning robe is most consistent and becoming when formed of white muslin, let in with lace beading in various fanciful forms in front of the bust. We have seen two of this style of robes, which remain unrivalled as to that chaste and simple elegance which should ever distinguish this species of decoration. They were each made high in the neck, and one was formed with a winged ruff in small half plaits, edged with narrow vandyke lace, and cuffs to correspond, a stomacher front laced with cord, and otherwise ornamented with lace beading, but one had a border round the bottom and up the front of the *lotus* in white net, the edges in tambour, with high winged collar, and cuffs of the same.

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For full dress, gowns of cloth, velvet, and satin, are most in request at this season; though brocade sarsnet and muslin, and net over satin, blend with the elegant variety. The construction of these robes are various, some in velvet and fine imperial cloth, are bordered alternately with borders of chenille in embroidery; others are ornamented with gold or silver lace, with clasps and fringe to correspond; others are trimmed entirely with fine lace in antique.

Short Polanese robes of coloured gossamer net, over white satin under dresses, have a very light and elegant effect in the ball-room. The following dress struck us as exceedingly beautiful, and decorated females of considerable rank and much personal beauty. First, a round robe of fine white imperial cloth, trimmed round the bottom with a gold fringe; long sleeve of gold tissue, and deep antique cuff; gold embossed stomacher; diamond ornaments, with correspondent comb, and Spartan diadem. Secondly, a Convent robe of grass-green velvet, richly tamboured in borders of gold; a Spanish hat of white satin, with rich gold loops, and Spanish plume of variegated green feathers; white satin shoes, with gold embroidered toes. Thirdly, a plain round robe of pink or blossom-coloured satin, with long sleeve; a broad scolloped lace, laid plain round the feet a little above the hem; the same round the bosom and cuffs; an apliqued stomacher of point lace edged with pearl or white bugles; pearl necklace, earrings, and bracelets; hair *à la Greque*, with pearl comb. Fourthly, a Roman tunic of light-blue velvet, made high in the neck behind, with a deep double plaited ruff of vandyke lace, brought to a point at the centre of the bosom, and clasped with rich embossed silver ornaments thence to the feet; short sleeve the same as the vest, finished with silver lace or binding like that which borders the dress; a long sleeve of fine cobweb net placed over, and confined at the wrist with a diamond clasp; neck and head ornaments to correspond, or a Spanish hat of frosted satin.

Scarlet robes are rather on the decline, or at best only belonging to the intermediate style of decoration, as does also the half kerchief for the hair. Jewellery is much worn in the hair by those ladies whose redundant tresses reject the cap; which latter article belongs (in full dress) exclusively to ladies advanced in years; these are generally formed of velvet, gold and silver tissue, or lace interspersed with satin or velvet. The necklace, or chain, is worn short, and the bracelet broad.

The most genteel colours are Saragossa brown, Spanish fly, purple and gold colour; although scarlet and morone are very general.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.

FASHION, come; on me awhile
Deign, fantastic Nymph, to smile..

THE term, *World*, is in strict alliance with a vast variety of appropriate epithets. We are astonished at the wonders of the *great* world, and we smile at the fooleries and impertinence of the *little*. The busy world engrosses some of our attention, and toward the LITERARY WORLD, we gaze for hours together. Theologists talk much of an invisible world, and it is firmly and piously believed, that this sort of world is the best in the Universal System. Your pedant and your philosopher of *the sixteenth century*, affected in their solemn way, to speak, with great precision, of the *Mundus Muliebris*, or Female World. Modern Editors, Milliners, and Loungers, who are nothing like pedants or philosophers, descant at large in many a cream-coloured page on the dazzling beauties of the *Fashionable* World. Rustic, recluse, retired, and greyheaded, as OLIVER OLDSCHOOL most certainly is, yet from a variety of charming associations of faded youth and obsolete gallantry, he cannot help regarding this same fashionable world, with a high degree of complacency. When poor DRYDEN was almost in his dotage, he composed the following charming couplet:

Old as I am, for Ladies' love unfit,
The Power of Beauty I remember yet.

Now this is admirable, and expresses with all the Poet's energy the interest which every man of sensibility, however blunted by years, and misfortune, naturally feels, in whatever relates to LOVELY AND ACCOMPLISHED WOMAN.

As we understand from divers and authentic sources, that this our Magazine is sometimes peeped at by the brilliant belle, as well as by the solemn hermit, and the sage philosopher; therefore in gratitude for our good reception at toilets and in saloons, we should fail in our fealty to the Fair, if we did not devote some of our pages to the amusement and edification of the Ladies. In no city, town, or hamlet of this our most fortunate and favoured country, can brighter Beauty, or more enchanting Graces be found, than what we have the privilege of *gazing at*, from our study window. Philadelphia is the *Circassia* of the new

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World; and boasts of bewitching Beings, youthful as HEBE, gay as IRIS, or majestic as JUNO.

When drudging Application is in perpetual alliance with daring Genius, the duplicate Power overcomes every obstacle. So when the Perfection of Art comes up to the aid of blushing and beauteous Nature, the effect is irresistible, and the Triumph complete.

To effect this union is the object of the preceding article, which may be considered by our fair friends, as

"The glass of Fashion, and the mould of Form."

In the capital of Great Britain, are two publications of the most splendid character, and almost exclusively devoted to the Fashionable World. We allude to the *Court* Magazine by Bell, and the *Repository* by Akerman. These exhibit a regular history of the progress of Fashion, and their conductors watch most vigilantly "all the wild vicissitudes of Taste."

We have access to these splendid pamphlets, sooner perhaps, than any other readers in America. By a remarkably correct and systematic arrangement, it is in our power to diffuse a knowledge of the various modes of dress, nearly as soon, as they are adopted abroad. The modish costume of the month, or season, is generally illustrated by a superb engraving. This we shall occasionally emulate, as far as is practicable; and we will *fairly* appeal to our *fair* friends, if the annexed plate, descriptive of a Spanish dress, is not equal in effect to the finest flow of Grecian drapery.

N. B. Lest it should be unjustly thought, or injuriously asserted, that we are departing widely from our proper province, and that our recondite studies totally unqualify us to shine in this gay department, we assure our readers that we are so diffident of our skill in these intricate affairs, that we never act, without consulting the constituted authorities, and that many learned ladies, not to mention French and other Milliners, are frequently of our council.

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ORIGINAL POETRY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE FORESTERS;

A POEM:

Descriptive of a Pedestrian Journey to the Falls of Niagara, In the Autumn of 1803.

By the Author of American Ornithology.

Sons of the city! ye whom crowds and noise
Bereave of peace and Nature's rural joys,
And ye who love through woods and wilds to range,
Who see new charms in each successive change;
Come roam with me Columbia's forests through,
Where scenes sublime shall meet your wandering view;
Deep shades magnificent, immensely spread;
Lakes, sky-encircled, vast as ocean's bed;
Lone hermit streams that wind through savage woods;
Enormous cataracts swoln with thund'ring floods;
The settler's* farm with blazing fires o'erspread;
The hunter's cabin and the Indian's shed;
The log-built hamlet, deep in wilds embrac'd;
The awful silence of th' unpeopled waste:
These are the scenes the Muse shall now explore,
Scenes new to song and paths untrod before.
To Europe's shores renowned in deathless song,
Must all the honours of the bard belong?
And rural Poetry's enchanting strain
Be only heard beyond th' Atlantic main?
What though profuse in many a patriot's praise,
We boast a Barlow's soul-exalting lays;
An Humphreys blessed with Homer's nervous glow;
And Freedom's friend and champion in Freneau;
Yet *Nature*'s charms that bloom so lovely here,
Unhailed arrive, unheeded disappear;
While bare bleak heaths and brooks of half a mile
Can rouse the thousand bards of Britain's isle.

* A term usually applied in America to those persons who first commence the operations of agriculture in a new country by cutting, clearing, and actual settlement. The varied appearance of the woods where these are rapidly going on, forms a busy, novel, and interesting picture.

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There scarce a stream creeps down its narrow bed,
There scarce a hillock lifts its little head,
Or humble hamlet peeps their glades among
But lives and murmurs in immortal song.
Our western world, with all its matchless floods,
Our vast, transparent lakes and boundless woods,
Stamped with the traits of majesty sublime,
Unhonoured weep the silent lapse of time,
Spread their wild grandeur to th' unconscious sky,
In sweetest seasons pass unheeded by;
While scarce one Muse returns the songs they gave,
Or seeks to snatch their glories from the grave.

The sultry heats of summer's sun were o'er,
And ruddy orchards poured their ripened store;
Stripped of their leaves the cherry av'nues stood,
While sage October ting'd the yellow wood,
Bestrewed with leaves and nuts the woodland path,
And roused the *Katydid** in chattering wrath;
The corn stood topped, there pumpkins strewed the ground,
And driving clouds of blackbirds wheeled around,
Far to the south our warblers had withdrawn;
Slow sailed the thistle-down along the lawn;
High on the hedge-rows, pendant over head,
Th' embow'ring vines their purple clusters spread,
The buckwheat flails reechoed from the hill,
The creaking cider-press was busier still;
Red through the smoky air the wading sun
Sunk into fog ere half the day was done;
The air was mild, the roads embrown'd and dry,
Soft, meek-eyed Indian summer† ruled the sky.
Such was the season when equipt we stood
On the green banks of Schuylkill's winding flood,
Bound on a tour wide northern forests through,
And bade our parting friends a short adieu;
Three cheerful partners, Duncan was the guide,
Young, gay, and active, to the forest tried,

* A species of Gryllus very numerous and very noisy in the woods at that season.

† This expression is so well understood in the United States as hardly to require an explanation. Between the months of October and December there is usually a week or two of calm serene smoky weather, such as is here described, which is universally denominated the Indian summer.

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A stick and knapsack all his little store,
With these, whole regions Duncan could explore,
Could trace the path to other eyes unseen,
Tell where the panther, deer, or bear had been,
The long dull day through swamp and forest roam;
Strike up his fire and find himself at home;
Untie his wallet, taste his frugal store,
And under shelbury bark profoundly snore.
And soon as Morning cheered the forest scene,
Resume his knapsack and his path again.
Next Leech advanced, with youthful sails unfurled,
Fresh on his maiden cruise to see the world;
Red o'er his cheek the glow of health was spread,
An oilskin covering glittered round his head;
His light fusil across his shoulder thrown,
His neat-slung knapsack full and glistening shone;
Though unknown regions wide before him lay,
He scorned all fear while Wilson shared the way.
He next appeared, with glittering arms supplied,
A double gun, a deadly dirk beside,
A knapsack, crammed by Friendship's generous care,
With cakes and cordials, drams, and dainty fare;
Flasks filled with powder, leathern belts with shot,
Clothes, colours, paper, pencils—and what not.
With hope elate, and ardour in his eye,
He viewed the varying scenes approaching nigh,
Prepared and watchful (heedless of repose)
"To catch the living manners as they rose;"*
Th' exploits, fatigues, and wonders to rehearse,
In no inglorious or enfeebled verse;
Nor scene nor character to bring to view
Save what fair Truth from living Nature drew.
Thus each equipt beneath his separate load,
We, fellow-pilgrims, gayly took the road,
A road immense; yet promised joys so dear,
That toils, and doubts, and dangers, disappear.
Behind us soon the lessening city flies,
New vallies sink and other hills arise,
Till through old Germantown we lightly trod,
That skirts for three long miles the narrow road;
And rising Chesnut-Hill around surveyed,
Wide woods below in vast extent displayed.

* Pope

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Studded with glitt'ring farms; the distant view
Died into mingling clouds and mountains blue;
The road was good, the passing scenery gay,
Mile after mile passed unperceived away,
Till in the west the day began to close,
And Spring-house tavern furnished us repose.
Here two long rows of market folks were seen,
Ranged front to front, the table placed between,
Where bags of meat and bones, and crusts of bread,
And *hunks* of bacon all around were spread;
One pint of beer from lip to lip went round,
And scarce a crumb the hungry house-dog found;
Torrents of Dutch from every quarter came,
Pigs, calves, and *saur-craut* the important theme;
While we, on future plans revolving deep,
Discharged our bill, and straight retired to sleep.
The morning star shone early on our bed,
Again our march the vigorous Duncan led,
The vault of heaven with constellations hung,
Their myriads twinkling as he cheerly sung,
Beguiling the lone hours. Thus half the day,
O'er hill and dale our stretching journey lay,
Through fertile Bucks‡, where lofty barns abound,
For wheat, fair Quakers, eggs, and fruit renowned;
Full fields, snug tenements, and fences neat,
Wide-spreading walnuts drooping o'er each gate;
The spring-house peeping from enclustering trees,
Gay gardens filled with herbs, and roots and bees,
Where quinces, pears, and clustering grapes were seen,
With pondrous calabashes hung between;
While orchards, loaded, bending o'er the grass,
Invite to taste, and cheer us as we pass.
But these too soon give place to prospects drear,
As o'er Northampton's|| barren heights we steer;

‡ The County of Bucks, in Pennsylvania, is a rich, well-cultivated tract of country, containing nearly half a million of acres, and upwards of 30,000 inhabitants.

|| Northampton is an oblong hilly county adjoining that of Bucks. It is crossed nearly at right angles by that remarkable range of the Allegany known by the name of the Blue Ridge or Blue Mountain, which presents the appearance of an immense rampart, extending farther than the eye can reach, with an almost uniform height of summit.

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Bleak land of stones, deep swamps, and pigmy woods,
Where the poor Swabian o'er his drudgery broods;
Toils hard; and when the heats of harvest burn
Gleans from the rocks his pittance in return.
Yet though so cursed his soil, his sheaves so few,
All-conquering Industry still bears him through;
Averse to change, pleased patiently to plod
The same dull round his honest father trod.
Behold his low-roofed hut on yonder green!
There no gay front or proud piazza's seen;
Let wealthy fools their precious hoards disburse,
No *whim* can tempt him to untie his purse.
A moss-grown penthouse shades his narrow door,
One window joins with patches covered o'er;
Around the garden numerous hives are ranged,
And pendant gourds to fading yellow changed.
Sheds, smoke-house, hog-pens, crowd the miry yard,
Where endless yells from growling pigs are heard.
Approach this humble hut: look in, nor fear;
Say, could Ambition find one comfort here?
Yet sweet Content e'en *here* is sometimes found,
Turning the wheel, or slumb'ring by its sound.
No mirrors dazzle, no rich beds appear,
Wide-wasting Fashion never entered here.
Those plates of pewter, ranged along the frame,
In ancient days from distant *Teuchland* came.
That oaken table, so uncouth and low,
Stood where it stands some sixty years ago.
In this arm-chair where Hans delights to snore,
His great-grandfather nodded long before.
Thus glows his greasy stove throughout the year,
The torrid zone forever rages here.
Here, when the shades of weary evening fall,
Sits Hans, the lord and sovereign of all;
Das Neue Callender§ from the nail unhooks,
His dark brows solemn, and morose his looks,
Beside the lamp, with spectacles on nose,
Tomorrow's weather seeks, its rains or snows,
The moon's eventful signs, th' auspicious hour
To plant the downward root or rising flower;

§ The New Almanac.

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Of witch-confounding doctors tells the tale,
Sips his metheglin, or his cider stale.
All other joys for which he ever sighs,
His dear beloved *saur-craut* or his pipe supplies.
Abroad at toil ere yet the morning breaks,
Each rugged task his hardy frau partakes;
With brawny arms the struggling ploughshare guides;
Whips up her nags and o'er the furrows strides;
Awakes the echoes with her clamorous tongue,
And lends e'en Hans a clout when things go wrong.
Sweeps round her head the loud-resounding flail,
And sweats the sturdiest mower in the vale.
Light beat our hearts with changing prospects gay,
As down through Durham vale we bend our way,
And pause, its furnace curious to explore,
Where flames and bellows lately wont to roar,
Now waste and roofless: as its walls we pass
The massive shells lie rusting in the grass.
There let them rust, fell messengers of death!
Till injured Liberty be roused to wrath,
In whose right hand may they, though hosts oppose,
Be blasting thunderbolts to all her foes.
The setting sun was sinking in the west,
And brightly burnishing the mountain's breast,
When, from afar, as down the steep we hie,
The glittering roofs of Easton caught the eye:
Low in the shelter'd vale, while rude around
Hills piled on hills the dreary prospect bound,
Around the mountain's base, in winding pride,
The rapid Lehigh rolls his amber tide,
To meet old Delaware who moves serene,
While Easton rises on the plain between.
Tired with the day's long toil we gladly greet
The snug stone buildings and the pavement neat;
The busy townsmen, jabbering Dutch aloud,
The court-house, ferry, hanging signs, and crowd;
At length one waving sign enchained our view,
'Twas Pat's *split-crow*, a filthy raven too.
Thither for rest and shelter we repair,
And home's kind decencies, that ne'er were there.
Here might the Muse with justice due record
The wretched fare its scurvy walls afford;

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The black wet bread, with rancid butter spread;
The beastly drunkards who beside us fed;
The beds with fleas and bugs accursed stored,
Where every seam its tens of thousands poured;
The host's grim sulkiness, his eager look,
When from our purse his glittering god we took;
But nobler themes invite: be these repressed,
The eagle preys not on the carrion's breast.

(*To be continued.*)

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

In early spring, the fragrant flow'r,
Its bud adorn'd with dew displays,
And op'ning, triumphs for an hour,
Then sheds its beauties and decays.

The flow'r decays—but not not less fair,
With vernal gales again appears;
The fragrance still perfumes the air,
Still shines the leaf with dewy tears.

The spring of love is not less bright;
Its summer's warmth is blissful too;
But ah! if chill'd by winter's night,
No season can its life renew.

PHILARIO.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LINES ON THE DEPARTURE OF A FRIEND.

And is she gone? the cherish'd friend,
Who late adorn'd our social sphere;
Whose sportive smiles their lustre blend,
With pure Affection's gleaming tear.

Have they all flown? those fairy hours,
When she, our star of love appear'd:
When Fancy strew'd its mimic flowers,
And Taste the transient scene endear'd.

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No more shall we enraptur'd meet
Her cordial glance and welcome warm;
No longer share that converse sweet
Which form'd so bright, so dear a charm.

Ah! dost thou, rural Nature, lend
Thy sylvan shades and genial air?
Doth Spring its bloom and fragrance send
To tempt from us our fav'rite fair?

The landscape, too, must it disclose
Its glittering hills and verdant gróves
The lily yield her virgin snows,
To lure her to the vale she loves.

Too fleeting Time! why ever haste
To steal our moment's bliss away?
Ah! why on us, profusely waste
Thy op'ning blossoms, smiling May?

In vain thy buds of varied bloom,
For us, their glowing bosoms rear;
Our rosy joys have sunk in gloom,
And Rapture flies the farewell tear.

No more delighted we behold,
The fields in blushing beauty dress'd;
The Zephyr's breath, and dew-drop cold
Have chill'd the vi'let's purple breast.

That Zephyr hath inhaled the sigh
Which pierc'd her gentle, feeling heart;
That dew-drop dim'd her melting eye,
When Friendship falter'd—must we part.

With her each blissful vision sped,
And cypress shades the festive bower;
With her, the spell of genius fled,
Which oft illum'd the vesper hour.

Away then, ev'ry vernal charm!
And hail, with winter's colder reign,
The social fire and welcome warm:
Ah, hail, our charming friend again!

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

On the pleasure arising from public worship.

TO MARY.

How dear to pious souls the day
  Which bids them to the church repair!
How sweet to cast their cares away
  And meet their heavenly Father there!

O how I love that place of rest!
  Where mingling with the peaceful train,
Devotion fills the yielding breast,
  And soft emotions bless her reign.

If such the happiness that springs
  From prayer and praise in union sweet,
What must we feel when angel's wings
  Shall waft us to the Saviour's feet?

That heaven must be a blessed place
  My Mary's gentle sighs declare;
And when I view her lovely face,
  O how my soul expatiates there!

Yes, Mary, when in thy bright eyes
  Devotion's rising beams I see,
Fond Fancy follows to the skies
  To learn if angels look like thee.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

In our Magazine for February, the department of the Drama was adorned with an essay, equally admired for the elegance of its style, and the acuteness of its argument. Professing to analyze the mixed character of Macbeth, our ingenious inquirer hazards an hypothesis, which though it may be sturdily shaken by the ruder critic, will be commended, for its ingenuity, by the gentler. On this ground, whether firm or loose, we shall not quarrel with a spirited adventurer; but, on the contrary, frankly declare that his opinion is plausible, if not pro-

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bable. In the language of the bar, although he may not *make out his case*, we cannot refuse to him the praise of dexterity, in the display of his powers. If his argument be involved, yet, his motives are distinct, his sentiments are bright, and his language is pure. We are so far satisfied with this speculation, that we are peculiarly solicitous our correspondent would follow up his original plan vigorously. With the warmth of an enthusiast, with the spirit of youth, and in the polished phrase of chivalry, he commences his career with a just homage to the matchless SHAKSPEARE. The admiration of our author for that peerless Poet, is so fervently expressed, we are inevitably led to conclude, that he *studies* Shakspeare at the *Inns of Court;* and, without any playful allusion, our friend cannot, in the intervals of professional duty, study a better book, the Bible excepted. Upon this presumption, therefore, that *the right daintie* Comedies and Tragedies of my Master William, are perfectly familiar to our correspondent, it is our ardent wish that he would take a wider survey of his author. Several of the Scottish Scholars have very successfully applied philosophical principles to poetical narrative, but these critics have confined themselves to a section of Shakspeare. Enough, perhaps, has been said of Hamlet, of Timon, of Othello, of Lear, and of Falstaff. But where shall we find a perfect analysis of the vehement passions, and rapid impulses of the romantic Romeo? Where is Juliet critically portrayed? Are not Mercutio, the Nurse, and Peter worthy of our consideration? Could not some *novel* resemblance be traced between the gloomy pensiveness of the disgusted Jaques, and the sullen misanthropy of the spurious Don John? The characters of the calumniated Hero, and the stupid Dogberry and Verges, in Much Ado about Nothing, deserve a remarker. The Provost in Measure for Measure surely deserves notice; King Richard, *the Second;* the Two Gentlemen of Verona; All's Well that End's Well; Taming the Shrew, and even Titus Andronicus overflow with materials for the philosophical critic. What a glorious field for a Genius of this description, does the noble Tragedy, and *patrician haughtiness* of the spirited Coriolanus afford? How many admirable characters and lucky situations occur in every page of Twelfth Night, a most exquisite Comedy, which, by the by, is not sufficiently studied, either at home or abroad. Pistol, Holofernes, and Armado, famous for his *highborn words. A man in all the world's new fashion planted, that hath a mint of phrases in his brain.* All these fustian fellows, with their *fire-new* expressions, might be very pleasantly derided by a *sober critic.*

The Historical Play of Henry V, the *Second* Part of Henry the Fourth, and the three parts of Henry Sixth, have been comparatively neglected by the critic and the commentator. In all these plays, how-

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over, the diligent gleaner will find much for his purpose. Materials for many a critique might easily be found in The Comedy of Errors, whether regarded in comparison with the Amphytrion of PLAUTUS, or viewed a part as one of the luckiest efforts of a truly original writer.

Launcelot Gobbo, in the Merchant of Venice, deserves some regard. Though he has but little to do, and not much to say, yet the latter is so droll and characteristic, and is, moreover, such a correct transcript from real life, that it might form the subject of a very entertaining speculation.

The character of Mark Antony, especially if impartially scrutinized by the bright lamp of PLUTARCH, in conjunction with the radiance, shed by Shakspeare, would appear, we think, in a new light, and the philosophic remarker would perhaps discern some fairer features, than have been generally noticed in an imprudent, but sometimes generous and noble character.

We have no occasion, like the members of the British Parliament, to *rise to explain* before such a Judge as "Candidus." He knows the necessary imperfections of every Literary Journal. He perfectly remembers how unavoidably we are subject to inaccuracies and mistakes, which it would be vain to think of concealing from the judicious reader by any parade. Such a reader must be sensible that mistakes cannot possibly be avoided in such a work; for he will be conscious that imperfection must necessarily be expected from haste, and that we must represent things according to their appearance at the time, though these appearances may afterwards be discovered to have been delusive.

We hope the correspondence of "Atticus," will be punctual, particularly on topics of *Polite Literature;* for we are convinced that he is more at home with Poets, Orators, and Historians, than among the crucibles of the chymists, or the *dry bones of a diagram.*

Our poetical friend must console himself with the trite topics of Philosophy. The last should be his duty, though, we are sensible, the pursuits of Poesy will be his delight:

> Yet, hapless Poet, though thy skill can raise
> The bursting peal of universal praise;
> Though at thy beck Applause delighted, stands,
> And lifts, Briareus-like, her hundred hands;
> Know Fame awards thee, but a partial breath,
> Not all thy talents brave the stroke of Death.

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"Volatile" is indeed an anomalous character. A perfect *non-descript*, in moral classification. We are not ignorant that some minds, with delightful elasticity, can fly from one extreme to the other; now *volatile* as ether, and now fixed as adamant. But the fantastic being alluded to, like many of the Genii, in the old romances, is ever vagrant,

> Fix'd thoughts in Volatile 'tis vain to seek,
> Who from himself is varying every week;
> And, picturing, like a cloud at close of day,
> Fantastic features, never at a stay.
> Where heads of asses, or of hogs erase,
> The short liv'd semblance of a human face;
> Where on his throne, at Ammon, as we stare,
> He turns a monkey, and his throne a bear.
> Now calm he lives, and careless to be great,
> Now deep in plots, and fervid in debate;
> Now drinking, writing, gaming pass his day,
> And now he plans a page, and now a play.
> The magic wand of eloquence assumes,
> Or sweeps up jests, and brandishes his brooms:
> By fitful turns in sense and folly sunk,
> Divinely eloquent, or devilish drunk;
> A splendid wreck of talents misapplied,
> By sloth he loses what he gains by Pride;
> Him mean, great, silly, wise, alike we call,
> The Pride, the Shame, the Boast, the Scorn of all.

The Memoirs of Anacreon, from whose manuscript, by the permission of the author, we have copied a glowing picture of Nuptials in Greece, will remind the classical reader not only of the beauties of Ancient imagery, but of the felicity of Modern imitation.

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Through the public path, sometimes perplexed and obstructed, and sometimes smooth and flowery, we have thus far advanced in our Literary Pilgrimage. Though deeply depressed by the frowns of some, we have been sweetly cheered by the smiles of others; and, while we pause for breath at a little resting place in our Journey, we enjoy the prospect around us, with signal satisfaction. In the pursuit of our adventures, we hope we shall find cheerful companions, and good guides; and under the influence of pleasurable Emotion we shall gayly proceed, and task all our vigour in climbing some steep of eminence, or if baffled in this

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hope, at least most perseveringly to clamber over all the bars and rocks of Difficulty.

Exchanging one figure for another, and perhaps, greatly to his disadvantage, the Editor, in behalf of that LITERARY BAND, who, with fond partiality have promoted him to a rank in the line, not, as the *enemy* says, from any considerations of merit, but merely from those of *seniority*, feels it his duty, at the close of our *first* campaign together, to march forward, in the behalf of his comrades, who have done him the honour to appoint him their Spokesman, and to THANK THE NATION FOR GOOD QUARTERS AND GOOD PAY. Fortunately for our fears, *fighting* has been entirely out of the question. We are altogether on garrison duty, and after having gone through the ordinary routine of Discipline, our Leisure, we hope, has been usefully employed in writing short letters to be reposited in The Port Folio. These desultory pieces, combined with slight sketches of Literary Composition, sometimes in bulky, and sometimes in little parcels will, probably, be continued, with whatever fortune, as long as our GREAT COMMANDER graciously requires us to remain in the service, obey the word, and do our duty.

MORTUARY——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ON the seventh of May departed this life, SAMUEL BRECK, Esq. aged sixty-two.

The uniform urbanity, extensive usefulness, and preeminent goodness of this gentleman's life, gained him the respect and love of all who knew him. In Boston, his native town, he long stood distinguished for the attentions, which he paid to strangers of all nations; receiving them with peculiar courtesy, and devoting his entire leisure to the noble duties of hospitality. In the Revolutionary War, he took a decided part with his country; and soon after the French alliance, his pleasing manners and stern integrity occasioned his being appointed general agent to the fleets of his most Christian Majesty: this office he held, with unabated honour; until the peace of 1783, about which period his townsmen elected him a member of the State Legislature; and for seven successive years he sat upon the Boston seat. In 1786,

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he was deputed by the General Court of Massachusetts to meet a Commercial Congress that assembled at Annapolis, and which gave birth to the Grand Convention of the year after, when our present happy constitution was formed. About this time he became an active adjunct, and original projector of several institutions that have proved useful, ornamental and profitable; among these were the formation of companies to establish a sail-cloth and glass manufactory, and to erect a bridge over Charles' River, which became the parent of American hydraulic Architecture. The sea-air disagreeing with his health, Mr. Breck removed with his family to Philadelphia, in the year 1792, where, till the moment of his death, he continued the practice of those virtues which had endeared him to all his Eastern countrymen.

With a mind truly philosophic, a temper calmed by reflection, he exhibited amidst the political divisions of his day, a composed demeanor, and an equanimity of thought, supported by sound and consolatory arguments, which soothing his own bosom, taught the doubting to hope, and the rash to ponder.

He drew comfort from events, however disastrous in appearance, relying with unalterable confidence on the wisdom of Providence. Generous, disinterested, scrupulously exact in the discharge of the minutest obligation, he never suffered any one to call twice for a debt, nor even to wait a moment for his convenience. "A poor man's time," he would say, "is his riches; and if I detain him, I rob him." Actuated by these sentiments of justice, this habitual philanthropy, he kept all around him in harmony. Cheerful, yet dignified; cautious, yet decisive; he laughed away the fears of the timid, and spoke the language of prudence to the confident. Penetrating with discernment, he looked prospectively at every event, and made its probable result the sole rule of his actions.

He foresaw his dissolution, and reasoned upon his approaching death with his usual calmness. Possessed of his mind, nay, of his bodily strength, to the last solemn moment, he arranged his worldly affairs, with the deliberation of an upright agent, about to quit the functions of his office.

Pure and excellent man! so long as moral worth, social happiness, and domestic joy are held in veneration here below, thy memory will be dear to all who knew thee; thy virtues, thy charities, thy good name, will constitute the glory and solace of thy bereft family!

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TO THE PUBLIC.

In our struggle with Time, that sturdy and persevering Postilion, we have escaped a *fall;* and in company with our sometime *adversary*, we are now travelling gayly *side by side.* We have paid off our arrears at every baiting place, we have enjoyed much pleasant conversation with our fellow passengers by the way, and, without a jolt or an accident, have finished SIX STAGES OF OUR JOURNEY. But our Tour is by no means terminated:

> The world is all before us, where to choose,
> Our place of rest, and PROVIDENCE our guide.

With tomorrow's sun, we rise with renovated vigour, and set off in quest of new adventures. Of these we shall keep a *regular* JOURNAL, and whether our Diary be pronounced dull or delightful, we shall most respectfully submit to the judgment of its readers. But we cannot resist that grateful impulse, by which we are vehemently incited to testify our joy, in the discovery that the liberal, the candid, and the catholic, of all parties, are unanimous in applauding our plan, whatever they may think of its execution. Indeed, in this last behalf, such is the partiality of the Public, such the zeal of Kindness, and such the fervour of Friendship, that our cheeks are crimsoned with the blush of virgin modesty, when we reflect upon the character of some of the compliments which we have received. This sort of commendation, however unworthy the subject, we will strive with all our might, to prevent generating absurd Vanity on the one hand, or degenerate Sloth on the other, but by Industry, by Perseverance, by Pure means, referring to glorious ends, endeavour at least to escape censure. After the most deliberate and severe scrutiny of our powers, we are unaffectedly diffident of their extent, or value. We are by no means satisfied with what we have done; and, in gazing through the vast vista, expanding and lengthening before us, we discern a thousand beauties and improvements to the exhibition of which we fervently aspire. Most fortunate shall we esteem our lot, if we can even *partially* attain what that daring Adventurer, Imagination, indicates in his rainbow before us; and *sometimes* reveal, in bold and broad light,

> Such Forms AS GLITTER IN THE MUSES' RAY.

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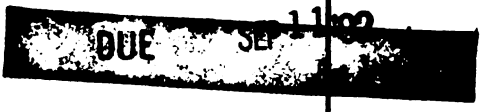

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